

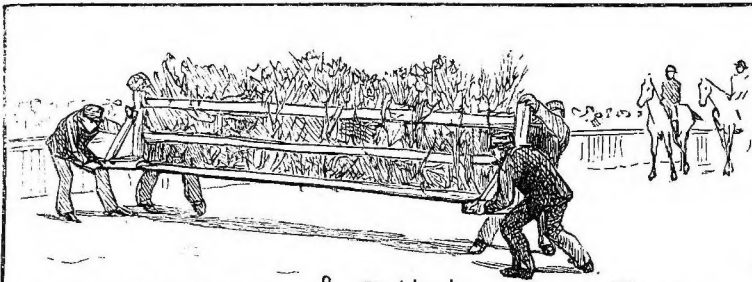
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

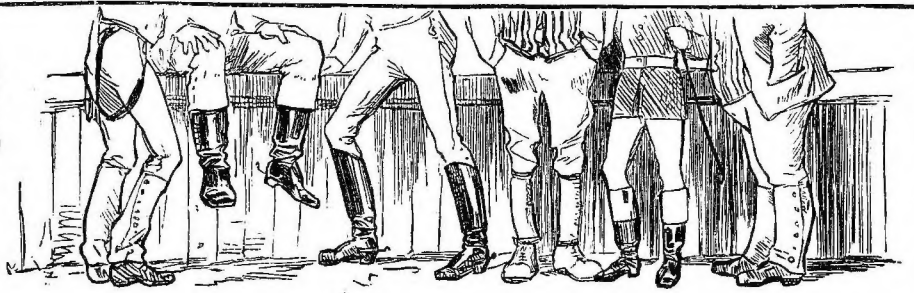
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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882

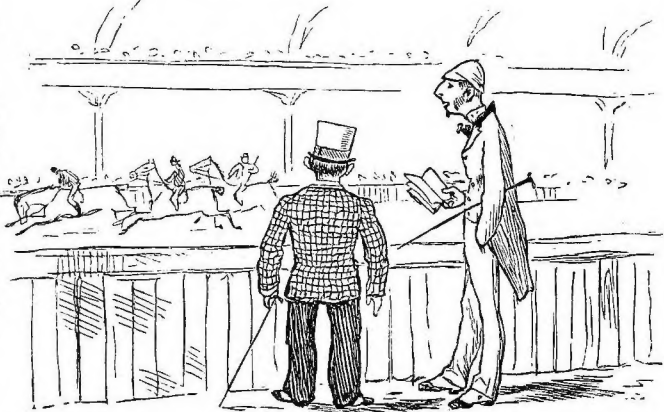
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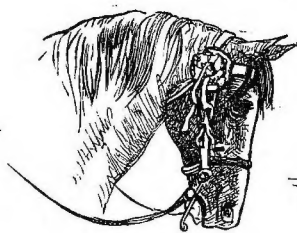
Hedgers & Ditchers



"Ossy" Legs



Unters!—but wot are they untin Enery?



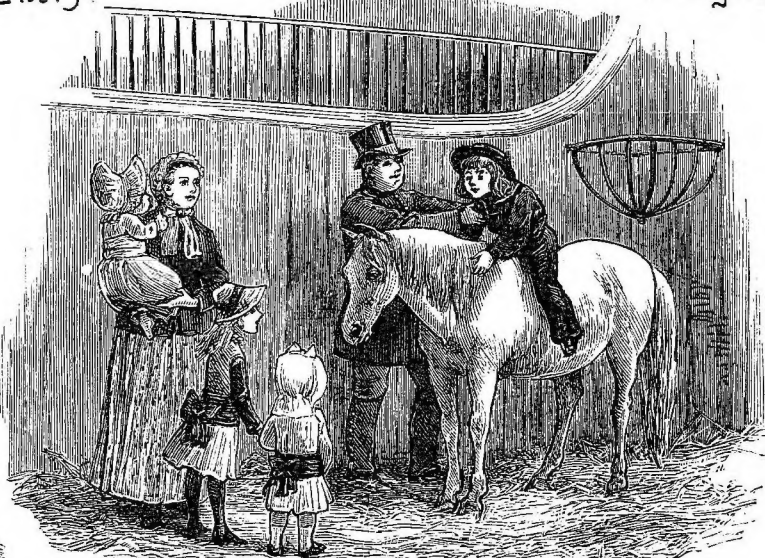
Showy "



Weighty Authorities



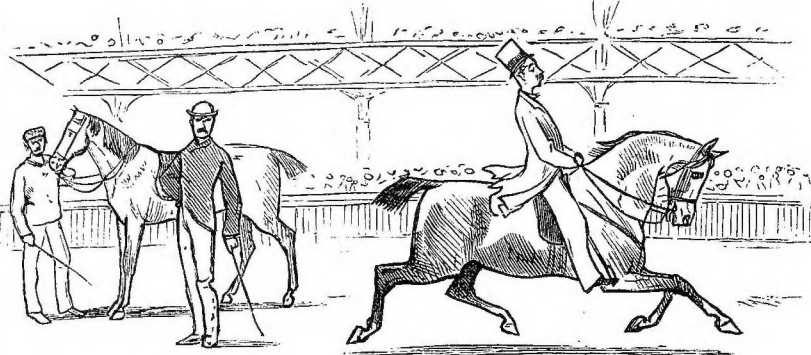
Amazons



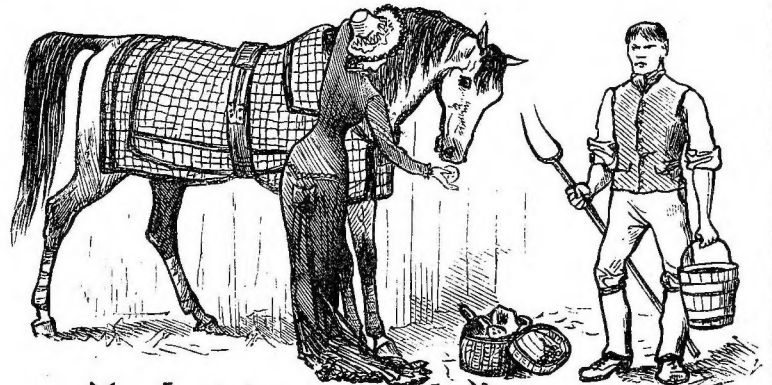
Our Pony at the Show



"Master of the Horse "



The Judge's Ride



My Lady's meddlings



Close Quarters



The gallery on the Leaping Day

Topics of the Week

ANARCHY IN EGYPT.—During the last week events in Egypt have moved rapidly. After the presentation of the so-called ultimatum of the English and French Governments the Egyptian Ministry resigned, but it did so in a manner which was extremely insulting to the Western Powers. For a few hours it seemed as if the supremacy of the Khedive was about to be acknowledged, but the tone of the leaders of the army became so menacing that he was compelled to reinstate Arabi Pasha as Minister of War. A panic rapidly and very naturally spread among the European population of Cairo and Alexandria, and it was said that the life of the Khedive himself was threatened. In these circumstances, of course, nothing remained for the Western Powers but to make arrangements for the restoration of order. There would be no guarantee for the maintenance of the interests of either State if a military despotism prevailed, and in any case it would be impossible for England and France to desert a Prince who finds himself in the most serious trouble in consequence of following their advice. That there are grave objections to the intervention of Turkey must be admitted; for if Turkish troops were sent to Egypt the Sultan would certainly be in no hurry to withdraw them, and all parties are agreed that it is impossible to permit anything like a genuine revival of his authority. The objections to a joint occupation of Egypt by an English and French force are, however, still more formidable; so that an appeal to the Porte was practically unavoidable. It may be that Turkey is disposed to act loyally, and that she will even be able to overcome the difficulties of the situation by means of a Commission. But nobody seems to know either her real intentions or the limits of her power, and England and France must unfortunately be prepared to meet what may be a graver crisis than any by which they have yet been confronted. The only consoling circumstance is that none of the Great Powers appear to wish to make use of existing troubles for their own advantage. For the present all Europe desires peace, and English and French policy is not, at any rate, being actively opposed in any of the great capitals.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.

Many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters are trying to persuade themselves that he is not in the slightest degree responsible for the difficulties with which he has to deal in Egypt. It may be admitted that his Cabinet is not much to blame for having failed to see in time the importance of the military revolt of which Arabi Pasha made himself the representative. Men of the highest authority differed as to Arabi's true position, and a Liberal Government naturally hesitated to resist a movement which might prove to be of a genuinely national character. These troubles, however, are only apparently of recent origin, and if we go back to the time when the Eastern Question formed the chief element of English politics it will seem by no means so clear that Mr. Gladstone has not exerted a disturbing influence in Egypt. The aim of Lord Beaconsfield, while advocating a policy of reform in every Turkish province, was to maintain as much as possible of the Ottoman Empire. At the same time without alienating France, he sought to establish a firm alliance between England on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other. Everybody knows with how much passion Mr. Gladstone supported an exactly opposite course. He missed no opportunity of expressing his hatred of the "unspeakable Turk," and he contrived to stir up in the Central European Powers a spirit of bitter hostility to this country. What was to be expected but that Turkey would try to find means of revenge, and that Germany and Austria would watch our embarrassments without regret except in so far as their own interests might be directly or indirectly affected? The Egyptian difficulty may not be wholly due to Turkish intrigue, but there can be little doubt that Arabi Pasha has been all along in secret communication with the authorities at Constantinople, and that the Sultan hopes to play a game of his own at our expense. This is part of the price we pay for Mr. Gladstone's vehement determination to reverse, at whatever cost, the foreign policy of his predecessor.

CO-OPERATION.—In his Address at the Oxford Congress Lord Reay said: "Co-operation, as they understood it, was getting a *maximum* of skill, a *maximum* of remuneration, and a *minimum* of waste." This axiom, however, does not seem to define accurately what logicians call the *differentia* of co-operation, for it is applicable to any well-managed private concern. A private tradesman may be in a position to say truthfully, "I pay the highest market wages to the best workmen I can get; and, as I find by experience that a small percentage of gain pays best in the long run, I give my customers excellent value for their money." A great many tradesmen, in advertisements and elsewhere, make this sort of proclamation, and, without doubt, if they all did what they profess to do, the co-operator would be trodden under foot. It is the dishonest tradesmen, the exorbitant tradesmen, the long-credit tradesmen, who afford co-operation a chance of "chipping in." The co-operative principle is applicable in two directions,—for producing goods and for

distributing them. The best examples of co-operation, as a producer, are to be found, perhaps, in the co-operative cotton mills of Lancashire. After all, they are much like other joint-stock companies, and the shareholders discover by experience that, provided they can secure an efficient manager, the less they interfere with the details of the business the better. And, even at the best, it is doubtful whether their profits, all other things being equal, are as great as those of a private concern. Companies are apt to be stingy where they ought to be liberal, and lavish where they ought to be sparing, and, above all, they lack that invaluable requisite, "the master's eye." As a distributor co-operation has been far more successful, if we can fairly reckon under this head the gigantic stores which are so energetically patronised by the upper middle class. But though in their inception these vast establishments were strictly co-operative, they are now simply big shops, for only a small percentage of the customers share in the profits. Their success seems to prove, not so much the advisability of the co-operative principle, as the fact that, just as big battalions and swift movements answer best in modern warfare, so enormous shops, where everything can be bought under a single roof, and the utter abolition of credit, answer best in modern commerce.

UNLIMITED CONCESSION.—It may now be regarded as certain that another Session of Parliament will be lost, so far as English and Scottish business is concerned. The Corrupt Practices Bill may, perhaps, be passed; but of the Bankruptcy Bill we shall hear no more for the present, and the Government have formally postponed the introduction of their schemes for the readjustment of local administration. Even the Rules for the Order of Procedure are likely to be dropped until Mr. Gladstone can find a more favourable opportunity. Englishmen would not object very much to this neglect of their interests if they could hope that they would be compensated by the pacification of Ireland; but there are no signs that such good fortune is in store for them. Outward order may be restored for a time by the new Coercion Act, although this is far from being beyond doubt; but agitation is apparently still to go on; and agitation, as we know from wretched experience, will again reveal itself sooner or later in outrage, even if it is temporarily stopped. After all, we have no right to be surprised at this state of things. If the English Government, after making every concession that could be justly demanded, were to say with unmistakable decision that they would grant no more, and that disturbers of the peace would be resolutely punished; and if, further, it were shown that this was not mere talk, but a fixed determination; we may be sure that life and property would very soon be as secure in Ireland as in England. The Irish are not wholly destitute of good sense, and would be no more inclined than other people to fight against what they recognised as irresistible force. But Liberal statesmen seem strangely disinclined to adopt this policy, which would in the end be as humane as it would be effectual, although invariably they talk in the vaguest possible terms of the causes of Irish discontent, refusing to define any clear limit beyond which they would not be prepared to go. Even Home Rule is treated as an open question, as if it were not known that Home Rule would be but a stepping-stone to complete independence; and Irish tenants have a notion that "pressure" must ultimately lead to their obtaining their lands for nothing. Until a more distinct policy is announced, we must expect that fresh remedial legislation will have no other result than to encourage a greedy and turbulent spirit.

LORD DERBY ON HOSPITALS.—Lord Derby's speeches—especially on non-political subjects—are nearly always the quintessence of plain, unadorned, common sense. Few public speakers, for example, could exhibit the claims of hospitals to public support more concisely and forcibly than he did in his address on Whit Monday at Stanley Park, and we recommend the clergy to read this little address (it will not occupy three minutes) from their pulpits on Hospital Sunday. Of late years the tide of opinion has rather set against the charitable element in hospitals, and it has been declared that everybody, rich or poor, ought to pay their quota for medical and surgical aid, or else be ranked as paupers. No doubt, if everybody did their duty, there would be no gratis patients. We should all be in employment; all have money saved up; all would have friends who could and would help us. But we must deal with the world as it is. In the world as it is the bricklayer's labourer tumbles off a ladder and breaks his bones. He has, probably, a wife and children, and, almost certainly, not a week's wages in hand. Even if he belongs to a club, which will make his wife an allowance, the least his more fortunate neighbours can do is to get his broken limbs mended for nothing. And then the patient does give something in exchange for his weary hospital bed. He is the base of the pyramid on which rests the whole superstructure of medical education. He exhibits his wounds, and bruises, and sores to the gaze of scores of students, who thus learn how to treat skilfully their paying patients in after-life. Few sick persons who intend to pay a doctor for trying to cure them would relish a daily lecture at their bedside for the benefit of a flock of young gentlemen. But let us not mix up two distinct things. Hospitals where the more needy classes can be treated gratis will always be required for serious accidents, and for special ailments. But it does not follow from this that fairly well-to-do working men should not, for comparatively simple complaints, pay for medical service. Many do so

already, at "open surgeries" and elsewhere. Dispensaries, however, where a fee is expected, are less patronised, because there is an impression—not altogether unfounded—that the doctors attending there are not really skilful men. Now in a great city like London there are numbers of medical men, of good reputation, who would be glad of more practice; and there are also numbers of respectable middle-class and working people who would willingly pay moderate fees, if they had some guarantee that the doctor to be consulted by them was worthy of their confidence. It may be said that a man's diplomas are a sufficient test, but doctors go through other experiences, potent for good or evil, after their student days are over, and we cannot but think that the chiefs of the profession might invent a plan which would relieve the present pressure at the hospitals, put money into deserving doctors' pockets, and teach many working men a valuable lesson of self-reliance.

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.—It is often said that the last country a Jew would like to settle in is Palestine. This is one of those cynical sayings which are sure to find ready belief among a considerable class of persons, but, after all, it seems to be quite untrue. According to Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who has a better right to an independent opinion on the subject than almost any other Englishman, a large proportion of the persecuted Jews who are flying in thousands from Russia express a strong desire to establish themselves in the Holy Land. For some time he was working in Galicia as the representative of the Mansion House Committee, and he found that this wish was not confined to the poor alone. "It exists largely," he says, "among the richer classes, as the voluminous correspondence which poured in daily upon me abundantly testified." In Roumania the same movement has begun to attract attention. At Jassy Mr. Oliphant attended a meeting composed of thirty-nine delegates, representing twenty-eight Palestine Colonisation Societies, "who had come at their own expense from the most distant towns in the kingdom;" and one delegate proved the reality of his enthusiasm by subscribing twenty thousand francs on the spot. The Bulgarian Jews are also bestirring themselves, and have already formed several Palestine Colonisation Societies. These facts indicate that beneath the somewhat hard surface of the Jewish nature there are sources of deep and tender feeling; and it may be hoped that the scheme which Mr. Oliphant advocates will not be less successful because it has a touch of romance. Unfortunately the Porte, which usually treats the Jews with admirable fairness, considers it necessary for some reason or other to prevent them from emigrating to Palestine. This arises, probably, from a misunderstanding; and, if the leaders of the movement are thoroughly in earnest, they will not have much difficulty in altering the Sultan's decision.

LONG HOURS OF WORK.—Within the last hundred years we have discovered at least one willing slave, who is totally devoid of feeling, who never grows weary, whose powers can be multiplied to any extent, and who in actual fact performs a large portion of the world's work. Yet, because within the same hundred years, we have so greatly increased our wants, real and imaginary, the majority of human beings work harder, and under more unwholesome conditions, than they did before steam superseded handicraft. Just now shopmen and shopwomen, of whom there are said to be 320,000 in London alone, are striving to attract attention to their grievances. They do not breathe the best of air, though, on the whole, they do not suffer more in this respect than many other indoor workers. The employers' self-interest prevents a shop from getting stuffy, otherwise customers would complain. But shop-assistants do especially suffer from the draughts of the colder months during the hours of daylight. The customers, who are well wrapped up, and hatted or bonnetted, do not feel these draughts. But the unlucky shop-girl, despite warm under-clothing, does often feel terribly nipped, and quite looks forward to the lighting of the gas, because it warms the air, careless of the fact that it also vitiates it. Then there is the want of sitting-down accommodation, the cruelty of which, especially in the case of women, is obvious. But more than any other class (the unlucky commercial or lawyer's clerk, perhaps, alone excepted), shop-assistants are under the thumb of their employers. The reason is that their calling, despite its apparent drawbacks, is popular. There are always hundreds of young men and women in country towns and villages who would do better for their health and happiness if they respectively became mechanics and domestic servants, but who are eager to get into shops. Shop-assistancy is a genteel occupation. You are regarded by your country friends as ladies and gentlemen, which cannot be affirmed, in their opinion, of cooks and housemaids, carpenters and plumbers. Hence, in trying to lessen their long hours of labour, it is almost hopeless to expect the shop-assistants to give much genuine help. The public must do it. But will the public leave off late shopping in sufficient numbers to induce a general early closure? We doubt it. The public could do it if they pleased. If the streets were infested by man-eating tigers during the evenings, people, even of the working classes, would find it convenient to shop early in the day. But we must not venture to anticipate an influx of man-eating tigers for this benevolent object. We must take facts as they are. We must call to mind what a delight the brilliantly-lighted shops are to the poorer classes in the evenings, and that it

would be a very difficult matter to eradicate so ingrained a habit as the extra-late shopping of Saturday nights. There is only one remedy which seems to us to be genuine, and that is, not that the shops should be shut so early as to inconvenience the confirmed habits of customers, but that the assistants should be allowed some period of relaxation during the day. This is actually done in some establishments, and by good management and mutual concession among the assistants themselves might be done in all. There is a slack time during the working hours of nearly every business, and more advantage might be taken of that slack time than is the case at present.

CANAL BOATS.—The Canal Boats Act was passed five years ago, mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, who is best known to the public as the redresser of the wrongs of children employed in brickfields. The chief aims of the Act were to secure the supervision of canal boats, and to get to school the children employed on board those boats. It has proved, like many other Acts of Parliament, a dead letter, and therefore a Bill for amending its provisions has been introduced into the House of Lords by Earl Stanhope. The chief points of the amended measure are that boat owners will be required to renew their certificates of registration every twelve months, and that the powers entrusted by the original Act to local authorities, who have been found practically useless, are to be transferred to the Local Government Board and the Education Department. These bodies, it is expected, will be more vigilant in looking after the schooling of the children, and the health both of the children and the "grown-ups." There can be no doubt that Parliament is logically bound to pass this amended Bill, as it asserts no new principle, but merely endeavours to render a preceding Act workable. At the same time it must be admitted that there are very serious difficulties in dealing with a class of people who are nearly as completely denizens of the water as the boat-population of some of the Chinese rivers. Many of these canal-barge folk are born, live, and not unfrequently die on the water. They sleep in confined places; but they get a great deal of fresh air during the day, and, taken all round, are not bad specimens of *physique*. As for the education of the children, the main difficulty is this. Their home is the boat, they often have no other; but, as the boat is always moving about, their parents cannot send them to school unless they can afford to pay for their board ashore. Why should not this difficulty be overcome by having a staff of peripatetic teachers to visit the boats? And their presence might exercise a softening influence on the adult barges, who, though often a great deal better in all essential points than many of the well-dressed people who speak of them as if they were semi-savages, are wont, it must be confessed, frequently to use language of an unnecessarily forcible character.

NOTICE.—The GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is occupied by ENGRAVINGS relating to OXFORD, with DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Madame Adelina Patti.—Saturday, June 3rd, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA (first time this season). Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Basilio, Signor de Reszke; and Almaviva, Signor Nicolini. Conductor, Signor Benigni. Madame Sembrich.—Monday, June 5, IL SERAGLIO. Madame Sembrich, Madame Valleria, Mons. Gailhard, and Signor Frapoli. Madame Pauline Lucca.—Tuesday, June 6, L'AFRICAIN. Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Valleria, Signor Pandolfi, and Mons. Sylva. Doors open at eight o'clock, the opera commences at half-past. The Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 till 5. Orchestral stalls, £1 5s.; side boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING, at 8 O'CLOCK AND JULIET, Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Forbes, Howe, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturdays, June 3 and 10, at 2 o'clock. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) 10 to 5. Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry and 100th Performance of "Romeo and Juliet" June 24.

JUNE 15.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. GEORGE WATTS'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Olga Bergh, Sembrich, Trebelli, and Marie Roze; M.M. Edward Lloyd, Massart, Foli, and De Reszke; Solo Pianoforte, Madame Sophie Menter and Mr. Willem Coenen; Violoncello, Mons. Hollman. Conductors, Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Kingsbury. Tickets at Cramer's, 201, Regent Street, and the usual Agents.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Monday, June 5, first time of "NOBODY'S FAULT," by Music by Hamilton Clark; and first time of "SMALL AND EARLY," a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees.

THE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur.—This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling, 10 to 6.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

RHODODENDRONS.

JOHN WATERER and SONS, of Bagshot, Surrey, beg to announce their EXHIBITION of the above is now on view daily at the GARDENS of CADOGAN PLACE, Sloane Street.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas M'Lean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

DE NEUVILLE'S "SAVING THE QUEEN'S COLOURS AT ISANDULA," "THE LAST SLEEP OF THE BRAVE" (The property of the National Fine Art Association), and "THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT." Now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, 133, New Bond Street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery.—Admission ONE SHILLING.

NOW OPEN.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,

190, STRAND.

TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE

BY THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC

THE OPENING OF THE NEW EXTENSION BUILDING OF the HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, Brompton, by the Right Hon. the Earl of ERSKINE, President of the Corporation, will take place on TUESDAY, June 12th, at three o'clock.

The maintenance of the extension, containing 137 ADDITIONAL BEDS in a separate building, will ADD SEVERAL THOUSANDS a year to the Hospital expenses, which must be ENTIRELY PROVIDED by public benevolence. The Committee will thankfully receive the names of donors and subscribers to the special list of contributions in connection with the opening.

NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly solicited.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—The INTER-OCEANIC STEAM YACHTING COMPANY'S STEAM YACHT "CEYLON," before proceeding on her second trip round the world in December next, will make a short cruise in the autumn, towards the end of August or the beginning of September, during which she will visit the Azores, Madeira, Canaries, and the Azores Islands. The "CEYLON" is expected to terminate her present cruise at Southampton at the end of next July. The accounts received from those on board are of the most gratifying nature. She left San Francisco May 5.—For particulars of both cruises, apply to Messrs. GRINDLAY and CO., 55, Parliament Street, Westminster; or at the Offices of the Company, Palace Chambers, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster.

BRIGHTON.—The NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From Victoria, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m.
From Brighton, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 5.45 p.m.

This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length.

The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room.

The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party.

The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter.

The Car "Maud" is appropriated for Smoking.

The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators.

Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs.

There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

Tickets and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hays Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW

THE nineteenth annual Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened on Saturday under unusually favourable circumstances, there being fifty more entries than last year, and the general quality of the animals being quite up to the average of former years. Among the exhibitors are the Prince and Princess of Wales, Lady Anne Blount, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Gainsborough, and Lord Ribblesdale. The attendance has been good all the week, but especially so on Monday, when the holiday folk crowded the Hall, and on Tuesday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters visited the Show. An interesting feature of the show was a diminutive pony, the property of Mr. A. Dupont, of Brighton, which was taken from London Bridge Station to Islington in a four-wheeled cab. She has been facetiously christened Lady Jumbo, and is said to be the smallest full grown pony ever exhibited, standing only thirty inches in height. She was paraded with the rest, and jumped several times over a furze fence two inches higher than her ears.

OUR SKETCHES ARE SUFFICIENTLY EXPLAINED BY THEIR TITLES.

THE ALLIED SQUADRONS IN SUDA BAY

OUR sketches, kindly furnished by a naval officer, represent the British fleet entering and leaving Suda Bay, whither the Mediterranean Squadron had been ordered to join the French fleet upon the reception of the news that Arabi Pasha had attempted to convene the Chamber unconstitutionally, in order to override the authority of the Khedive. The telegraphic orders from the British Government reached Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour on the 14th ult. to proceed to Suda Bay with as little delay as possible. By eleven o'clock on that morning the *Alexandra* was already under way, although she was not in any way prepared for sea. Those wisecracks who run down smartness in the Navy might take a hint; had she been what is termed a slack ship she would have taken double that time before she could have been got ready. On May 16th a large squadron had assembled in Suda Bay, including H.M.S. *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Falcon*, *Coquette*, *Bittern*, *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Monarch*, *Superb*, *Bacchante*, and a number of smaller vessels. Subsequently the French Admiral Conrad arrived, and on the 17th ult. H.M.S. *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Falcon*, *Coquette*, and *Bittern* sailed for Alexandria, in company with Admiral Conrad's contingent, the *Galissonière*, *Forbin*, and *Aspic*.

THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE"

THIS sketch represents the whale-boat in which Lieut. Danenhower, Mr. Melville, the chief engineer of the *Jeannette*, and eleven men reached the mouth of the Lena in safety. Three boats originally carried the crew of the unfortunate vessel, but a terrible gale springing up on September the 12th, Captain de Long ordered the boats to separate. "Melville asked my advice," states Lieutenant Danenhower, "and I advised that we should prepare a good drag. . . so I ordered Cole and Mansen to take three hickory tent poles, each about eight feet in length, lash them in a triangle, and lace a strong piece of cotton canvas across it, then take the boat's painter, and make a span similar to the billyball of a kite, and to the middle of this span make fast the luff tackle fall. On the lower end of each tent pole there was a brass nib, which, with the weight of the wet canvas and the light of the rope, would, I said, probably make a drag heavy enough; if not, we would send down the firepot and boat bucket to help it. The gale was now at its full force, and seas were running high and spiteful. . . the drag, having been completed, was placed forward of the mast, in readiness for use. . . We eased the oars and launched the drag. It drifted about three points on the port bow, so we sent down the spare firepot and a bucket by putting loops, or what we call becketts, on the bales. Cole suggested sending down a pointed bag with the mouth open. It filled with water, dragged, and was very effective. We then lay head to sea during the night." The drag, our artist writes, was improvised because "the boat was shipping too much water, and no hope being entertained of keeping her afloat unless her bow could be kept to the wind. This sea anchor was successfully employed, acting completely like a ground anchor. . . The boats separated at 7 A.M. on September the 12th. For four days—twenty hours under

drag—the unfortunate crew existed, crouching under the thwarts; two always being told off to bale the water out." On the morning of September 17th two low points of swamp land were sighted, and the mouth of the River Lena was reached.

TOBOGGANING AT OTTAWA

THIS sketch represents one of the tobogganing slides at a skating party given recently by the Marquis of Lorne at Rideau Hall, Ottawa. Lighted on either side with lanterns and torches, which seemed to grow into long lines of fire as the tobogganists flew past at lightning speed, the slides were laden with an endless chain of toboggans filled with eager occupants hastening to rush headlong down glassy slopes at a speed which would fairly take away the breath of an unaccustomed passenger.

OPENING OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL

WE have already (No. 633, Jan. 14, 1882) illustrated and described some of the chief features of the St. Gothard Tunnel, which was inaugurated with considerable ceremony last week. One of the most noteworthy points of the proceedings was their exclusively German, Swiss, and Italian character. Official invitations were sent only to members of these three nationalities—the German and Italian Ministers, and eight members respectively of the German and Italian Parliaments. France was excluded, as she had shown herself hostile to the undertaking; while it was thought uncourteous to invite members of an extraneous nation and leave her out in the cold. The *fêtes* began at Lucerne on the 22nd ult., when, the Italian and German guests, having arrived, a grand banquet was given in their honour. A toast was drunk by M. Bovier, the Swiss President, to Emperor William, King Humbert, and the three nations which had been united by the accomplishment of this great work, and the whole town was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Next day two long trains conveying the German, Swiss, and Italian guests started for Milan, accomplishing the journey by the new route in twelve hours. At Göschenen Station, which marks the Northern entrance of the great Tunnel, there was a halt for breakfast, when the *Times* correspondent tells us "the entire population, including the children, were out in their holiday garb, all shouting and applauding as we proceeded from North to South in a crescendo of genuine enthusiasm. . . . The Tunnel was crossed in twenty-three minutes, and as we came rapidly down from Airolo to Faido and Bellinzona, the Italian sun greeted us, and the broadening valley assumed an aspect of southern luxuriance. From Bellinzona we dashed across Monte Cenero to Lugano." There they stopped for dinner; and, the correspondent continues: "were attended by fair young mountain Hebes; and, when the edge of our appetite was somewhat blunted, a bevy of little girls, dressed in white, carrying baskets of flowers, glided along the tables, handing bouquets, and not unfrequently receiving kisses in return." The train then proceeded past Chiasso and Como, and arrived at Milan at 8 P.M. Next day there was a grand banquet at Milan, presided over by Prince Amadeus, who, still dwelling upon the three-nation theme, drank to "the health of the glorious Emperor of the Germans and to the President of the Swiss Confederation, and to the continuation of the most amicable relations which now exist between the three nations." On the 26th ult. the Germans and Swiss returned in their special trains to Lucerne. In all there are fifty-six tunnels between Lucerne and Milan, twenty-seven being to the north and twenty-eight to the south of the great Tunnel, which is 14,944 metres long, the Mont Cenis being only 12,233 metres in length. The total cost of the railway, which now forms the shortest route to Italy, has been 9,500,000*l*.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM

THE Australian Cricketers, under the captainship of Mr. W. L. Murdoch, arrived at Plymouth by the P. and O. Company's steamer *Assam* on May 3rd. With the exception of a match between the Orleans Club and Bexley, upon the following Saturday, in which Messrs. Murdoch, Massie, and Garrett played on the side of Orleans, the team remained, cricketically speaking, quiescent, until their regular fixtures began on the 15th May.

Messrs. Bonnor, Boyle, Blackham, M'Donnell, Horan, and Palmer are Victorians; Messrs. Murdoch, Spofforth, Garrett, Jones, Massie, and Bannerman are New South Welshmen; while Mr. Giffin is a South Australian. Ten of these players have been over here before, and their capabilities are well remembered.—Spofforth, as a wonderful bowler; Murdoch, as a batsman, with his 153 (not out) two years ago at the Oval; Blackham, as a wicket keeper; Boyle, as a good all-round man. Bannerman is reported to be as prompt as ever in the field, and not unfrequently (in the Colonies) scoring three figures; Bonnor is a vigorous hitter and excellent fielder; Palmer, a useful slow bowler. Mr. Horan, who in 1878 was not seen at his best, has been doing great execution of late with his bat against New South Wales. Mr. M'Donnell did good service as a batsman for the 1870 Eleven. Mr. Garrett in 1878 chiefly distinguished himself in the Second Players' Match at Prince's, when he took 7 wickets for 41 runs. Messrs. Massie, Giffin, and Jones were until their arrival the other day unknown to English spectators, the two former enjoying a good batting reputation.

In the first match of the series, between the Australians and Oxford University, Alma Mater had to succumb to the Antipodes, Oxford's total innings of 423 being put quite in the shade by Massie's wonderful "break" of 206.

Poor Surrey came still more heavily to grief. In her first innings she made 95, and in her next 193, against which the Australians showed 643 in a single innings, 286 of which were off the bat of their chieftain, Murdoch.

The contest with the Orleans Club was of a very different complexion. In their first innings the Twickenhamites scored 271 (87 of which were obtained by A. P. Lucas) against the Kangaroos' meagre 75, and, although the latter in their second innings made 240 (of which Murdoch secured 107), the chances of victory were heavily in favour of the Orleans men when the game closed, owing to next day being the festival of St. Derby, when cricketers keep strict holiday.

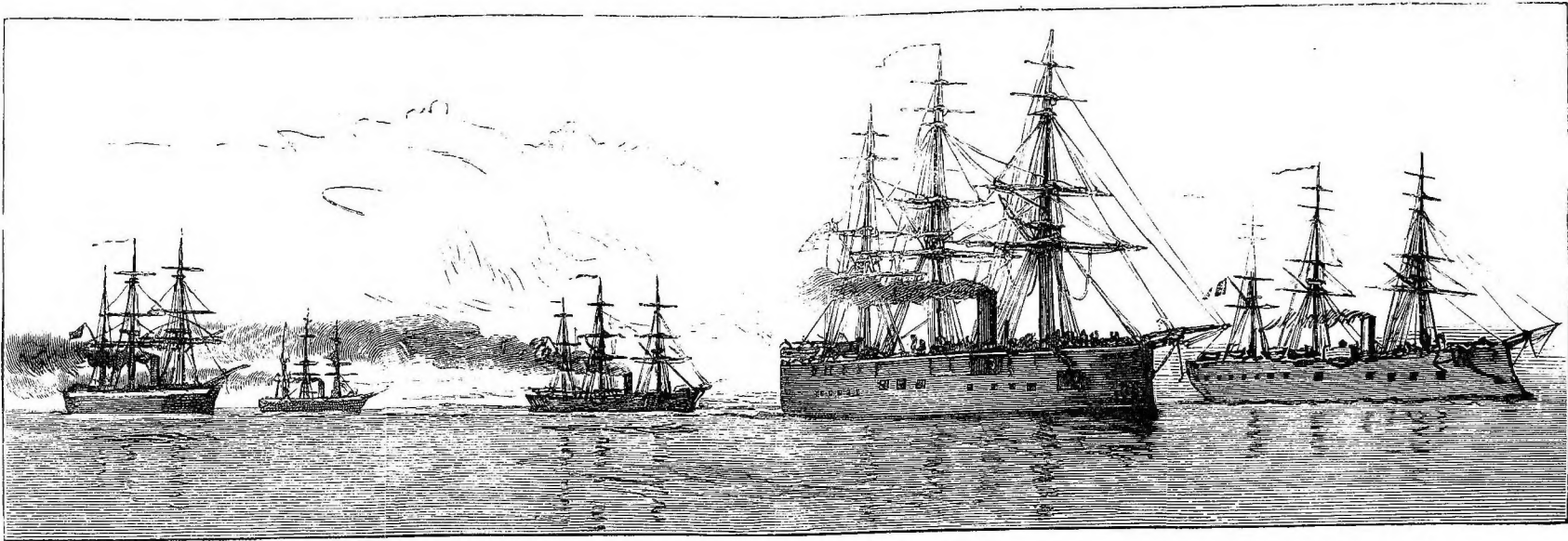
In the match with Surrey on the 25th, 26th, and 27th ult., the County did well in their first innings, scoring 170 against the Australians' 100, but in their second innings they only made 48, and the Australians had secured a sufficient number of runs for victory, when only six of their number had gone in, and two of them were not out. In this second innings Messrs. Horan and M'Donnell each made 33. The match with Cambridge concluded on Wednesday with the defeat of the Australians by six wickets. The Cambridge could hardly be called a first-class team "all round," and so the defeat of the Australians must damp them and their admirers' ardour more than what happened at Twickenham with the Orleans Club. In their first innings, 139 was a feeble score against such poor bowling as that of Cambridge, and their own bowling must have been very weak for so many runs to have been made off it.—Our portraits are from photographs by Stillard and Co., 9, Magdalen Street, Oxford, that of Horan excepted, which is by Hills and Saunders, also of Oxford.

"MARION FAY"

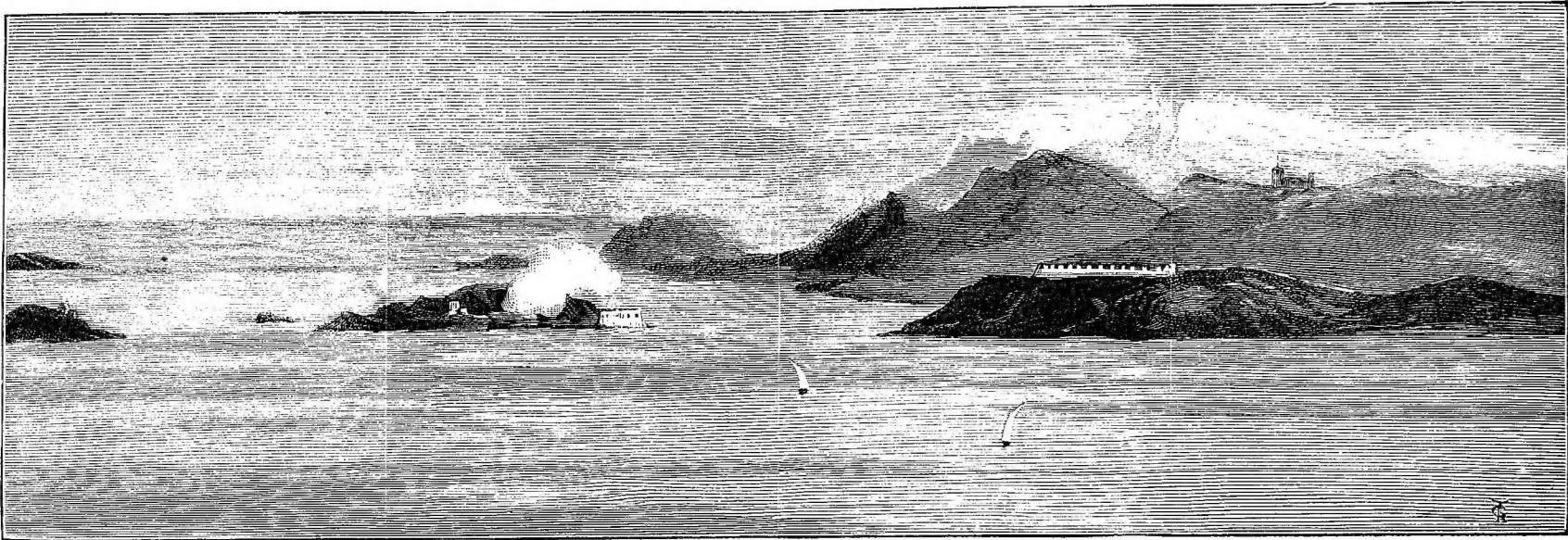
MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is concluded in this week's issue.

OXFORD ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 562 et seqq.



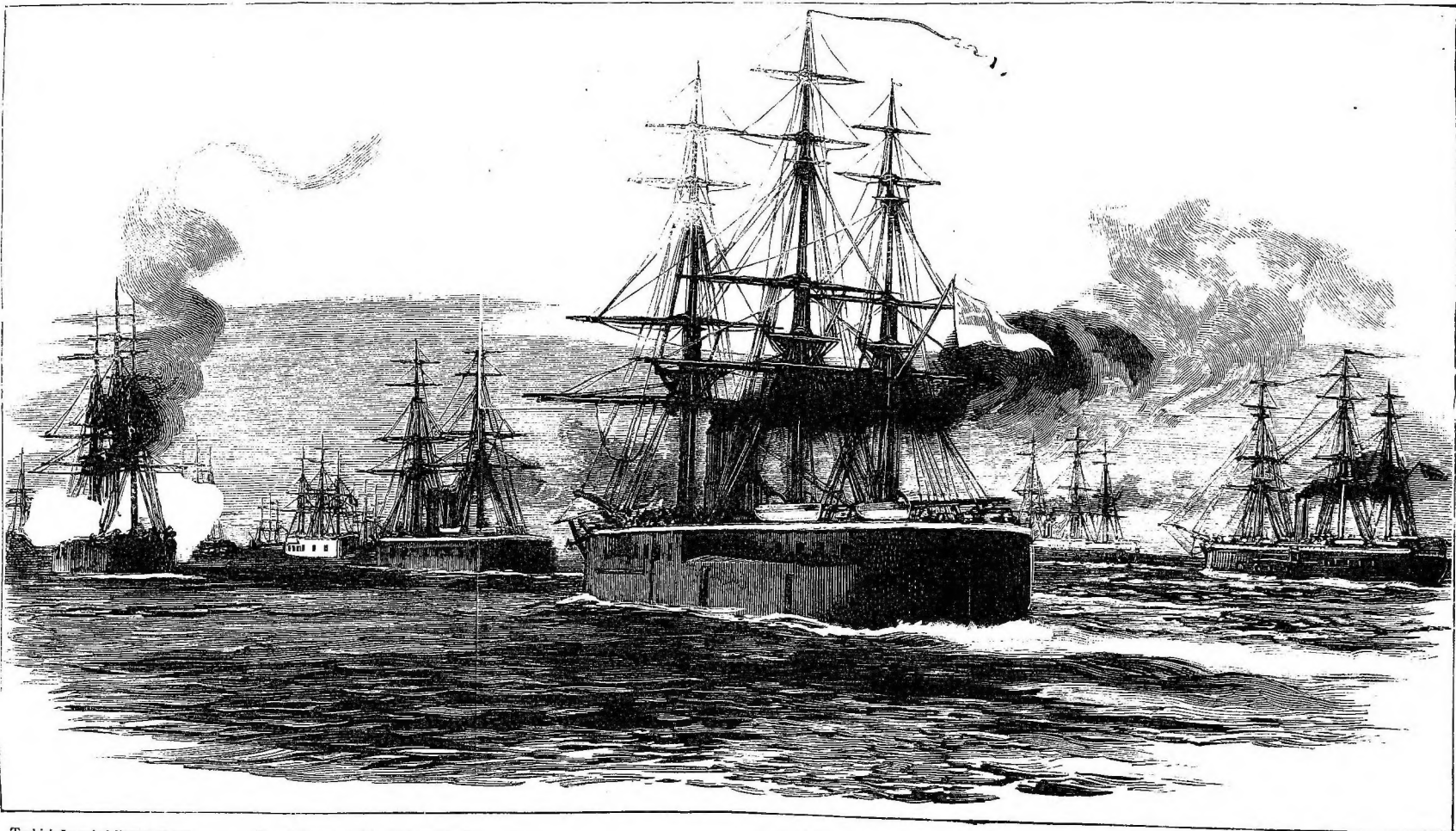
THE ANGLO-FRENCH SQUADRON PROCEEDING IN COMPANY FROM SUDA BAY TO ALEXANDRIA



Battery Returning H.M.S. "Alexandra's" Salute
Cape Matapan

THE ENTRANCE TO SUDA BAY

Earthwork Fort



Turkish Ironclad "Idjialieh" French Ironclad "La Galissonière"
H.M.S. "Alexandra" H.M.S. "Bittern" H.M.S. "Temeraire"
Turkish Frigate French Corvette "Forbin"

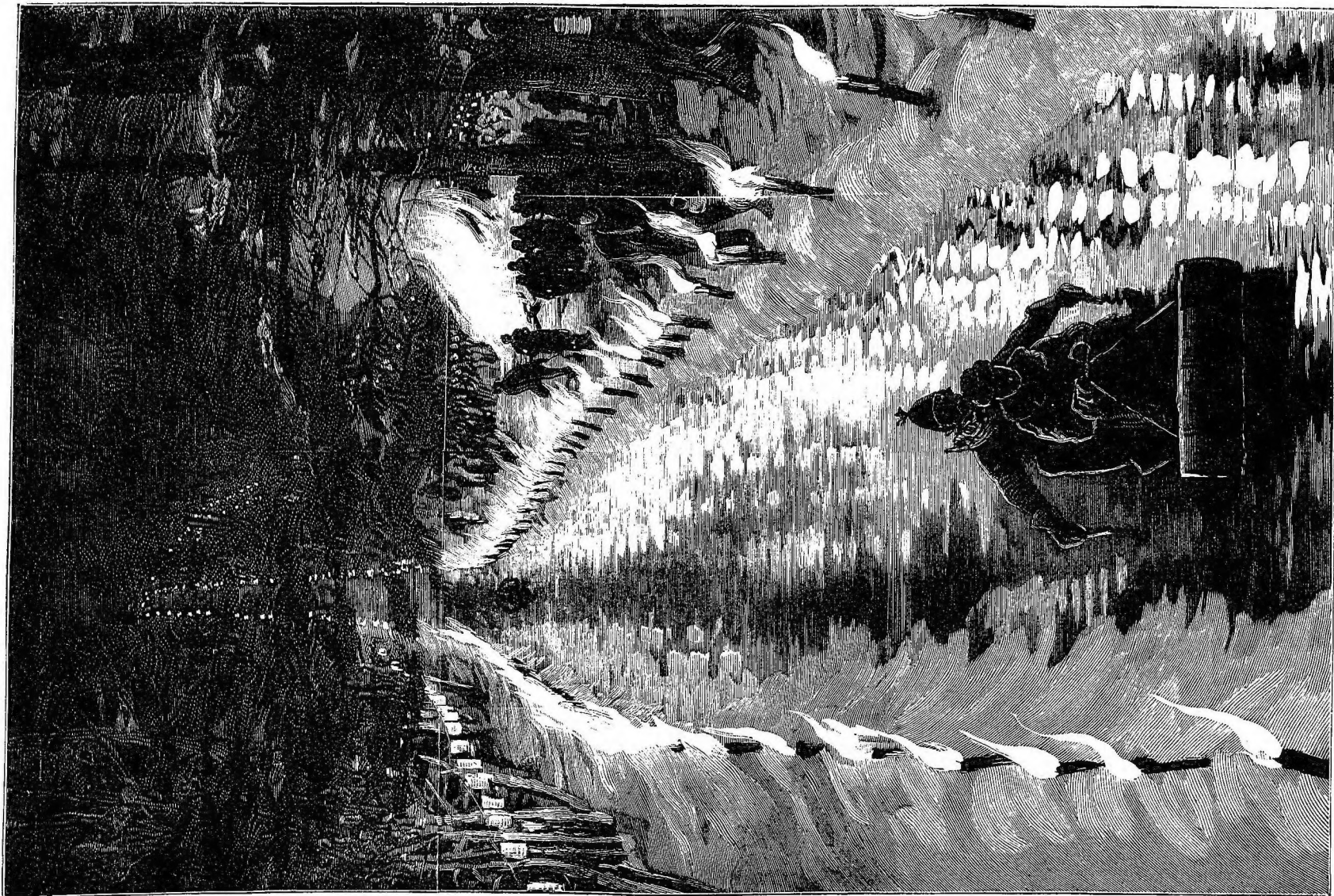
H.M.S. "Superb"

H.M.S. "Monarch"

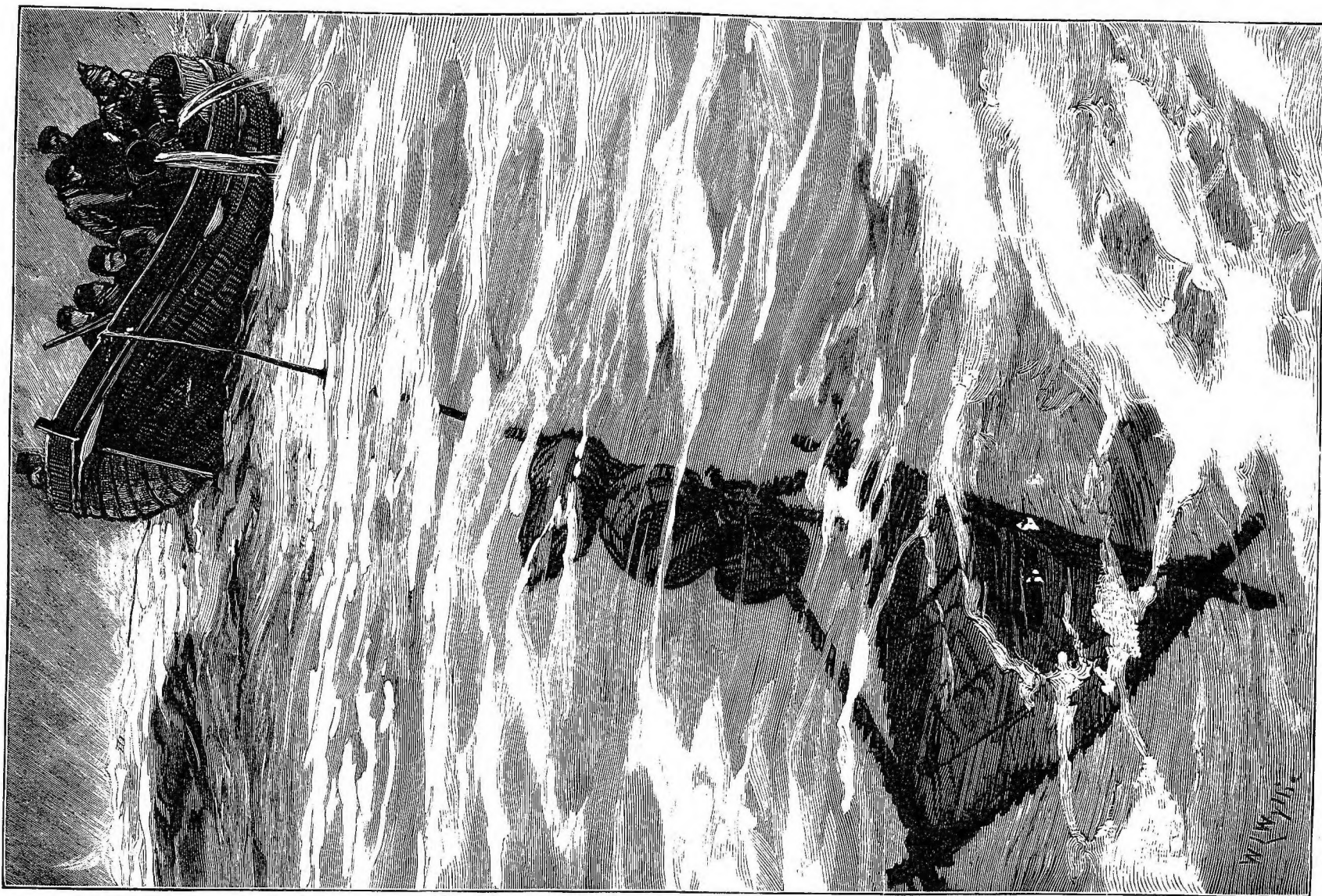
H.M.S. "Invincible"

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON IN SUDA BAY

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT—THE ANGLO-FRENCH FLEET IN SUDA BAY
FROM SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER



WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN CANADA — TOBOGGANING BY TORCHLIGHT
AT OTTAWA



THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE"—LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER'S BOAT RIDING OUT
THE GALE, SEPT. 12, 1881, WITH AN IMPROVISED SEA ANCHOR
SKETCHED FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY LIEUT. DANENHOWER



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT—henceforth, if we may trust the Gaiety playbill, to be professionally known as Madame Bernhardt-Damala—made her first appearance at the Gaiety this season on Monday evening, after a twelvemonths' absence from our stage. The house was not so crowded as on the occasion of the performances of the Comédie Française, but the stalls and balcony and pit were well filled; and, if there was no great enthusiasm displayed, this world-renowned lady received at least a friendly welcome. Doubtless the excitement would have been greater but for the circumstance that she had chosen to reappear in a part already familiar to that necessarily limited section of English playgoers who can enjoy, and are able to encourage, this form of entertainment. Of Madame Bernhardt-Damala's impersonation of MM. Scribe and Legouvé's heroine there is little to be said which has not been said already. Every one who reads contemporary dramatic criticism knows that her interpretation differs from that of her great predecessor, Rachel, the "creator," as the French say, of the part, by reason of its womanly tenderness and of a certain plaintive note of sorrow replacing to great degree the fierce, consuming passion and terrible energy which probably, in the view of the admirers of Rachel, were inseparable from the part. This peculiarity arises, no doubt, partly from the natural style and *physique* of the two actresses; for, as it has been well observed, even Phèdre becomes humanised, and invested with a soft and touching pathos in the person of Madame Bernhardt. Much, however, may reasonably be said for this mode of representing Adrienne Lecouvreur, for if it be urged that a passion so generous, so absorbing, so girl-like, if we may so speak, is less consistent with our notions of a flattered and imperious *prima donna*, than her sarcastic and scornful attacks upon her aristocratic rival, it must yet be admitted that her trusting and disinterested love for Maurice de Saxe is the foundation of all that is pathetic in the story. Madame Bernhardt, at all events, adheres to her conception, and she plays the part with no less command than before over the feelings of the spectators. The famous scene between the two women in the darkened room; the recitation from *Phèdre* which the actress-heroine contrives to make the vehicle of her scornful sarcasms directed at her haughty rival, and the heartrending death scene, though probably already familiar to most persons present, were found to have lost nothing of their effect on the spectators, who followed with manifest interest all the details of this ingeniously-planned and really masterly work. The company in general is superior to that which accompanied Madame Bernhardt on the occasion of her last visit. M. Guity, though not in countenance or figure an ideal representative of the gay and gallant soldier Maurice de Saxe, who appears in so many French pieces, is one of the most popular of *jeunes premiers*, and he plays the part with ease and spirit. Madame Fromentin, who appears as the Princess, is an accomplished actress; and M. Talbot plays Michonnet with that thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the part which was to be expected of the ex-Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. On Wednesday Madame Bernhardt-Damala appeared once more in *La Dame aux Camélias*, in association with her husband, who, under the stage name of Jacques Darall, played the part of Marguerite Gauthier's lover Armand Duval. On Thursday M. Pailleron's comedy *Les Deux Ménages* was given for the first time in this country, Madame Bernhardt-Damala appearing as Esther.

The management of the VAUDEVILLE, in pursuance of their new policy of devoting that theatre to standard comedy, revived on Saturday afternoon last the late Lord Lytton's *Money*, supported by a powerful cast. With Mrs. John Wood once more in the character of Lady Franklyn, and Mr. Thorne, who plays with commendable moderation and much dry humour in the part of Graves, the famous jig scene and other incidents in which this couple take part could not fail to afford infinite amusement. Miss Ada Cavendish appears as Clara, whose self-suppressing habits are, however, not much in the way of this popular actress. Mr. Henry Neville's Evelyn is not the cynical and sententious creature whom the author appears to have intended, but is certainly not the less acceptable on that account. Mr. William Farren played for the first time the part of Sir John, and won much favour. In Mr. Frank Archer the representation has the advantage of the best of all Dudley Smooths. Mr. Righton appears as Mr. Stout, Miss Alma Murray as Georgina, Mr. Graham as Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Crauford as Lord Glossmore, Mr. John Maclean as Sharp, and Mr. Lestock as the old member who calls so lustily for the club-room snuff-box. The performance will be repeated this afternoon, and it is probably intended to transfer the comedy to the evening bill at the close of the "run" of *London Assurance*.

A little piece, adapted from the French by Mr. Aglen Dowty, and produced at the FOLLY Theatre on Saturday afternoon, with the title *After Darkness—Dawn*, bears a considerable resemblance to *Marcel*, and a slight resemblance to *La Jolie fait Peur*. It seems to have been adapted for the purpose of displaying the talents of Mr. William Farren, jun., in the character of an old French *émigré*—one of those eccentric pathetic parts in which the late Mr. Alfred Wigan long ruled supreme. The sentiment of the piece is of a somewhat exotic kind. It turns upon the fraudulent, but well-intentioned, efforts of a family circle to palm off a niece upon the French gentlemen referred to as his own child, who, though in fact dead, he believes, in his half-demented fashion, to be still alive. Mr. Farren exhibited decided power in this part, succeeding even in overcoming the effect of the artificial tone of the story, and touching very perceptibly the feelings of the spectators. Mr. Farren is the son of Mr. William Farren of the Vaudeville, and consequently the grandson of the famous Farren of whom our fathers and grandfathers are wont to speak in such enthusiastic terms.

The drama by Lady Monckton, in which the authoress was to play the leading part last night and this evening at Sir Percy Shelley's elegant little theatre at Chelsea, is an adaptation of Adolphe Belot's early work, *La Vengeance d'un Mari*. The amateur performances being given for a benevolent object, the theatre is on this occasion opened to the public, who for stalls are charged one guinea each.

Desirous of commemorating the one hundredth consecutive performance of *Romeo and Juliet* on Saturday, June 24th, when also Miss Ellen Terry's benefit will take place, Mr. Irving has issued numerous cards of invitation to a dinner at the LYCEUM Theatre on the 26th inst.

Performances of Messrs. Hardy and Comyns Carr's version of *Far from the Madding Crowd* are to be given by the original cast at the CRYSTAL PALACE on June 6th and 8th.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday, June 5th, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain will produce a new piece by Arthur Law and Hamilton Clark, entitled *Nobody's Fault*, and Mr. Corney Grain will give, for the first time, his new musical sketch for the season, entitled *Small and Early*.

THE NEXT ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION is to be held at Vienna in September.



WILLIAM CZERNY.—Of more than average merit is "The Holy Night," a chorus for three ladies' voices with accompaniment for violin and organ or pianoforte; music by E. Lassen, English version by Muriel Knyvet. We can strongly recommend this musically composition to the attention of choral societies and the home circle.—By the above-named composer is "The Mountain of Prayer," a dramatic song for a mezzo-soprano. The English version by Miss Knyvet is not quite so happy as the trio; *Der Berg des Gebets* would sound more poetical as the "Mount" or "Rock" of prayer; mountain conveys an idea of oppression. The accompaniment is for the organ or pianoforte.—Two other very excellent sacred songs, with organ or pianoforte accompaniments, are respectively "Pater Noster," by L. Niedermeyer, for a baritone; and "Ave Maria," for a contralto, by Friedrich Kiel.—"Nel Campo Santo," a *romanza*, written and composed by Stechetti and Madame A. Tolstoy, has already won public approbation when sung by Signor Cotogni.—A plaintive and touching poem is "The Little Turquoise Ring," written by Maggie Foreman, and prettily set to music by Ferdinand Nesmüller; compass from D below the lines to F on the fifth line.—No. XIX. of "Short Melodies for Voluntaries," arranged for the organ by W. J. Westbrook, is Faure's celebrated "Crucifixus." All organists, great and small, will find these brief voluntaries a useful addition to their *répertoire*.—"Hungarian March," from *Hunyadi László*, an opera by Fr. Erkel, arranged for the pianoforte by W. Czerny, is so bright and tuneful as to make us wish to hear more specimens from the same work; it is arranged as a solo and a duet, the latter is of course the more showy.—"Three Budding Flowerets" is the collective title of a charming suite of pieces for young players, composed by W. Meissner. No. 1, "Alpine Rose," is in the Tyrolienne style; No. 2, "Amaranth," is the daintiest of the bouquet; No. 3, "Blue Bell," is also very taking. This composer will assuredly take first rank amongst the children's favourites.—A small society of amateur instrumentalists will find pleasant and not difficult work united in "Andantino," from "Little Suite" (Op. 77), by F. Kiel, which is arranged in a variety of combinations for the organ, harmonium, pianoforte, violin, violoncello, and flute, all equally easy in their way.

F. PITMAN.—Another sad poem on a fertile theme is "Only," the words (anonymous) from *Chambers' Journal*, set to a plaintive melody by Gwendoline Croxall.—A meet companion for the above, but a shade more gloomy, is "Wake Me Ere I Sleep for Ever" (a dying child's request), written and composed by E. A. Denby and F. J. Croger; the Christy Minstrel-like "Chorus of Unseen Angels" will please admirers of that school.—Of a more cheerful and vigorous type are "In the Twilight," a pretty ballad, words by Gwendoline St. Maur, music by J. H. Croxall—a narrative song of medium compass; "My Barque," a song, exactly suited for a boating party, written and composed by H. V. Barwell and C. W. Hill; and a thoroughly racy, jovial song, "The George and Dragon," words by Horace Lennard, music by Percy Reeve. The picture of the inn makes us long to spend a week there.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—Another poem in a minor key is "Mother, Oh Sing Me to Rest," the plaint of a love-lorn maiden, by Mrs. Hemans; the appropriate music, which is very pleasing, by W. H. Harper.—"A Lullaby," written and composed by Whyte Melville and R. W. P. Lodwick, is soothing enough to answer its purpose, albeit not tedious.—"La Balançoire," a *suite de valse*, by C. A. Edes, have a certain swing in them which is pleasant to dance to, but the frontispiece is really the prettiest part of them.

MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—It is quite time that Alfred Tennyson's poem, "Sweet and Low," should be left in peace. It has been set to music so many times, and certainly better than by C. A. Rodbard, who need not fear that his "all rights reserved" will often be infringed.—Decidedly original and danceable, "Pense à Moi," a valse, composed by Edward Crosse, will take a good place in the ball-room.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS have not been entirely neglected during the holidays, the most notable utterances being those of Mr. Auberon Herbert and Lord Pembroke in the shape of letters to *The Times*, both complaining that the landlords of Ireland are being plundered by the Government. On the other hand, we have Mr. Mundella's speech at Bangor, defending the policy of the Government, both as regards foreign and home affairs, and referring to Lord Salisbury's recent statement that the late Mr. Burke attributed to Mr. Gladstone the disorganisation and disorder in Ireland as a shocking imputation to make after Mr. Burke was dead, and a wicked statement to hurl at Mr. Gladstone.

IRELAND, according to the Cork correspondent of the *Daily News*, "appears to be settling down into a state of composure;" and, certainly, this week there is an almost complete absence of reports of agrarian outrages. The Lord Lieutenant continues to receive deputations from all parts of the country, in reply to which he assures them that the firm purpose of the Government is to restore order and punish organised crime, without interfering more than can be helped with individual liberty. Cardinal McCabe, in thanking a deputation from the clergy and laity of Dublin for a congratulatory address, has again condemned the Phoenix Park assassins, and contradicted as utterly groundless the statement that crape had been hung to the knocker of his door and that he had received a threatening letter. Dr. Conway, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Killala, has also denounced the Phoenix Park outrages in a sermon preached last Sunday from the text, "Thou shalt not kill." The Government has somewhat tardily offered rewards of 2,000*l.*, 1,000*l.*, and 500*l.* respectively, for public or private information concerning the murderers of Mrs. Smythe, or persons who knowingly harbour them.—Mr. Davitt has left Dublin to visit the evicted tenants in the West of Ireland, and, although he professes to avoid public demonstrations, the news of his coming seems to have been passed all along the railway, for at every station a knot of admirers assembled to greet him with cries of "God bless you," "More power to you," and the like.—The coroner's jury at Ballina have been discharged without agreeing to a verdict as to the death of the boy who was shot in the recent affray with the police, and a fresh inquest is to be held.—Several Irish M.P.'s have been addressing their constituents, Mr. Sexton at Sligo; Mr. Redmond at New Ross; and Messrs. Lalor and A. O'Connor in Queen's County.

THE WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY-MAKERS were favoured with splendid weather, which was appreciated to the full by thousands of Londoners, who precipitated themselves into the suburbs and the provinces by road, rail, and river, and by large numbers of country-folk who made excursions to see the sights of London. The railway companies reaped a rich harvest, and all places of public amusement were well patronised. At Manchester there was the customary

procession of Church of England Sunday School children to the cathedral, some 19,000 children attending. At Northwich a novel sight was provided for the curious by the illumination of the Witton Hall Mine by the electric light. The behaviour of the holiday-folk, speaking generally, was very good, the number of police charges being comparatively few, and the sole drawback of the national holiday seems to have been the rather large number of fatal boating accidents in different places, resulting from "larking" or careless management. No fewer than sixteen children were lost on Hampstead Heath alone, and taken to the police station, but all were claimed before midnight.

A **CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS** attended by delegates from all the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland has this week been held at Oxford, and in connection therewith there has been an exhibition of the manufactures of co-operative societies in the Corn Exchange. On Sunday, a special sermon was preached in the Cathedral by the Rev. H. S. Holland, Senior Proctor; and on Monday Lord Reay delivered the inaugural address, in which he spoke of co-operation as one of the highest forms of intellectual democracy which had done much to remove class distinctions, and paid a tribute to the memory of Lord F. Cavendish, whose noble example of single-minded patriotism should encourage the humbler co-operator to persevere, however difficult he might find the restraint which he had wisely imposed upon himself, and without which neither co-operation nor any other human institution could reach its goal. On Tuesday there was a somewhat excited discussion on the subject of adulteration; and on Wednesday Sir W. R. Anson, Warden of All Souls', gave a brief history of the University, showing how it was once open to poor students and working men, how it ceased to be so, and how it came to be so again. Sir William also spoke of the proposal to found a hall in which working men could live as unattached students.

FREE LIBRARIES AND ART GALLERIES are springing up all over the country (London, alas, being a shameful exception). On Wednesday, the opening of one at Cardiff was made the occasion of much rejoicing, a procession of all the local religious, social, and commercial societies passing through the streets; and on Thursday Mr. John Bright was to officiate at the opening of the Central Free Library and Art Gallery at Birmingham; whilst the new Municipal Buildings opened at Reading, on Wednesday, include a Free Library, Reading Room, and Museum, besides a Science and Art School and a School of Cookery.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BARONETCY is not the only honour to be conferred on the City in commemoration of the opening of Epping Forest, it being announced that the dignity of knighthood is to be bestowed on Messrs. Hanson and Ogg, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

SEVERAL FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' ANNUAL MEETINGS have been held this week; the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows at Cardiff, the Order of Druids at Mossley, Lancashire; whilst at Ipswich the Odd Fellows and Foresters have held their annual *fête* in Christchurch Park.

PURPLET MAGAZINE, which is said to be the largest gunpowder store in the world, has been placed under the special care of an extra military guard, in consequence of information received by the Essex police that an attempt would be made to blow it up.



BOTH Nineteenth Century and Contemporary commence the month with articles in favour of Home Rule. It is true the Marquis of Blandford, whose paper in the *Nineteenth Century* derives exceptional importance from his position in the Liberal party, does not quite advocate a Parliament in Stephen's Green. He flatters himself, indeed, that Irishmen will be satisfied with four State Legislatures or *Conseils Généraux*—one for each province—to regulate all local matters; and even thinks such a measure of Home Rule would render easy the gradual transfer of the land from the present owners to the tenants; the price of sale being fixed, we infer, by the Land Courts, and the purchase-money advanced in the form of State bonds, for which these Local Legislatures would be guarantors. How far the Irish landlord would be stimulated to sell, and the Irish tenant to purchase at a fair price, by the consciousness that the national credit was now involved in the matter, may seem doubtful. On the other hand, it is clear, from Mr. M'Carthy's firm, but not unkindly, criticism of Lord Blandford's paper, that Home Rule in this shape will not satisfy his countrymen at all. Nothing short of an Irish Parliament, with absolute competence in all things not distinctly and unmistakably Imperial, will be accepted by Nationalists in their actual mood, nor can Mr. M'Carthy pledge himself that even this will be sufficient if the present state of tension lasts much longer. In fact, the more one studies Mr. M'Carthy's article, the more one becomes aware that the chief guarantee he offers us against schemes for the disruption of the Empire is the somewhat vague and shadowy assurance that the spirit of the age is against small nationalities, and all in favour of federations.—Earl Grey concludes a vigorous review of thirteen years' attempt to govern "Ireland" by Irish ideas, with a strong protest against the folly of feverish legislation on the plea that "something must be done," to the destruction of all the natural incentives to industry and thrift. We may take, he warns us, the landlord's property and give it to the tenant, but we can no more "fix the cost of land to the actual occupier" than "Jack Cade could enforce his decree that there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny."—Mr. Woulfe Flanagan, in a decidedly clever paper ("Friends of the Farmer"), contrives to show, somewhat in the *avvocato del diavolo* spirit, from the very foreign authorities whom the promoters of land law reforms are continually quoting, that it is much more profitable for the farmer to hire land than to sink his capital in buying the fee simple, and that peasant properties do not really "pay," for though the gross produce may be very great the net returns are really very small, by reason of the number of hands employed.—"Thought-Reading" is an interesting account of the latest novelty in scientific drawing-room entertainments. Not the least curious feature in these experiments (where there is no suspicion of collusion, and where due precautions are taken against "unconscious indications" of the name or object to be guessed) is the number of failures in which there is still some approximation to success—where the king at cards is guessed instead of the knave, or names like "Chester" given for "Leicester," "Freemore" for "Frogmore," &c. It would really seem as though the unexpressed thought *did* cause a brain-wave to vibrate through space, which all the guessers feel more or less, though only the most "sensitised" fully understand it.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Finch and Mr. O'Neill Daunt denounce the Union, and prophesy good things for either country if Ireland regains her legislative independence, with a generous warmth which savours rather of the old-fashioned Repealers than of the modern Nationalist even of Mr. M'Carthy's comparatively reasonable school. "Give Ireland," cries the former, "the management of her own affairs, and you will see called into her service the ablest and most capable of her sons." But on this, as on the "resources of intellect, poetry, and art, which now lie dormant among the Irish people," it is surely permissible to entertain a doubt. Irish ability must be even more patriotic than is generally supposed if it prefers local to imperial fields of action; so long, at least, as the latter are

not closed to it by the absolute separation of the two countries, for which we fancy "national" jealousy would soon begin to agitate. —Mr. Freeman, in a characteristic paper, "Alter Orbis," expresses his apprehensions of the "Channel Tunnel," not upon military or financial grounds, but as an innovation which might destroy our insular character, and make us no better than so many Continental Celts or Teutons. —"Henri Heine, a Family Portrait," is a charming medley of *souvenirs* of the poet from his early boyhood to his "mattress-grave," collected for us by his niece, the Principessa della Rocca. Even seven years of hideous suffering could not quench his spirit. Death itself was encountered with a jest, *Le bon Dieu me pardonnera. C'est son métier.* —Mr. Quilter contributes some outspoken "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition," and Professor Leone Levi an able article on "The Revival of Italian Industry." The revival, in Professor Levi's judgment, is not so great as has been sometimes asserted. In mechanical inventions and labour-saving machines Italy is far behind both our own country and the United States. The waste of power is still extreme. Four artisans in Manchester can work 1,000 spindles, while in Italy twenty-five persons would be employed. But the young kingdom is on the right track, and the improvements in her educational establishments, above all in technical education, since 1860 place her in this respect on a level with almost any of her industrial rivals.

The *Cornhill* as usual is full of goodly matter. "A French Assize" is a capital account of modes of procedure in criminal trials beyond the Channel. Decidedly these are not among the things which the French manage better. Indeed, between the desire of the jurors to show that they can comprehend a *grande idée*—an appeal, in other words to high-flown sentiment—and the spirit of opposition naturally aroused in them by the tendency of the judges to make everything tell against the prisoner, miscarriages of justice which would appal men here are matters there of everyday occurrence. The very few who are condemned to death—only three have been executed in M. Grévy's Presidency—are allowed to hear nothing of what is done for them outside. They smoke and drink and play cards with the warders, until one morning the prison-governor looks in: "Your appeal has been rejected. The moment has arrived."—"H. N. O." contributes some good notes on the ancient churches and now fast disappearing dolmens and menhirs of Brittany.—"J. A. F." laughs to scorn the solar theory of the origin of "Names of Flowers," and shows very ably how many of these names arose from the primitive tendency to regard all forms of life as interchangeable, or from the uses to which flowers were put by the medicine-men of the early Aryan tribes; and there are the first chapters of a story of some promise—"The Merry Men," i.e., the waves that dance or rave in the stormy channel of a Hebridean "Roost."—*Temple Bar* relieves the somewhat sickly sentiment of its new serials with a capital paper, better in matter than in style—the opening sentence is positively hideous—on "Rossini," prince of Italian *maestri*, and an amusing sketch of "Coney Island," a New York Margate more amusing than refined.

To the *Gentleman's* Mr. J. C. Collins contributes a remarkable fragment of "An Unpublished Diary and Poem," by Dean Swift, copied from a note-book late in the possession of Mr. Forster, and reserved by him for publication in that "elaborate biography of Swift" on which he was engaged at the moment of his death.—Dutton Cook has a good memoir of the late "Frederick Robson," and Mr. Lucy a caustic paper on "Opposition and Opposition," from which we gather that in the writer's judgment Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office is less assured than the numerical strength of the two parties in the House would argue.

Macmillan and Fraser have nothing very first-rate except their serials. Mr. Hawthorne's novel in the former is exceptionally powerful. But there is a fair paper in *Macmillan*, "Cairo in April, 1882," describing forcibly the gradual up-growth of the spirit of insubordination in all classes, and an elaborate account of the Roman Camp of the Saalburg, the largest, we believe, on the whole Rhine frontier; and in *Fraser* a clever lecture by Dr. Richardson on "National Necessities as the Bases of National Education." It is to use, the Doctor thinks, to keep children under fourteen at their books for hours after "receptivity" has ceased. Our object at that age should not be to train up premature scholars, but healthy and evenly-developed youths.

In *Belgravia*, besides a fresh instalment of the delightful impossibilities of Mr. Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," there is a lively sketch by Mr. Boyle ("A Bundle of Photographs") of the South African diamond fields in their earliest days; and some further rambles by Mrs. Macquoid about Rievaulx, Nunnington, and poor Sterne's Coxwold.

In the *Art Journal* there is an interesting notice ("The Story of a Failure") of a little-known North of England painter of much unfulfilled promise, the late William Daniels; and a longer memoir by Cosmo Monkhouse of another artist, who, though by no means a failure, is still not too widely known except by name, "Professor Legros."

Good Words, with a memoir of Longfellow by Bret Harte; *All the Year Round*, with a fair railway story, "Number Seven;" Hardwicke's good *Science Gossip*, the *Theatre*, the *Antiquarian*—containing, among other interesting matter, the first chapter of an "Extraordinary Impostor of the Stuart Era," William Fuller, the author of the famous "Warming-Pan Story" about the birth of the Prince of Wales, the elder Pretender of a later date—will all be found worth dipping into.



THE TURF.—The echoes of the Derby have hardly yet passed away, and as has often been the case for many days after the great event, the cry has been taken up that some other animal than the winner ought to have won, and that his jockey was to blame for his not having done so. In the present case, of course, Bruce, the favourite, and S. Mordan, his jockey, are, so to speak, the offenders—at least in the eyes of those who lost their money over the matter. That Bruce ran out wide at Tattenham Corner, and thereby lost two or three, or even more, lengths is a fact, but the majority of impartial judges seem to be strongly of opinion that this did not materially affect the result of the race as far as the winner and second were concerned, and that, if the most fashionable of our jockeys had been on Bruce, Shotover would still have won. As regards the result of the Oaks on the Friday, no after question of a similar character could possibly arise, so easily was the race won. It will be remembered as having only produced five starters, the same number as in 1797, when Lord Grosvenor's Niké won, and only one more than when his lordship (who won the Oaks six times between 1781 and 1805) again secured the prize with Ballina, who had only two opponents. The meagreness of the field is easily accounted for from the fact that Lord Stamford's Geheimness, the unbeaten winner of seven races last year, was known to be in the best condition, and that her superiority to Shotover, the Derby winner, in the same stable, was no secret. Still, somewhat strangely, the odds at starting were not 2 to 1 on her, and St. Marguerite and Nellie came in for strong support. However, the race was soon seen to be at her mercy, and she won in a canter by two lengths from St. Marguerite, who beat Shotover in the One Thousand

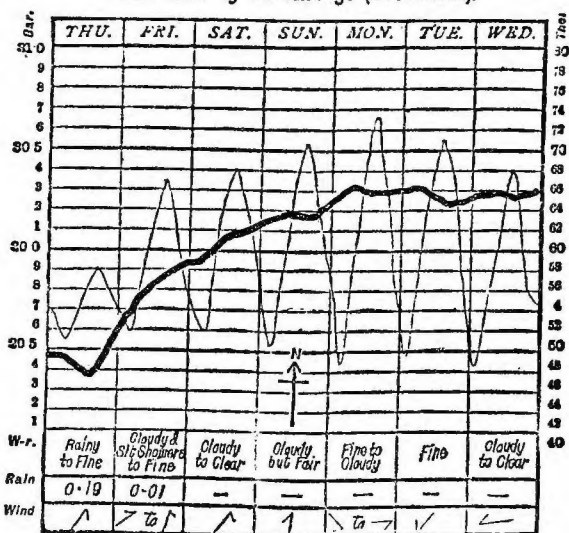
Guineas. Of course, Geheimness is first favourite for the St. Leger, with her stable companion next in demand, and it seems odds on a filly winning the race, and far from improbable that three fillies will fill the three "places." The question now is whether Dutch Oven, who ran very well in the Derby, considering her backward condition, may now reassert her last season's pre-eminence in September, and whether Bruce after all may not turn the tables on the weaker sex. The result of the Grand Prize at Paris, for which he runs on Sunday, will perhaps tell us something.—The Epsom Gold Cup was contested by only two runners, Tristan and Isabel, the former winning easily enough. There were only two runners last year, but it is worth making a long journey if only to see the match between Bend Or and Robert the Devil. Tristan is probably the best four-year old we have in training.—There has been plenty of racing this week, at Kempton Park, Croydon, Redcar, Birmingham, and Manchester, at which last-named meeting the money value of the prizes testified to the great liberality of the executive, though as is often the case they hardly attracted as large fields as might have been expected. By the way, we forgot to mention the rather interesting fact that T. Cannon, who rode Geheimness in the Oaks, is the only jockey who has ever ridden the winners of that race, the Two Thousand, and the Derby in the same season.

CRICKET.—It would take a considerable space only to enumerate the chief cricket matches played this week and their results, as the game has been particularly lively. The chief interest, perhaps, has centred in the doings of the Australians, which are chronicled in Our Illustrations article.—At Nottingham Surrey has been defeated by Nottingham by four wickets. The home county is to be congratulated on having in Jones apparently the "coming" bowler.—Hampshire has beaten Sussex, which seemed rather hard on the latter, which scored no less than 402 in its second innings.—It is very satisfactory to be able to come to the conclusion that the report of certain ill-doings by some of Shaw's team in Australia has no foundation.

AQUATICS.—The final heat for the Oxford University Sculls, held by Mr. Chesshire, of Worcester, resulted in the victory of Mr. Roberts, of Hertford, over Mr. Tollemache, of Christ Church.

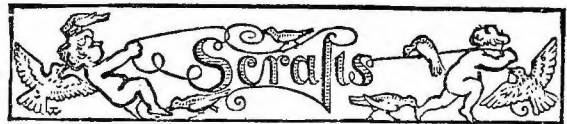
THE BATTLE WITH THE WATER COMPANIES.—The ratepayers of London have found a doughty champion, and the metropolitan Water Companies a formidable adversary, in Mr. Archibald Dobbs, who has just achieved a victory over the Grand Junction Waterworks Company in the Queen's Bench Division on the question whether that Company is entitled to charge upon the gross estimated rental of premises instead of the net annual value as assessed to the poor rate. It is true that the decision is to be appealed against, and that the dispute will probably be carried from tribunal to tribunal until the highest legal authority in the realm has given its judgment. But in the mean time Mr. Dobbs has demonstrated, as he says, the vulnerability of the Water Companies, and he has since written to *The Times*, pointing out the necessity and the means of following up the success. He thanks the Press for its support, and several of the metropolitan Vestries for their unsolicited promises of pecuniary aid, and he tenders the eminently sensible and practical advice that the powerful organisation exercised by each company, which hitherto has been used with such crushing effect against the ratepayers by the simple process of dealing with each as an isolated individual, shall now be met by an opposing organisation, funds being raised and placed in the hands of trustees for the purpose of legally testing the actual powers of the Companies by carefully selected cases. He is probably right in supposing that the result would be surprising both to the ratepayers and to the shareholders in the Companies, and certainly so in the opinion which he expresses that the mere existence of such a fund would act as a salutary check upon the Companies. Mr. Dobbs is a barrister, and has therefore been able to apply a personal knowledge of legal technicalities to the study of the claims made by the Water Companies, many of which are notoriously absurd and unjust, and of the Acts of Parliament upon which those claims are based. He very generously offers his gratuitous assistance in advancing or directing the scheme of organised litigation which he recommends, and, which he very justly observes, besides being of immediate utility in lowering the water rates, cannot but have a proportionate effect in favour of the general public when the question of buying up the Water Companies comes to be considered, as it must be, at a very early date. It is not often that such a valuable suggestion is made, and Londoners will do well not to allow it to be passed over and forgotten.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM MAY 25 TO MAY 31 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week opened very rainy and unsettled. On Thursday (25th ult.) a small shallow depression advanced over us from France, and several hours' steady rain fell during the early part of the day, while on Friday (26th ult.) the presence of some smaller and still shallower disturbances sufficed to keep conditions showery and dull. After the disappearance of these the barometer rose steadily, and the weather gradually improved, so that by Saturday evening (27th ult.) it seemed to be quite settled. Since that time there has been very little change. Some slight movements in the position of the high pressure area which covers England have been at times attended by the formation of cloud and an unsettled appearance, but these have not continued very long, and the sky has again cleared and become fine. At the close of the week, however, the weather seemed to be getting into a rather more unsettled condition than it had been for some few days past. Temperature was rather low at the commencement of the time, but afterwards rose, and exceeded 70° in the shade on Sunday Monday, and Tuesday (28th, 29th, and 30th ult.). The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on Monday (25th ult.); lowest (29.39 inches) on Thursday (25th ult.); range, 0.93 inches. Temperature was highest (73°) on Monday (25th ult.); lowest (49°) on Monday (25th ult.); and Wednesday (31st ult.); range, 24°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.19 inches, on Thursday (25th ult.).



A MARVEL OF MINUTE WRITING is being shown at Nuremberg—a post-card containing a "Chronicle of Kissingen," numbering 7,200 words.

MR. BRADLAUGH WOULD EXPERIENCE NO LEGAL DISABILITY IN KENTUCKY, where it has just been decided that the testimony of a Secularist shall stand on an equal footing with that of other witnesses.

A LARGE BOG IN COUNTY CLARE, IRELAND, has been moving steadily for some days past, carrying away several patches of reclaimed land under cultivation, and part of the main road to Limerick.

THE LATE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OF America have resulted in some good after all. The sediment deposited by the waters on the cotton lands is so good a fertiliser that it will increase their value 4s. per acre.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC FEELING across the Russian border is curiously reproduced by a notice lately put up in her domains by a Franconian baroness, who reminds her neighbours at the entrance of her park that "Dogs, Jews, and Jewesses are forbidden from entering under a penalty of one mark."

MR. OSCAR WILDE MADE A LARGE NUMBER OF CONVERTS during his Californian visit, and San Francisco ladies have tabooed certain fruits and vegetables as being non-aesthetic. One ardent disciple recently offered her guests at a dinner party dishes of potato-blossoms instead of the customary tubers.

ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE FEMALE COMMUNISTS IN PARIS, Madame Paule Minck, is at loggerheads with the Government respecting the name of her baby son. When registering the baby she wished to call him "Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorix," but the officials refused to record such a curious string of appellations, stating that the only names permissible are those taken from the Gregorian calendar or from history. The irate mother has accordingly appealed to the Minister of the Interior.

AN INTERESTING DISPLAY OF SCANDINAVIAN ART has been opened this week at the South Kensington Museum, thus following out the plan of annually illustrating the industrial art of different countries. The objects are curious, and well chosen as characteristic of the ancient and modern Scandinavian style, some of the weapons and personal ornaments dating from a very early period. Carved cups and vessels, peasants' ornaments, woodwork, and needlework are amongst the chief exhibits, many of which are Royal and Government Museum loans.

THE GREATEST SMOKER IN GERMANY must certainly be Prince Charles, Emperor William's brother, who consumes daily from eighteen to twenty-four strong Havanas. A cigar-holder has just been made for the Prince, the *American Register* tells us, by which he can smoke three cigars at a time. Enemies of the fragrant weed, however, cannot allege that this inveterate habit has injured the Prince's health, for, in spite of his eighty-one years, Prince Charles is strong and active, is devoted to hunting, works hard at his military duties, and wears no spectacles.

SNAKES' EGGS are the latest epicurean delicacies with which a German naturalist recently regaled his scientific friends. One of the pythons in the Berlin Aquarium lately laid fifty-five eggs, and the enthusiastic *savants* decided to eat them. They are described as having no yolk, but containing a grey viscid liquid, the empty shells resembling leather, instead of being brittle, like birds' eggs. When boiled, nobody liked to eat the eggs; but, when "scrambled," the professors followed the example set by their leader, and pronounced the mixture excellent, tasting like mashed potatoes and rice.

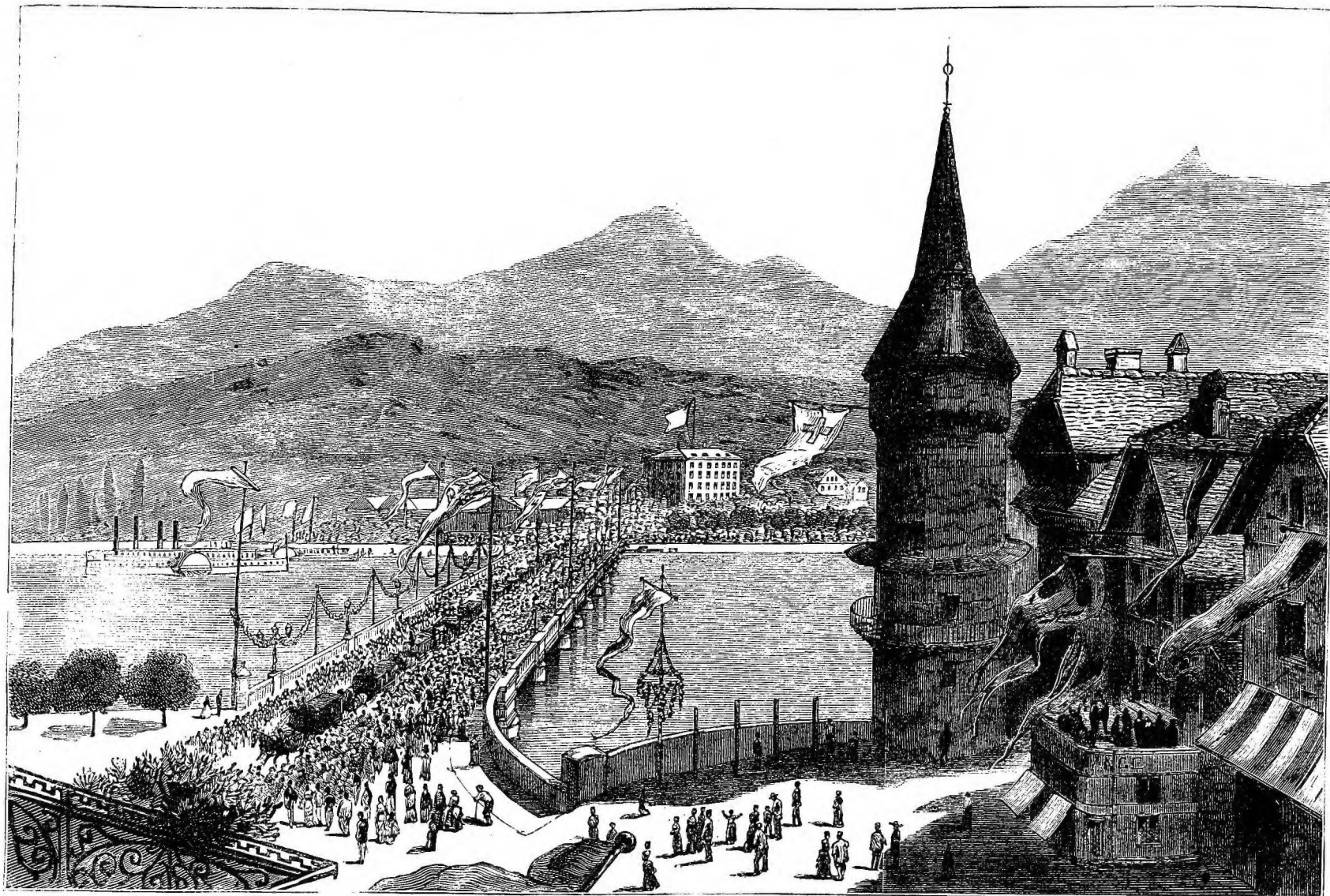
WOLVES IN FRANCE have so increased of late years that a law has been prepared increasing the gratuities to wolf hunters, as strong measures are necessary to overcome them. The creatures had almost died out before the Franco-Prussian War, but they then followed in the track of the invaders, and established themselves definitely in the country, so that in winter peasants in remote parts of the country, particularly in Brittany, are often in serious danger. Accordingly any one killing a wolf which has attacked a human being will receive 8*l.*, a wolf guilty of homicide, 4*l.*, she-wolves bringing in 6*l.* a head, and the cubs 1*l.* 12*s.*

ART IN THE PROVINCES is in a flourishing condition just now, judging from the quality of the provincial exhibitions and the number of Art-centres being inaugurated in all parts of the kingdom. Thus the sixth exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art Society, which opened at Leeds on Monday, is unusually good, over one thousand works being contributed by well-known British Artists, including Sir F. Leighton and other Academicians, while at High Wycombe a splendid loan collection of Old Masters and modern paintings has been on view this week, and at Berwick-on-Tweed a Library and Scientific Institute, Museum, and School of Art has also been inaugurated.

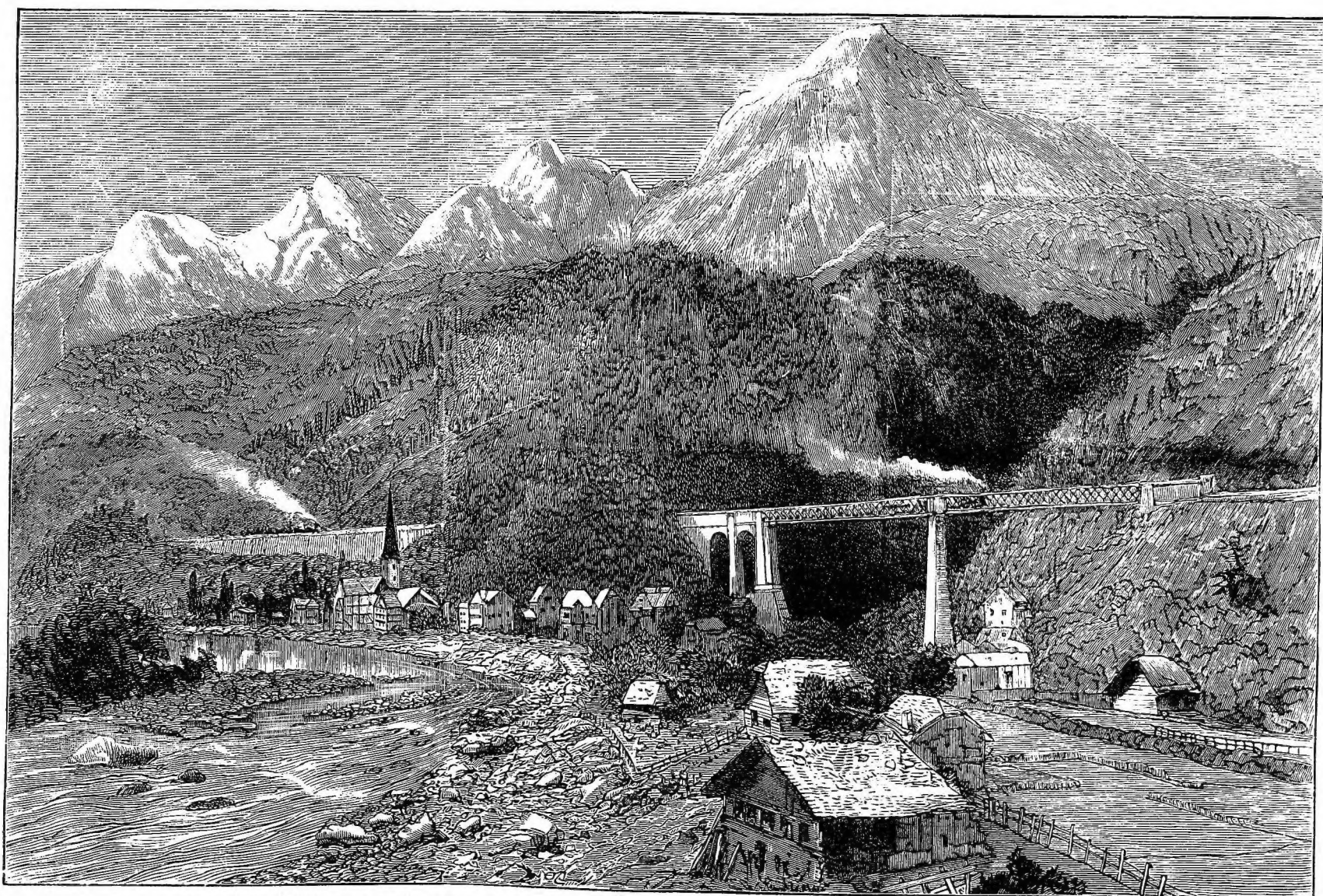
SHORTSIGHTEDNESS AMONG CHILDREN IN SCHOOLS, which has long been a trouble in Germany, is now so prevalent in France that a Government Committee has been examining the subject. They report that the evil is chiefly due to the small type of the school books and to the custom of printing on brilliantly white paper, and it is curious to note that even in Japan this latter practice is alleged by the students to injure their eyes when studying foreign languages. Indeed, myopia is a rapidly increasing evil in Japan also, owing, so the students consider, to the change of type from the bold clear style of their own books, and from the neutral tint of their paper.

THE PROPOSAL TO UTILISE THE FALLS OF NIAGARA AS A HUGE WATER POWER FOR GENERATING ELECTRICITY, and so illuminate sixty-five towns between Boston and Chicago, is heartily condemned across the Atlantic, and nature-loving Americans sigh for Mr. Ruskin to come over and write down such a monstrous project. The plan is to erect a huge mass of hydraulic machinery on the American side of the river below the Falls, besides using fifteen acres of water-front above, and to lay ten thousand miles of underground cables. Mr. Edison, however, considers the scheme impracticable. By the way, what has become of the much discussed plan of making a public park round the Falls? Has it ended with the Report of the Government Commissioners?

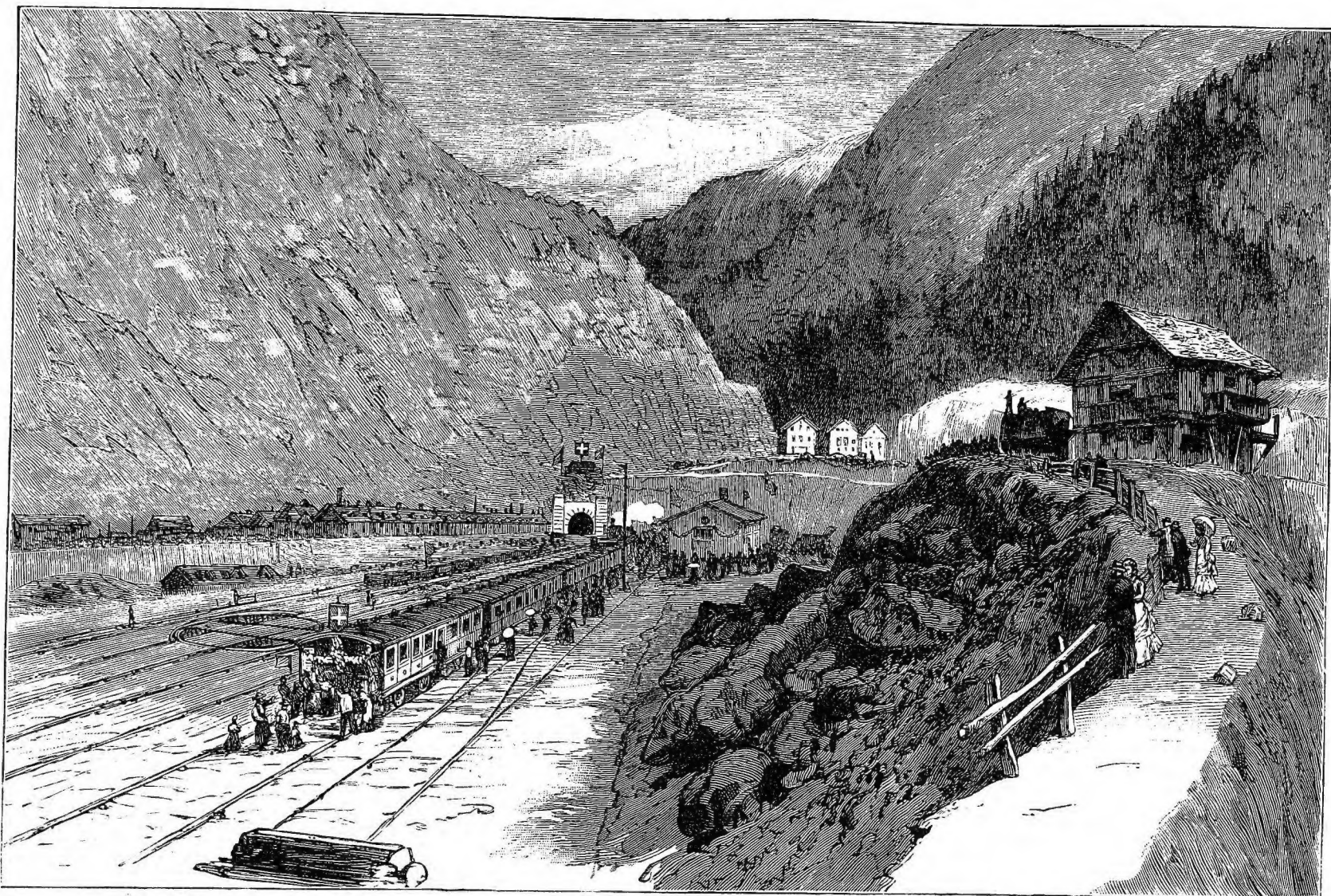
COLONEL BURNABY'S BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL has sorely embittered the feelings of Gallic aeronauts, who lament loudly that a Briton should have the honour of thus successfully crossing whilst they were gathering the funds for a similar voyage. Anxious to outdo their neighbours, therefore, they propose to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon, starting either from Marseilles or Nice, and, should the wind prove contrary, passing the night stationary in mid-ocean by the aid of a specially-constructed anchor. Next year being the centenary of the first balloon experiment—that of the Montgolfiers—the Société d'Aerostation are anxious to make the attempt as a centennial celebration, and propose to get up a fête at the Trocadéro to raise the funds. The balloon would be a huge affair, on the model of the famous captive balloon of the 1878 Paris Exhibition, and would take ten passengers. Meanwhile English aeronauts intend to celebrate the centenary by an exhibition next year, when prizes will be offered for the most practical kind of flying machines.



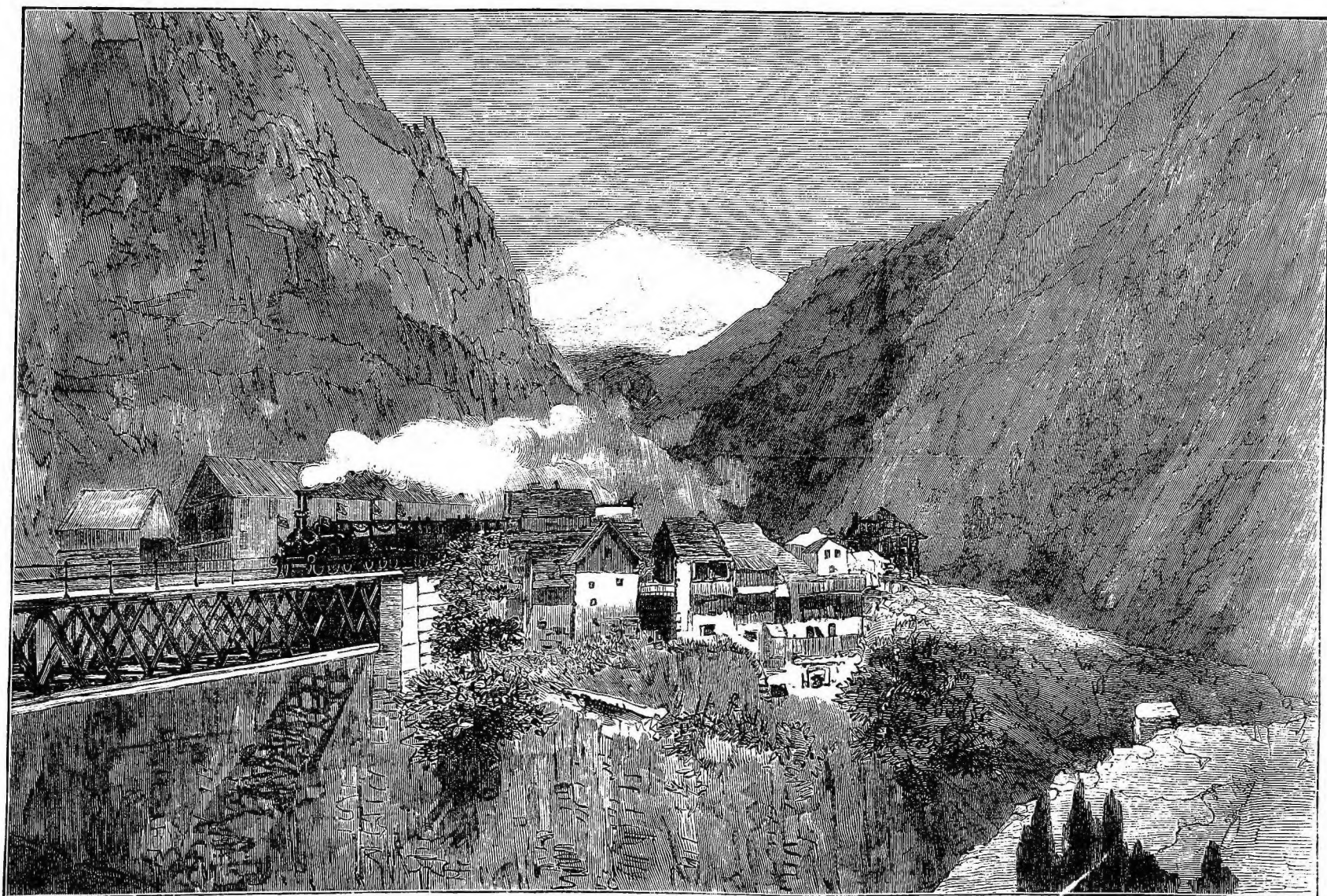
RECEPTION OF THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN PARLIAMENTARY DEPUTIES AT LUCERNE



THE PROCESSION OF TRAINS FROM LUCERNE TO MILAN: THE FIRST AND SECOND TRAINS PASSING AMSTEG



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT TUNNEL AT GOESCHENEN



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT GOESCHENEN

FOREIGN

EGYPT.—The crisis has continued throughout the week, and the aspect of affairs has grown more serious every day. The ultimatum presented by the English and French agents last week to Mahmoud Sahmi, President of the Ministry, demanded the dismissal and banishment of Arabi Pasha, the exile of Ali Fehmy and Abdullah Pashas, and the resignation of the Cabinet. The document declared that England and France had no other object in intervening than the maintenance of the *status quo*, and consequently the restitution of the Khedive's authority, which belongs to him. In reply to this Mahmoud Sahmi refused the demands of the Powers, and referred them to the Sultan. He subsequently handed a Note to the Khedive, stating that as the latter had accepted the ultimatum against the advice of his Ministers, who considered the intervention of the Foreign Powers to constitute an infringement of the rights of the Sultan, the Ministers tendered their resignation. At first this was regarded as a happy termination of the crisis, and optimists were loud in their congratulations that peace and order were to be restored. Cherif Pasha was summoned to form a new Cabinet, and on Saturday the Khedive issued a proclamation to the provincial authorities, urging them to maintain order, and to stop all further recruiting and summoning of the reserves, as the British and French squadrons had come to Alexandria with a friendly object. He then assembled the great dignitaries of State, the Ulemas, the Deputies, and the principal military officers, and addressed them, explaining the object of the naval demonstration, and announcing that he had himself assumed supreme command of the army. To this the military officers insolently answered that they would never accept the Anglo-French ultimatum, nor recognise the right of interference of any Power except Turkey, and, turning their backs upon the Khedive, abruptly left the room. The garrison at Alexandria also telegraphed that unless Arabi Pasha were restored they would not be responsible for order. Accordingly, seeing that the army could not be depended upon, Cherif Pasha very naturally declined to form a Ministry. Arabi Pasha in his turn then held a meeting of the officers and Notables, at which he spoke strongly against the Khedive, Sultan Pasha, the President of the Chamber of Notables, alone protesting with any real energy. On Sunday Arabi sent round to the Ulemas, the religious bodies, and leading merchants, and coolly informed them that, unless they insisted upon his reinstatement by the Khedive, they would lose their lives. This threat had its due effect, and, Sultan Pasha excepted, all the leading notabilities of Cairo went to the Palace and implored the Khedive to save their lives, the Ulemas declaring that on his refusal they would be compelled to sign a *fatwah* proclaiming his deposition. This they urged would be embarrassing as a Turkish Commission to be sent, while otherwise they promised to declare for the Khedive should a sufficient force arrive to protect them. The Khedive, thus pressed, yielded once more, and in the evening an official notice was issued, announcing that at the request of the Ulemas and Chamber of Notables, acting under the pressure of the army, Arabi Pasha was reinstated as Minister of War. The Khedive, excusing himself to *The Times* correspondent for this step, declared that he had endangered the lives of himself and his family out of loyalty to France and England. "But," he continued, "when the life of every prominent subject I possess is at stake, am I to sacrifice them too?" The Khedive has certainly behaved with considerable courage, and on being informed on Tuesday that the natives believed that he was afraid to leave the palace, he at once drove in an open carriage through the most crowded thoroughfares, with only two outriders as an escort.

The attitude of the Porte through all this has been one of expectancy, and many think of duplicity. It is said that, while outwardly condemning the conduct of Arabi Pasha and the military party, and confirming the Khedive's action by telegram, the Sultan is covertly encouraging Arabi in order to be afforded an opportunity for militarily occupying the country, and it was noted that after the arrival of a confidential messenger last week Arabi Pasha's tone grew more arbitrary and insolent. Meanwhile, the English and French Ambassadors have followed up a second Note announcing the naval demonstration with a third, and in this they recommend the Sultan to support the Khedive, to repudiate the assertion that the Khedive had acted contrary to the Imperial authority, and thirdly to summon the three military leaders, with the ex-President of the Council, to Constantinople to answer for their conduct. This note was officially supported on Wednesday by the German, Austrian, and Italian Representatives. The Khedive also telegraphed asking for the despatch of a Turkish Commission of Inquiry. Constant Cabinet Councils were accordingly held to consider the policy to be adopted. As active intervention, however, was regarded as inevitable sooner or later, the ironclads in the harbour were being coaled and got ready for sea.

The threats of Arabi Pasha and the general demeanour of the officers have created a complete panic amongst the Europeans at both Cairo and Alexandria, and the vessels leaving the latter town are crowded with passengers, numbers being refused for want of room. The soldiery are forcing the natives to sign a petition asking for the refusal of the Note of the Powers, and stating that should this be refused the Khedive's deposition will be declared. The banks, which have suspended all operations in the interior, are sending away their specie and valuables; while Mr. Cookson, the British Consul-General, though disclaiming any apprehension of an outbreak, has pointed out to the British community the best way to reach the shore in any such eventuality, and has promised them the means of embarking on board the fleet. The community petitioned the British Government for greater security, pointing out that the presence of both fleets could afford little protection, as only 300 men could be landed to face the 3,000 soldiers of the Alexandria garrison. Five more British vessels, however, were despatched from Suda Bay to Alexandria on Monday, with sealed orders, and the French vessels lying off Toulon and Tunis were ordered to reinforce Admiral Conrad without delay.

With regard to the other Powers, it is stated that Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy have all determined to support the policy of England and France, while leaving the initiative to them. Germany in particular is lending her support to France, as Prince Bismarck is anxious to keep M. de Freycinet in power, and not give a second chance to bellicose M. Gambetta. France, in view of the serious aspect of affairs, has now proposed the holding of that modern panacea for political evils—an International Conference. To this it is stated that the British Government has consented, and the meeting will probably take place at Constantinople.

FRANCE.—Egyptian affairs have monopolised popular attention. Political circles have been watching M. de Freycinet with considerable interest, and the *République Française* has been deprecating the final resort to Turkish intervention as beneath the dignity of such Powers as England and France. M. de Freycinet, however, is fairly safe in his seat just now. Had the crisis occurred a year ago, M. Gambetta would have made great capital out of the affair, but, as is his wont after a reverse, he is inclined to be doubly cautious in his actions for the present. Little has been doing in the Assembly, the only "incident" being a speech from that irrepressible Legitimist, M. Baudry d'Asson, against the new law on primary instruction. He predicted a speedy collapse of the lay schools, at least, in the

Vendée, as there they would be deserted until the day when "an august exile, recalled by France, came to raise the Cross anew, and to drive atheism away."

In PARIS there has been a students' riot in the Quartier Latin, owing to undue and arbitrary interference on the part of the police. The Prefect of the Police, in answer to a students' deputation, withdrew the police, and replaced them by Municipal Guards, whereupon the disturbances were not renewed. On Tuesday there was a procession of Communists (estimated by *The Times* at 800, and by the *Daily Telegraph* at 5,000) to the tomb of the Communists shot in Père la Chaise in 1871. There, under the leadership of Louise Michel, they took "a terrible oath of hatred and of vengeance—an oath of Hannibal," swearing to "hate our tyrants and avenge our dead." The police abstained from all interference, save to request that a red flag which had been raised should be lowered.—To turn to pleasanter subjects, M. Cherbuliez has been "received" at the Academy, making the usual eulogiums on his predecessor, M. Dufaure, and being welcomed by M. Renan, who applauded him for having become a Frenchman in France's darkest hour. M. Cherbuliez was originally a Swiss, but was naturalised in 1870.—An appeal has been made for funds to carry on the work of the Paris British Schools, which were founded in 1832, and have done very good work. Owing to a decrease in the wealthier English residents in Paris, the incomes are now insufficient to meet the ordinary expenses. The appeal is signed by the Rev. Francis J. C. Moran, chaplain of the Church of England, Rue d'Aguesseau, and Dr. Thomas Bishop. Contributions will be received by Messrs. Herries and Farquhar, bankers, 16, St. James's Street, London.

AUSTRIA.—Bosnia and the Herzegovina are now completely tranquil; and, though there are expeditions against the few remaining insurgent bands, their work is mainly nominal.—The "New German People's Party" have issued their programme, which starts from the principle "that no State can subsist in which parties are defined by nationalities, as their struggles, like religious struggles, have a destructive effect; while struggles for political principles are healthy, and tend to strengthen public life." If such a principle as this were adopted, and Germans, Hungarians, Bohemians, Croats, Czechs, and Slavs all merged themselves into one homogeneous whole, Austria would be the most powerful empire in Europe.

The condition of the Russian Jews at Brody is no better, and upwards of fifteen thousand refugees are now congregated there. Measles and small-pox have broken out amongst the children, and the utmost distress prevails. Plenty of funds are stated to be forthcoming, but the members of the Committee cannot agree amongst themselves with regard to the manner of distributing them.

INDIA.—All is quiet in Afghanistan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mohammed Afzul Khan, the British Envoy, has left for Cabul, taking with him six lakhs of rupees as a present to the Ameer.

The negotiations with the Burmese Embassy are continuing. The Indian Government requires the abolition of all trade monopolies, except those on timber, earth-oil, and precious stones, that the safety of the Resident shall be guaranteed, and that he shall be received with all the marks of respect customary among Western nations—to wit, that he shall not be compelled to take off his shoes when received in audience. The Burmese chiefly demand permission to import arms and munitions of war.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In GERMANY there has been a fatal railway collision between two passenger trains near Heidelberg. Eight passengers were killed.—From the UNITED STATES comes the gratifying intelligence, regrettably announced by the Central Council of the Irish National Land League, that since the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke there has been a heavy decrease in the American subscriptions towards their funds.



THE Queen's birthday is to be officially celebrated to-day (Saturday) throughout England, when the usual military parades will take place, including the customary trooping of the colours at the Horseguards in the presence of the Royal Family, official dinners will be held in the evening, and there will be illuminations. Meanwhile Her Majesty remains at Balmoral with Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Elizabeth and Irene of Hesse, and has driven round the Lion's Face and visited Mrs. Campbell at Crathie Manse. Lord Carlingford arrived as Minister in attendance on Saturday, and joined the Royal party at dinner, while on Sunday the Queen and the three Princesses attended Divine Service in Crathie Church, where Principal Caird officiated. In the evening Lord Carlingford, Principal Caird, and the Rev. A. Campbell dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday evening Her Majesty gave a ball to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday accompanied the Crown Prince of Denmark to Victoria Station to wish the Danish Prince farewell on his return home, and subsequently went with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their three daughters attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and on Monday the Prince and Princess paid their promised visit to Leicester, where they were most enthusiastically received. After an official greeting at the station, the Prince and Princess drove through the gaily decorated streets, being welcomed on the way by the singing of school-children, and an address from the Leicestershire Freemasons, and on reaching the new Abbey Park the Princess planted a memorial tree, and the Prince, having been presented with a gold key, declared the Park open. Luncheon followed, and the Royal party then went back to town, where the Prince presided at the annual dinner of the Second Life Guards. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess visited the Horse Show, and later the Prince left town for Yarmouth, while the Princess went to the French plays at the Gaiety Theatre. At Yarmouth the Prince stayed with Mr. S. Nightingale at Shadingfield Lodge, and on Wednesday he opened the new Town Hall and inspected the Norfolk Artillery Militia, of which he is Colonel. The Prince was to return to town on Thursday, and on Monday the Prince and Princess visit Eton College, where, after hearing the students' speeches, they will unveil the memorial organ screen in the chapel, and lunch with the Provost, going subsequently to Cowarth Park, Sunningdale, for Ascot week. The Prince holds another *levée* on the 17th inst., while on July 8 the Prince and Princess will visit Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, to open the new wing of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage.—To-day (Saturday) is Prince George of Wales's seventeenth birthday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Saturday attended the annual distribution of prizes to the pupils belonging to the schools of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, the Duchess presenting the prizes. They spent Monday with the Duke and Duchess of Albany at Claremont, and on Tuesday night went to the German Opera at Drury Lane. Yesterday (Friday) the Duke was expected at Maidstone to address a public meeting respecting the raising of a Kent fund in aid of the Royal College of Music.—Princess Louise left England for Canada in the *Sarmatian* at the end of last week.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The representations, few and far between, of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, when Madame Adelina Patti plays the heroine, can never fail to be welcome. That this opera is destined at any period to rival its precursor, *Faust*, in popularity is unlikely. Nevertheless, it contains some of the French composer's happiest melodic inspirations, and no little of his most telling dramatic music, while the accepted "Giulietta" of the day, by her charmingly gentle, tender, and refined performance, throws a glamour over the whole. Admirably as Madame Patti executes it, however, we should hardly regret the omission of the waltz *bravura* air in Act I, which was not in the original score, and is wholly out of keeping with the attributes of Capulet's pensive daughter. All the rest, comprising the balcony scene, the scene in which Juliet takes the sleeping-draught administered to her by the Friar, the parting with Romeo, and the final catastrophe, is beyond criticism. The other characters of importance were sustained by Signors Nicolini (Romeo), Cotogni (Mercutio), and De Reské (Friar Laurence). Mdlle. Guercia and Dufriche made a good impression respectively as Stefano and Capulet, and Signor Bevnigani proved himself, not for the first time by many, an excellent "chef d'orchestre." The return of that old favourite Madame Pauline Lucca, after her many years' absence, brought together such an audience as crowded every part of the theatre. The opera selected for the occasion was Bizet's *Carmen*. For more than one reason a happier choice could not have been hit upon. *Carmen* is always grateful to the public, to which may be added that this was not merely its first introduction at Covent Garden, but the first opportunity afforded us of witnessing Madame Lucca's much-extolled impersonation of the wilful and impetuous gipsy. The view she takes of the character is precisely in keeping with that which must have guided Prosper Mérimée while delineating his remarkable creation, and justifies a direct assertion that the praises lavished on her in the Austrian capital and elsewhere have been earned by an assumption scarcely less remarkable than the creation itself. From the very moment Carmen emerges from the wings, we have an inkling of a nature untameably savage, hidden under a mask of playful ingenuousness but ill put on, breaking out at intervals with ever-increasing vehemence as the drama advances step by step towards the catastrophe, and in the final scene, that of Carmen's death, becoming almost terrible through its intensity. In a word, Madame Lucca's Carmen differs more or less from all the *Carmens* we have hitherto seen, borrowing its characteristics rather from the conception of the novelist than from that of the librettists. The unflinching power with which the assumption is sustained from end to end affords convincing proof of the singular earnestness with which it has been studied, and accounts for the powerful impression it can never fail to make on an attentive audience. Madame Lucca's dramatic embodiment of the gipsy must be chiefly taken into consideration; for therein consists its exceptional merit. True, her fine voice retains most of its old charm and vigour, while her singing, as always, is, of its kind, unique. It has neither the Italian manner, nor, for the matter of that, precisely the German manner, but rather a manner peculiar to herself, exercising a certain spell, hard to explain, yet, at the same time, as hard to deny. That it is marked by energy, point, and significant variety of expression, all must allow; but that it is perfect singing few connoisseurs will be bold enough to maintain. About Madame Lucca's genius as an actress, however, there can hardly be two opinions; this, in its way, is consummate, and a more striking example than her portrait of Carmen could not possibly be exhibited. Her chief companions were Mdlle. Valleria, the new Belgian tenor, M. Lestellier, as Don José, and M. Bouhy as the Toreador, who, though the original Escamillo at the Paris Opéra Comique, cannot justly be compared with Signor Del Puente, who sustained the same character at Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Dupont conducted. On Thursday night, *Lohengrin* was to be given for the first time, with Madame Albani as Elsa, and for to-night we are promised the evergreen *Barbiere*, with Madame Patti as Rosina. The engagement with Madame Christine Nilsson is said to be limited to a series of performances of Boito's *Mefistofele*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Ring des Nibelungen* "cycles" have come to an end, and extra performances of the *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* were given on Tuesday and Wednesday "at reduced prices."

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—After "such an intolerable deal" of Wagner as we have had during the month past, *Fidelio* came like water on parched lips. We have only space left, however, to record the admirable performance of Beethoven's great masterpiece under the direction of Herr Richter, and the appearance of a new Leonora of high distinction in the person of Mdlle. Therese Malten, from Dresden, we believe. For the same reason we must dismiss the performance of *Die Meistersinger*, Wagner's so-called (by himself) "comic opera," with the same brevity and with the same almost unqualified commendation. No Wagnerian production, according to general opinion, has afforded such genuine satisfaction as this, since its composer was first introduced among us on the operatic stage, through an Italian version of the *Filiegine Holländer*.

"PARSIFAL." The distribution of the *dramatis personae* for the performances of Wagner's *Parsifal* in the summer is definitively arranged. The part of Kundry is to be represented variously by Mdlle. Brandt, Mesdames Materna, Malten, and Vogl; that of Parsifal has also four representatives—Jäger, Vogl, Winkelmann, and Gudehus; Gurnemanz will have two—Scaria and Siehr; Amfortas, two—Reichmann and Fuchs, the latter being also cast for Titirel. Who is to play Klingsor the Magician, a part of some importance, we are as yet unable to say. There is but one woman's character in this newest "Bühnenweihfestspiel"—that of the shadowy and mysterious Kundry. Wagner himself is to superintend all the rehearsals, Levi and Fischer from Munich being appointed alternate conductors. In what can Herr Richter have offended? After his almost unprecedented exertions at Bayreuth it might be thought that his claim to do a similar good turn for *Parsifal* was more or less imperative. One thing may safely be predicted: the two conductors from Munich will not atone for the absence of the one Hans Richter, who already in London has shown his manifest superiority to Herr Siedl, considered by Wagner himself, according to Herr Albert Neumann, "the best interpreter of Wagner's works." A list and explanation of the "Leit-motives" in *Parsifal*, from the pen of Albert Heintz, has been published in supplements of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*. There are 29 in the first act, 20 in the second, and 17 in the third—total, 66—all of which should be committed to memory by foreign critics, who will thus invade Franconia armed *cap-à-pie*.

THE ST. CECILIA CHOR. under the direction of Mr. Malcolm Lawson, will give its third annual concert on Monday evening, June 12th, at the Royal Academy Rooms, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. The chorus, consisting entirely of ladies, will be accompanied, in such works as are scored for orchestra, by the St. Cecilia string band. This band, which numbers about twenty performers, is composed, like the chorus, of ladies, and its per-

formance will add greatly to the interest of the concert. As far as we know, this is the first ladies' orchestra organised in London. The programme includes works by Brahms, Gerusheim, Hoffman, &c.

WAIFS.—Miss Maggie Oaky gave a morning concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. The pieces selected afforded the performer an opportunity of exhibiting her talented execution on the pianoforte.—Our brilliant young musician, M. Eugène d'Albert, having attracted the attention of Liszt at a Philharmonic Concert at Vienna (under the direction of Herr Richter), that celebrated virtuoso has invited him to be his guest for a month at Weimar.—Franz Abt, the popular song composer, after directing for thirty years the orchestra at the Ducal Theatre at Brunswick, resigns his post at the end of the current season.—Another theatre has been destroyed by fire—that of Sibibel-Abbès, in Algeria. Happily there was no loss of life.—Between eight and nine thousand vocalists from various towns in Germany have signified a wish to take part in the German Singers' Festival at Hamburg next autumn.—The Schiller Association of Trieste have given a highly successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*. A step in the right direction.—Anton Rubinstein is in Moscow, where he was to conduct three orchestral concerts for the Society of Music. He goes this month to Peterhof, to finish the music for a grand ballet, upon the composition of which he has for some time been engaged.—Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi* is about to be revived at the Royal Opera, Berlin. Healthy sign.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, on returning from his tour in Scandinavia and Denmark, paid a short visit to Berlin. It is reported that he is about to wed Mlle. Schanzer, of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen.—A new Art-journal, *La Revista Musical*, has been started at Havannah.—In his recent interview with M. Vaucorbell, director of the Paris Grand Opera, Verdi stated once again that he had not yet written a note of his long talked-of opera *Iago* (or *Jago*), for which Signor Boito, composer of *Alfistefele*, has written the libretto. To this may be added that it is at present doubtful whether he intends to set it at all. Perhaps Verdi is afraid of Rossini's *Otello*, the last act of which it would be difficult to equal, much more difficult to surpass.



So many of our readers are in mourning, more or less deep, this month that we were glad to see a choice selection of costumes, mantles, bonnets, &c., just sent from Paris. There is not a great variety in the materials used for deep mourning; simplicity combined with elegance and a faultless cut is all that is needful. For lighter and complimentary mourning, and for those who are not in mourning the black costumes for this season are very rich, and it must be owned somewhat costly. One remarkably elegant dress was of black satin, with wide double *revers* of jet embroidery on net; the satin jacket was scalloped and trimmed with deep jet fringe, a wide sash of watered silk was gracefully draped at the back. A stylish and appropriate dress for all seasons was of very fine cashmere with a long draped tunic, hand embroidered in an open-work design of water lilies. A pretty dress for complimentary mourning was made of grey *broché* silk, trimmed with lace and nun's veiling. We were particularly struck with the puffed sleeves which were not only made of moderate size, but strapped down with bands of jet, lengthways; with the crinolettes and *paniers*, which kept within due limits, are really pleasing to the eye, and the variety of materials used. It is quite impossible to describe the variety in form and trimming of the summer mantles, which are most graceful and becoming to suit all styles and figures, made in *cas de velours* and Spanish lace, or in *Laiton* grenadine, trimmed with black or multi-coloured sequins, or elaborately embroidered in jet. A mantilla of open-work jet and chenille, with a velvet collar, flat, coming down in front in a point. Embroidery on a beaded net is much used for summer mantles. A very handsome mantle of embossed silk with two deep real Spanish lace flounces looked remarkably well for a matronly figure, whilst for a young slender girl the old-fashioned "crossover" is revived in *gaze de velours* and fringe or lace; as are also beaded gimp open-work jackets, with elbow sleeves, which can be worn in or out of doors. Amongst many other "dainty conceits," is a knot and four loops of ribbon on the left shoulder, which has a very coquettish effect. The Elizabethan and Medici ruffs of lace mounted on wire are much worn, and look very well for long necks and sloping shoulders, whilst the flat velvet collar is adapted for full figures. Amongst the millinery there were some very stylish specimens, to wit, an Elizabethan hat of Panama straw, trimmed with cords and plumes; a black crinoline straw bonnet, with black Spanish lace and cream-coloured feathers, of the Marie Stuart shape, with cream gauze strings; a soft *toque* of white beaded jet, with lilac and violets, and cream satin strings; a very quaint and effective bonnet of gold braid covered with beaded lace, heliotrope-coloured pansies and aigrette, black Spanish lace strings; a Rubens hat, with a velvet brim and beaded jet crown, black plumes, and heliotrope-coloured flowers.—The newest shape from Paris is "The Grenadier," very becoming to almost any style of face; it was made of fine black straw, lined with black velvet, and a long black feather drooping over the left side.—The sunshades are very large; one of cream-coloured satin, with ivy leaves in black chenille embroidery, graduated from large to small, and trimmed with Spanish lace. A new trimming for sunshades and other purposes is grenadine lace, which is made of silk in black and cream; the effect is very pretty.—One of the most useful novelties of the day is a small pocket in the palm of the glove, large enough to take a railway ticket or a few pieces of silver, thus obviating the necessity for carrying a purse when travelling in an omnibus or other public vehicle.

The taste for luxurious attire is not confined to outward and visible garments—underclothing is now made of washing-silk in cream or delicate-tinted colours. By the way, we were told recently that to keep this silk from getting harsh and discoloured it should never be ironed nor wrung, but shaken out perfectly smooth and hung up to drip, after which, if necessary, it may be mangled. In the course of our fashion *tournee* for this month we were shown satin corsets in all colours, with petticoats to match, the specialty of which was that the latter were buttoned on the edge of the former; spun silk stockings to match *à la rigueur*. Worthy of notice was a crinolette, to be worn with a train, which was lined half way up the skirt, so that the unseemly display of mechanism, if we may use the term, was avoided when the train was lifted. For evening *fêtes*, which are so fashionable this month, when full dress is often worn, few ladies, young or old, can venture to brave our incertain summer weather with heads uncovered, or worse still, hroats and chests exposed to the night air, or covered only with hin tulle. Some very pretty lace head-dresses have been designed for these *fêtes*, one in particular by M. Gustave Janet appeared in the *Révue de la Mode*; one called the *Chapeau Espagnol* is made of black lace, trimmed with black feathers and pink roses; from the back falls a mantilla of Spanish tulle, caught together with a bouquet of roses and foliage. The same journal gives a remarkably stylish dinner toilette in maize-coloured satin and black silk gauze. The satin train skirt is bordered with pleatings of gauze upon satin, and a shell pattern deep trimming of satin above it. Gauze draperies, crossed in front, are held together with trailing sprays of crimson roses, and gracefully draped at the back. The corsage is low, made with long points back and front, the draperies of black gauze, are

gathered on the shoulders and at the waist; bouquets of roses on the left shoulder and in the hair. Long white *gants de Saxe*, without buttons.

Roses of every shade and hue are the flowers *par excellence* for this month, when they are in their glory; if possible natural flowers, if not, their artificial images, which are so perfect as almost to defy detection.

Garden parties are very fashionable in Paris and the provinces; in fact, there is quite a rage for everything English, from "Le Derby" to the natty Newmarket jackets. Lawn tennis is played, and great pains are taken to dress in the received English style, and to have all the proper appliances for the game. Some very pretty lawn tennis costumes are made this season, with plain short velvet skirts, and with one or two quillings of cashmere at the edge; a full bodice or polonaise of cashmere trimmed with velvet; crinolettes, even of the mildest type, are of course banished from this game. A pretty costume is made of mouse-coloured cashmere, closely box-pleated to the waist; gauged bodice and sleeves; claret-coloured watered silk sash tied behind; Panama straw hat lined with black velvet, and trimmed with field flowers. The great object in making tennis dresses should be to combine lightness with warmth, as we all know that, when heated, linen, or any other cotton material strikes a chill, hence it is that genuine players who mean work cannot do better than, like their male friends at cricket, wear flannel in any pretty shade or colour, made stylishly, and embroidered, but not too elaborately, leaving the picturesque Watteau-like attire to other less serious spirits.

The satinettes, sateens, cambrics, &c., for summer wear are charming; they are made with a dark background and flowers or leaves, often as large and even larger than nature. With these decided designs kiltings and flounces are out of character; they must be trimmed with English embroidery or lace, or with a trimming made specially for them, and very stylish they look. But we must own to a predilection for plain colours, or the very finest hair checks and stripes, trimmed with frills and flounces edged with lace, the bodices gathered or honeycombed. Cream-white touched up here and there with a light colour looks so cool and fresh for a young girl, and makes all these gorgeous prints appear vulgar. For morning, noon, and night, white, whether in simple muslinette or brocaded satin, is as much in favour as black, and all the colours of the rainbow are only, as a rule, made accessories to these reigning favourites.



THE SEASON.—The change from north-easterly to southerly winds has been very welcome to farmers, whose stock were not benefited by the easterly blasts, and whose wheat was turning a bad yellow under the dessicating winds. Barley has not apparently been sown very largely this spring. The look of this crop is not uniformly satisfactory. On cold wet undrained lands it is thin and patchy, and is rather thin even on good land. Both as regards wheat and barley the furrows in the field are too visible. Beans and peas look well in most places.

CORN has been a dull trade of late, yet on the whole the period from Easter to Whitsuntide has been marked by more firmness than many had expected. English wheat of good quality is now very scarce, and makes over 53s. per qr. Barley has been extremely slow, the season for malting being about over, and grinding sorts feeling foreign competition severely. Oats are cheaper owing to the abundant arrivals from Sweden and Russia. Indian corn is dear, and farmers are using much less of it than in either 1881 or 1880. Over 32s. is asked, whereas 25s. had come to be regarded as a fair wholesale price not so very long since.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, according to the report just given, has 8,080 members, being a slight diminution from December. The Reading Show opens on the 8th of July for implements, and on the 10th for live stock. Dairy machinery continues to excite considerable interest, and the Council have been led to try the experiment of throwing open the working dairy under the Society's regulations. It has been decided to hold the Show for 1883 at York, while in 1884 the West of England will be visited.

THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW was especially remarkable for a fine exhibition of the county's well-known breed of sheep. The cattle were of superior quality, and the entries were very numerous. The agricultural horses were a goodly muster, and some were really excellent animals. The pigs, although not numerous, were of very considerable merit. Among the most successful exhibitors were Colonel Loyd Lindsay, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. Ferme, Mr. C. Hunt, and Mr. Swanwick. The weather was very showery, and the attendance rather disappointing.

NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS must be curiously circumstanced if two authorities, each well acquainted with the county and resident therein, can tell the following tales. Tale No. 1 is that "the agricultural labourers in Norfolk may, considering their position in relation to farmers and landlords, be deemed to be in affluence, comparatively speaking; they are absolutely better off than either owners or occupiers." Tale No. 2 runs as follows: "The agricultural labourers of Norfolk are in a fearful and almost alarming condition. Wages are about 12s. a week, while horsemen get 14s. These horsemen have to work from five in the morning to seven at night, and half Sunday." In reference to these statements we may say that the labour bill for a farm of 400 acres in the heart of Norfolk is now before us, and shows ordinary labourers getting 15s., horseman 18s., and head man a guinea, while several shillings appear as wages to wives and sons of labourers for bird scaring and stone picking. These figures hardly suggest either "affluence" on the one hand, or on the other that strange condition described as "fearful and almost alarming."

COUNTRY VISITORS to London seldom omit to see the great Art Galleries, whereat they give their chief regard to landscapes and to animal subjects. Sir Edwin Landseer was always their great favourite, and Mr. Sidney Cooper still holds their regard. Mr. John Charlton's picture in the Academy this year wins deserved admiration, but the animals in Mr. Briton Rivière's works appear for once to cause general disappointment. A very graceful picture is Mr. John Scott's "Wild Swans," only they are not wild swans at all, but the ordinary "tame" species. There is a fairly-painted peregrine falcon in a portrait picture, but these birds are unhappily seldom seen nowadays, even by country folk. Mr. Hardy's antelopes, in a picture at the Grosvenor, are admirable, and please many who have fed these charming creatures in public or private parks. Sir Coutts Lindsay's friends are not fortunate with their lions and tigers, and sportsmen from the East equally repudiate the lions and leopards of Sir Frederick Leighton's show. Many painters go into the country or abroad, and bring back faithful representations of landscapes and towns. Why is there not equal care and fidelity shown in representing animals?

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Black tern, very rare visitors indeed, have been seen near the water at Brandon in Suffolk. A common tern was seen in London near the Serpentine a few days ago.—A correspondent is surprised at his cat eating a viper. We

have, however, had a cat which killed and partially ate many snakes, and, indeed, habitually preyed upon them as well as on lizards and slow-worms. Speaking of the latter creature, a contemporary mentions the killing of a slow-worm twenty-three inches long. This is the largest slow-worm we have ever heard of.—Nightingales have arrived at a number of Yorkshire parishes, and are abundant in Nottingham and Derby. We do not know the exact limit of the night songster's northward flight, but we fancy it is seldom heard beyond York.—A crane has been captured at Belfast. The bird is very rare in Ulster, but herons are frequently seen and are commonly called cranes. This, however, is a true crane, *Grus cinerea*. It stands thirty-nine inches high, and has fine plumage.—On Saturday last we saw a brimstone butterfly, *G. Rhamni*, in the gardens of Eaton Square.

NORFOLK FARMING.—In giving evidence before the Distress Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Overman, one of the leading as well as one of the largest farmers in Norfolk, said there was not now a large proportion of small farmers in Norfolk, and the small farmers were principally found upon heavy land. He knew three or four parishes near Fakenham, where they were all small farmers, and they were in a deplorable condition. Rents had risen 25 per cent. in as many years. The labour bill on his farm of 1,300 acres was 350l. a year higher than it was nine years ago. Mr. Overman thought that Norfolk farming opinion was in favour of the landlord paying for unexhausted improvements and recovery for deterioration. In spite of depression there were in Norfolk but few farms to let.

FLOWERING PLANTS.—In order to have a display of flowering plants the best way is to grow as many as possible in the open, as fuchsias and pelargoniums for instance, both of which, during the present month, do quite as well and flower more freely than when kept under glass. The former propagated early are admirable for windows, and autumn-struck cuttings of the latter are also very serviceable. Fuchsias when stood out should have shelter and shade, otherwise a hard and woody growth is developed at the expense of flowering capacity. Pelargoniums, on the other hand, love the sun, and thrive where many plants would be quite withered up. Between the two plants, therefore, most gardens and situations may be suited.

PENTSTEMONS.—Of all our hardy garden flowers there is scarcely one that has been so rapidly and largely improved as the strong free-blowing pentstemons. A selection of say a score of varieties, or a bed of seedlings raised from a good strain, will yield colour varying from pure white, through many interesting shades and tints, to dark red and blackish purple. Easily managed, and flowering most profusely for nine or ten summer weeks, the pentstemon is well worthy of culture by all who have a garden. Standing singly in the mixed border, or cultivated in beds, it is always an object of considerable interest, while it supplies an abundance of cut flowers when needed.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD is revising the regulations of his agricultural estates, and his new leases will, we believe, give very general satisfaction to farmers. The farming customs of Lincolnshire will probably be copied to some extent, and the general provisions of the leases will be more liberal than those of the Agricultural Holdings Act.

BOATING ON CAM AND ISIS is happily being placed under restrictions. No Cambridge undergraduate has since 11th May been allowed to use a boat above Newnham unless he can swim well and easily a hundred yards. At Oxford the recent death of Mr. Pettit has directed the attention of the authorities in a similar direction. For many years past there has seldom been a term at either University unmarked by some fatal boating accident.

THE BADGER.—This quaint creature, generally regarded as extinct in the Lake District, was recently noticed on the borders of Windermere. The poor thing was caught in a trap intended for smaller prey, and this trap it had trailed with it over a couple of miles until the trap had got fast in a gate, and so the badger was held.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, the newly founded Diocese, is to be the Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, Canon of Winchester, the third son of the late Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, well-known Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Winchester.

PRAYERS FOR IRELAND, according to the form recommended by Convocation, were last Sunday offered in all the metropolitan churches and chapels; and at many of the Nonconformist places of worship, although no pastoral order had been issued on the subject, special prayers were also offered for the re-establishment of peace and order amongst the Irish people.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF SCOTLAND began its annual session in Edinburgh on Thursday last week, when the Earl of Aberdeen, as Lord High Commissioner, went in state to St. Giles's Cathedral, where the retiring Moderator, Dr. Smith of Cathcart, preached; and afterwards attended the opening meeting in the Assembly Hall to announce the renewal of Her Majesty's grant of 2,000l. towards the promotion of religious knowledge in the Highlands and islands of Scotland. The new Moderator is Professor Milligan of Aberdeen.

A PREACHING CRUSADE AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES in general and Fenian organisations in particular is, it is said, about to be undertaken by the Roman Catholic clergy of the metropolis.

THE CENTENARY OF WELSH CALVINISM IN LIVERPOOL has just been celebrated by a series of special services throughout the city and its neighbourhood, a number of Welsh preachers occupying the pulpits. On Saturday the Mayor of Liverpool entertained more than a hundred ministers of the denomination at the Town Hall, and on Monday there was a large meeting of church members at Hengler's Circus, under the presidency of the Rev. David Williams.

A NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH capable of seating 1,600 persons has just been erected at the Quadrant, Highbury, at a cost of 12,000l. The pastor will be the Rev. Dr. L. D. Bevan, formerly co-pastor of the late Rev. T. Binney at the Weigh House Chapel, and afterwards minister of the Tottenham Court Road Chapel, who has just returned to this country from New York.

THE SALVATION ARMY keeps itself well before the public, and the enthusiasm of the leaders seems to be inexhaustible. During the whole of Monday great services were held at the Congress Hall, Clapton, numbers being unable to obtain admission although overflow meetings were improvised in two tents, each capable of holding 1,000 people. On Tuesday Mrs. Booth delivered an address on "The Origin and Operations of the Salvation Army" at the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate Street. At Arbroath, N.B., a "captain" and a "lieutenant" of the Salvation Army have been fined for joining in a street-procession, which had been forbidden by the magistrates, and two men who assaulted the Salvationists were also fined. At Salisbury the Salvation Army has also been mobbed, and its open meetings prohibited.

GREAT PAUL was successfully raised to its position in the tower on Wednesday, and the Dedication Service was to take place to-day.



HUGH HAMON MASSIE



WILLIAM LLOYD MURDOCH
(Captain)



GEORGE JOHN BONNER



FREDERICK ROBERT SPOFFORTH



JOHN M'CARTHY BLACKHAM



SAMUEL PERCY JONES



ALEXANDER CHAMBERS BANNERMAN



PERCY STANISLAUS M'DONNELL



THOMAS WILLIAM GARRETT



GEORGE EUGENE PALMER



GEORGE GIFFIN



HENRY FREDERICK BOYLE



CHARLES WILLIAM BEAL
(Secretary)



THOMAS HORAN



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

As he stood by the grave side, one came softly stealing up to him, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LXII.

"MY MARION"

THE blow came very suddenly at last. About the middle of September the spirit of Marion Fay flitted away from all its earthly joys and all its earthly troubles. Lord Hampstead saw her alive for the last time at that interview which was described a few pages back. Whenever he proposed to go down again to Pegwell Bay some objection was made, either by the Quaker or by Mrs. Roden on the Quaker's behalf. The doctor, it was alleged, had declared that such visits were injurious to his patient,—or perhaps it was that Marion had herself said that she was unable to bear the excitement. There was, no doubt, some truth in this. And Marion had seen that though she herself could enjoy the boundless love which her lover tendered to her, telling herself that though it was only for a while, it was very sweet to have it so, yet for him these meetings were full of agony. But in addition to this there was, I think, a jealousy on the part of Zachary Fay as to his daughter. When there was still a question whether the young lord should be his son-in-law, he had been willing to give way and to subordinate himself, even though his girl were the one thing left to him in all the world. While there was an idea that she should be married, there had accompanied that idea a hope, almost an expectation, that she might live. But when it was brought home to him as a fact that her marriage was out of the question because her life was waning, then unconsciously there grew up in his heart a feeling that the young lord ought not to rob him of what was left. Had Marion insisted, he would have yielded. Had Mrs. Roden told him that it was cruel to separate them, he would have groaned and given way. As it was, he simply leaned to that view of the matter which gave him the greatest preponderance with his own child. It may be that she saw it too, and would not wound him by asking for her lover's presence.

About the middle of September she died, having written to Hampstead the very day before her death. Her letters lately had become but a few words each, which Mrs. Roden would put into an envelope and send to their destination. He wrote daily, assuring her that he would not leave his home for a day in order that he might go to her instantly when she would send for him. To the last she never gave up the idea of seeing him again;—but at last the little light flickered out quicker than had been expected.

Mrs. Roden was at Pegwell Bay when the end came, and to her fell the duty of making it known to Lord Hampstead. She went up to town immediately, leaving the Quaker in the desolate cottage, and sent down a note from Holloway to Hendon Hall. "I must

see you as soon as possible. Shall I go to you, or will you come to me?" When she wrote the words she was sure that he would understand their purport, and yet it was easier to write so than to tell the cruel truth plainly. The note was sent down by a messenger, but Lord Hampstead in person was the answer.

There was no need of any telling. When he stood before her dressed from head to foot in black, she took him by the two hands and looked into his face. "It is all over for her," he said,—“the trouble and the anguish, and the sense of long dull days to come. My Marion! How infinitely she has the best of it! How glad I ought to be that it is so.”

"You must wait, Lord Hampstead," she said.

"Pray, pray, let me have no consolation. Waiting in the sense you mean there will be none. For the one relief which will finally come to me I must of course wait. Did she say any word that you would wish to tell me?"

"Many, many."

"Were they for my ears?"

"What other words should she have spoken to me? They were prayers for your health."

"My health needs not her prayers."

"Prayers for your soul's health."

"Such praying will be efficacious there,—or would be were anything needed to make her fit for those angels among whom she has gone. For me they can do nothing—unless it be that in knowing how much she loved me I may strive to be as she was."

"And for your happiness."

"Psha!" he exclaimed.

"You must let me do her commission, Lord Hampstead. I was to bid you remember that God in His goodness has ordained that the dead after awhile shall be remembered only with a softened sorrow. I was to tell you that as a man you should give your thoughts to other things. It is not from myself;—it is from her."

"She did not know. She did not understand. As regards good and evil she was, to my eyes, perfect;—perfect as she was in beauty, in grace, and feminine tenderness. But the character of others she had not learned to read. But I need not trouble you as to that, Mrs. Roden. You have been good to her as though you were her mother, and I will love you for it while I live." Then he was going away; but he turned again to ask some question as to the funeral. Might he do it? Mrs. Roden shook her head. "But I shall be there?" To this she assented, but explained to him that Zachary Fay would admit of no interference with that which he considered to be his own privilege and his own duty.

Lord Hampstead had driven himself over from Hendon Hall, and

had driven fast. When he left Mrs. Roden's house the groom was driving the dog-cart up and down Paradise Row, waiting for his master. But the master walked on out of the Row, forgetting altogether the horse and the cart and the man, not knowing whither he was going.

The blow had come, and though it had been fully expected, though he had known well that it was coming, it struck him now as hard, almost harder than if it had not been expected. It seemed to himself that he was unable to endure his sorrow now because he had been already weakened by such a load of sorrow. Because he had grieved so much, he could not now bear this further grief. As he walked on he beat his hands about, unconscious that he was in the midst of men and women who were gazing at him in the streets. There was nothing left to him,—nothing, nothing, nothing! He felt that if he could rid himself of his titles, rid himself of his wealth, rid himself of the very clothes upon his back, it would be better for him, so that he might not seem to himself to think that comfort could be found in externals. "Marion," he said, over and over again, in little whispered words, but loud enough for his own ears to hear the sound. And then he uttered phrases which were almost fantastic in their woe, but which declared what was and had been the condition of his mind towards her since she had become so inexpressibly dear to him. "My wife," he said, "my own one! Mother of my children. My woman; my countess; my princess. They should have seen. They should have acknowledged. They should have known whom it was that I had brought among them;—of what nature should be the woman whom a man should set in a high place. I had made my choice;—and then that it should come to this!" "There is no good to be done," he said again. "It all turns to ashes and to dust. The low things of the world are those which prevail." "Oh, Marion, that I could be with you! Though it were to be nowhere,—though the great story should have no pathetic ending, though the last long eternal chapter should be a blank,—still to have wandered away with you would have been something." As soon as he reached his house he walked straight into the drawing-room, and having carefully closed the door, he took the poker in his hand and held it clasped there as something precious. "It is the only thing of mine," he said, "that she has touched. Even then I swore to myself that this hearth should be her hearth; that here we would sit together and be one flesh and one bone." Then surreptitiously he took the bit of iron away with him, and hid it among his treasures,—to the subsequent dismay of the housemaid.

There came to him a summons from the Quaker to the funeral, and on the day named, without saying a word to any one, he took

(Continued on page 571)

LEGAL.

LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, of the Queen's Bench Division in Ireland, has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, and Mr. Justice Bowen has been chosen to succeed the late Lord Justice Holker in the Court of Appeal.

THREATENING THE QUEEN.—The evidence given against the lad who was accused of sending a letter to Sir H. Ponsonby threatening the lives of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family unless 2,000l. was at once paid to "his dupe," was sufficient to satisfy the jury of his guilt, although, from first to last, he protested that he knew nothing whatever about it, and his counsel did all he could to show that it could not possibly have been posted

by him. The sentence of ten years' penal servitude is severe, and it is to be hoped will have a salutary effect upon other weak-minded and evil-disposed persons.

AN ALARMING INCIDENT occurred at Leicester on Monday whilst the Prince and Princess of Wales were driving through the town. The police had received anonymous information that an attempt would be made to assassinate the Prince, and extra detectives were in consequence placed on duty. When the procession was in Granby Street, a drunken fellow darted suddenly from the crowd, and placed his hand upon the Royal carriage, and attempted to seize the hand of the Princess, who, somewhat startled, pushed him away with her parasol. At the same instant, one of the military escort struck him with the flat of his sabre, and a police inspector

arrested him, the Prince smiling at the freak, and the Princess soon recovering her composure. It turned out that he had made a foolish bet that he would shake hands with the Princess, and the magistrates sent him to prison for a week, without the option of a fine.

"PUNCH" IN CHANCERY.—The proprietors of *Punch* have obtained an interim injunction against a firm of advertisement agents, putting a temporary stop to their practice of binding up copies of that periodical with extra sheets of advertisements, and re-selling the whole at a penny.

THE CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER brought against a land agent at Blackheath for alleged negligence in not cutting down a tree, which during the recent storm fell and killed a passer-by has very properly been dismissed by direction of Mr. Justice Lopes.

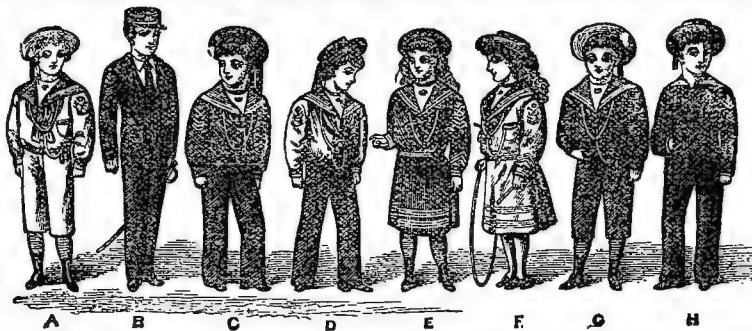
MAN-O-WAR COSTUMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THESE GOODS SENT IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE.

THE COSTUME for BOYS (Illustration C) consists of an All-Wool Blouse of Shrunken Indigo Blue Serge, with beautifully designed Gold Badge and Scarlet Stripe on arm, extra blue Linen Collar, braided White, Shrunken Flannel Singlet to open at back, bound blue silk, and with elegant crown in two colours, embroidered on chest; long blue Trousers, lined throughout, Black Silk Square, Lanyard and Whistle, and Serge Cap, lettered gold, or Straw Hat (as preferred). The Costume, 19s. 6d., Hat or Cap, 3s. 6d.

THE COSTUME (Illustration G) and HAT (or Cap) as above, but with Knickerbockers instead of Long Trousers. The Costume, 17s. 6d., Hat or Cap, 3s. 6d.

THE COSTUME in White Washing Drill (Illustration D) is, with Long Trousers, 19s. 6d., Straw Hat, 3s. 6d., or with Knickerbockers (Illustration A), 17s. 6d., Hat, 3s. 6d. This costume is also made with the trousers of white drill at same price.



A. LYNES AND SON, KENSINGTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON. MANUFACTURERS OF "ARTISTIC ATTIRE" (REGISTERED) FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS.

WISDOM IS THE ONLY SOURCE OF REAL HAPPINESS, AND THE ONLY GOAL WORTHY OF A MAN'S AMBITION.

THE GREATEST BLESSING

THE HUMAN MIND CAN CONCEIVE.

A ROYAL and NOBLE EXAMPLE!!!

"REFERRING to the continued manifestations of interest in sanitary science by members of the Royal Family—in short, in all matters affecting the health of the people—he remarked that if all the owners of cottages in the Empire exercised the same sanitary care that had been exercised in the cottages on her Majesty's private estates, the general sickness and death-rate would be reduced one-third; in other words, it would be as if on every third year there were a Jubilee.

AND NO SICKNESS.

AND NO DEATHS!!!

An Address by Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., &c., &c., at the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

WITH EACH BOTTLE of FRUIT SALT is wrapped a Large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out infectious diseases, Fevers, and Blood Poisons, &c. If this invaluable information was universally carried out, many forms of disease now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done, when the true cause has become known.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in hot or foreign climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of nature, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

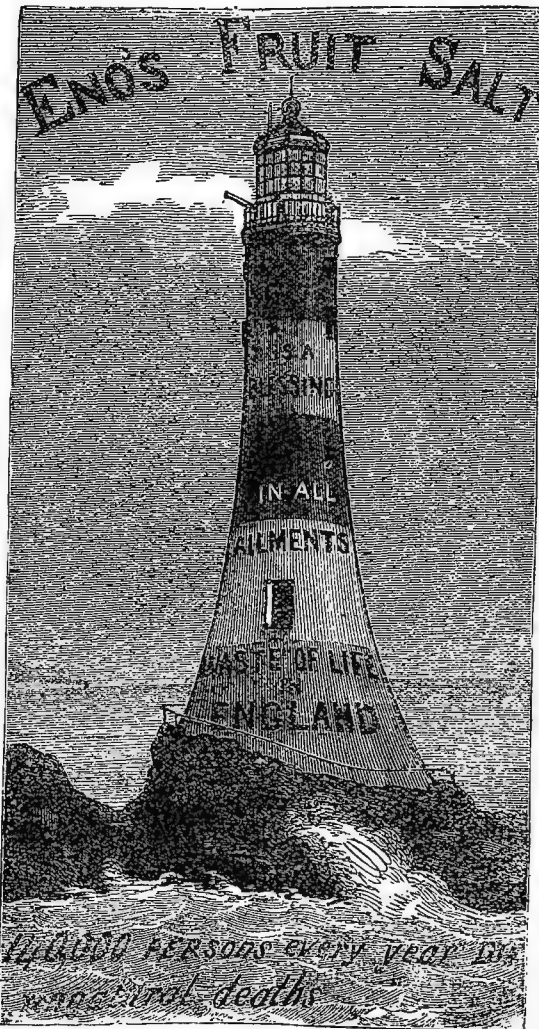
ENO'S FRUIT SALT is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is, in the highest degree, invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE, GIDDINESS,

Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Constipation, and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes, by a natural means, effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing Boils, Carbuncles, Fevers, Feverish Skin, Erysipelas, and all Epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea. It is a pleasant beverage, which supplies the want of ripe fruit, so essential to the animal economy, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances from infancy to old age, and may be continued for any length of time, and looked upon as being a simple product of fruit. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise.

Notwithstanding its medical value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, potash water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term to an unlimited extent.

The FRUIT SALT acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.



PREVENTIBLE DEATH.—Why should fever, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases. How is it they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT—the information is invaluable. The Fruit Salt (one of nature's own products), keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled, and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

A NATURAL WAY of RESTORING or PRESERVING HEALTH.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT (prepared from sound ripe fruit). It is a pleasant beverage, both cooling, refreshing, and invigorating.

TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent, and of too rich food as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in the warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the FRUIT SALT takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

IMPORTANT to TRAVELLERS.

"Sir,—having travelled a great deal in my life, and having suffered a great deal from poisoned blood and loss of appetite, I was induced by a friend to use your WORLD-FAMED FRUIT SALT. I was immediately relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonderful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to the above.

TORPID LIVER.

"For three years I have suffered from an enlarged and torpid liver; could not sleep on either side, digestion bad; in fact, my whole system was out of repair. I tried all the German waters to no effect; and after great suffering for FRUIT SALT, I was immediately relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonderful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to the above.

HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH.

"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S FRUIT SALT, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly,

"Post Office, Barrasford."

CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.—"A gentleman called in yesterday." He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give your Salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your Salt, and for the future shall never be without it in the house.

"M. BERE, Chemist, 14, Rue de la Paix, Paris."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—LEGAL RIGHTS ARE PROTECTED IN EVERY CIVILISED COUNTRY.

Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED AT PRICES HITHERTO CHARGED THE TRADE, SAVING PURCHASERS THE INTERMEDIATE PROFIT of from 25 to 50 Per Cent.

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"WE KNOW OF NO BETTER OR CHEAPER PLACE IN LONDON."—Whitehall Review.

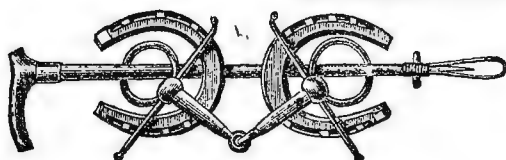
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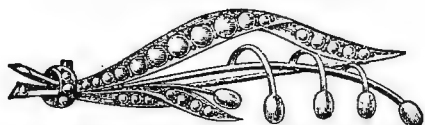
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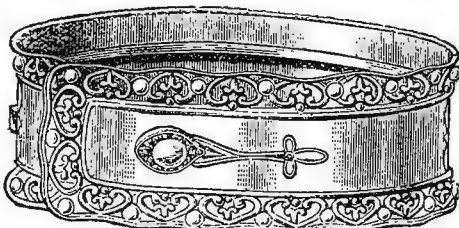
PARIS.



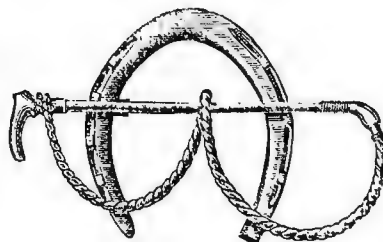
Fine Gold and Platina Brooch, £4 16s.



Oriental Pearl and Fine Gold Brooch, £5 15s.



Fine Gold and Pearl Bracelet, £8.



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Four First-Class Medals,

the Diploma of Honour,

and the Grand Cross of the

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LUXURIOUS SMOKING.
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ALLEN and GINTER'S RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES, manufactured at Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.

These cigarettes have a reputation which is world wide. They have received the highest awards of merit at the Great Exhibitions in Philadelphia, Paris, Sydney, and Melbourne. We export them to all parts of the world; there is scarcely a country in which they are not sold. They are made with different degrees of strength, to suit all tastes. In the manufacture of these cigarettes the finest French rice paper (papier de riz) is alone used; it has no smell, and its purity is such that in burning scarcely an atom of ash remains.

RICHMOND GEM Cigarettes.

RICHMOND GEM Cigarettes.

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RICHMOND GEM Cigarettes.

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RICHMOND GEM Cigarettes.

RICHMOND GEM Cigarettes.

THE RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES are made from various selections of pure sun-cured Virginia Natural Leaf Tobacco of different degrees of strength—viz.:

Richmond Gem, Mild. White Label.

Richmond Gem, Medium Flavour. Green Label.

Richmond Gem, Half-and-Half, full flavour (mixed with perique). Drab Label.

RICHMOND GEM, MILD.

In Packages of 10, white label. 10s. 6d.

In Pocket Cases of 10, white label. 1s. 6d.

RICHMOND GEM, MEDIUM FLAVOUR.

In Packages of 10, green label. 10s. 6d.

In Packages of 10, drab label. 10s. 6d.

In Pocket Cases of 10, snuff-colour label. 1s. 6d.

In Cardboard Boxes of 100. 5s. 6d.

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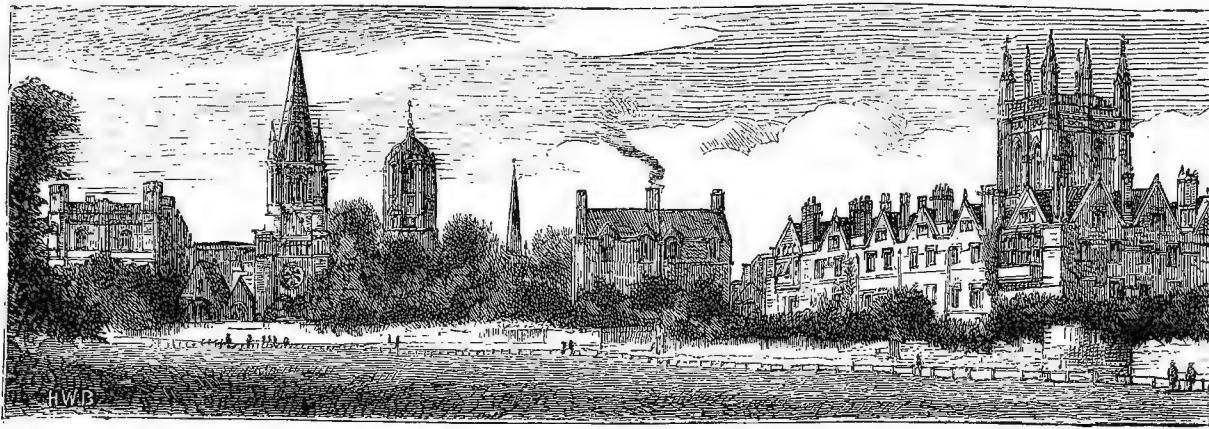
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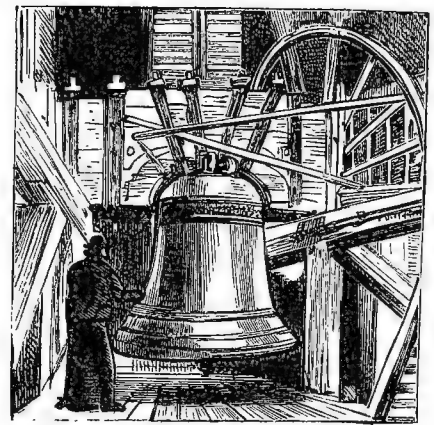
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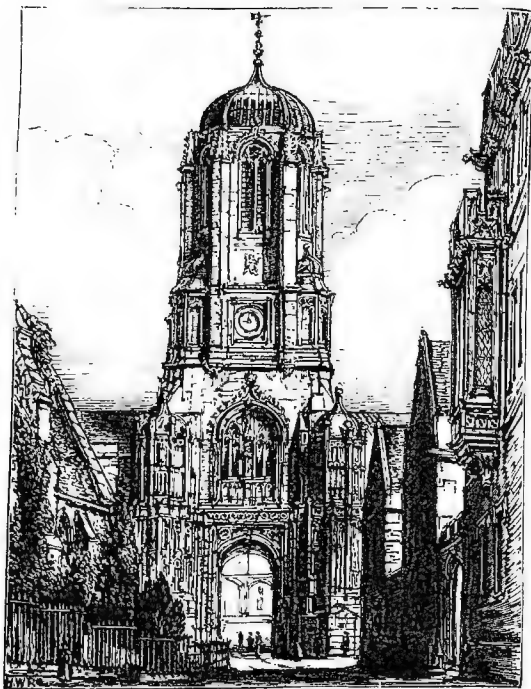
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THE BODLEIAN

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ANY WRITERS have ascribed to the City and University of Oxford an almost fabulous antiquity, yet the fact that Oxford existed either in British times or even during the Roman occupation seems to be incapable of proof. If there had been a Roman town on the site of Oxford it is incredible that no traces of it should have been discovered, such, for instance, as foundations, pavements, and pottery.*

If we search in vain for monumental evidence of the presumed antiquity of Oxford, we are equally at fault when attempting to establish the fact by documentary evidence, as we find nothing that can carry the history of the town farther back than Saxon times.

How far the legend of St. Frideswide, as related by John of Tynemouth, William of Malmesbury, and other ancient chroniclers is to be believed is a question which it is impossible to settle, but it should be recollected that these writers may have been in possession of evidence of some of the facts which they relate which no longer exists. How it is that it has ceased to exist is no matter of wonder, when we bear in mind the fact that Edward VI. (or those acting in his name) ordered the libraries of Oxford to be purged of all books and manuscripts supposed to be "conducive to Popery."

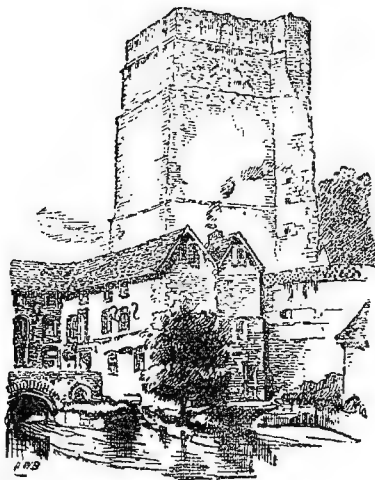
The legend of St. Frideswide may be briefly related as follows:—Between the years 700 and 735, Oxford was the residence of a kind of viceroy, named Didanas, and his wife Safrida. This Didanas is sometimes called "King of Oxford," but he was in all probability a kind of provincial governor under Ethelbald, King of Mercia. Didanus and Safrida had a daughter named Frideswide, who devoted herself to religion, or, in other words, became a nun. As she seems to have possessed great personal attractions, a certain king, called Algarus, determined to carry her off and make her his wife. She, however, fled from Oxford, and hid herself in the woods at Binksey. That delightful person Algarus, finding that the lady had fled, indulged in bad language, and threatened to set fire to the town. As a judgment upon him for his crimes, it is related that he was struck with blindness. We cannot quite make out what this sweet-tempered monarch was king of, or who were his unenviable subjects. Frideswide died in the year 735, and was buried in the church of St. Mary and All Saints at Oxford, which had been previously erected by Didanus.†

It is a remarkable circumstance that for many centuries the English kings had a superstitious dread of Oxford, and it was supposed that for them to dwell any length of time in the place would bring them great misfortune. This tradition had its rise in the punishment said to have fallen upon Algarus, and was undoubtedly strengthened by the murder of Edmund Ironsides and the somewhat suspicious and sudden death of Harold Harefoot, after a short reign of only three years, both of which events took place at Oxford.

After the canonisation of St. Frideswide the Church of St. Mary and All Saints was rebuilt, and received her name as its dedication. Ethelred and Henry I. appear to have been liberal benefactors. The Convent of Nuns gave place, first to a Chapter of Secular Priests, and later on to a Benedictine Monastery.

There are no very ancient buildings in Oxford; it may, in fact, be doubted whether there is anything of an earlier date than the

The old tower of the Castle, erected by D'Oyley, a follower of William the Conqueror, is an interesting example of very early Norman work, and is celebrated in history from the fact that the Empress Maud was here besieged by Stephen, and had to make her escape to avoid falling into his hands.



THE CASTLE

There seems to be as much uncertainty about the origin of the University of Oxford as there is concerning that of the town. It is stated by some authorities that it was founded by Alfred the Great, and by others that what that monarch did was to found University College. There appears, however, to be little proof of the truth of either statement, and that Alfred did not found University College seems evident, as the history of that institution can only be traced back to the year 1280, when a small society was established who purchased a house out of the funds bequeathed to them by an Archbishop of Rouen; the site of this house is unknown. In 1343 this society is said to have removed, and to have erected a building called "Great University Hall" on the site of the present University College. The building, however, was of a somewhat humble character, and devoid of the dignity which one would have expected to find if it had been a Royal foundation.

After all it is not improbable that the University of Oxford grew up from somewhat humble beginnings. The existence of three such noble abbeys in close proximity as St. Frideswide, Osney, and Rewley naturally attracted many learned men, who, in their turn, attracted pupils. The account given of the origin of St. Edmund's Hall, the earliest existing foundation in Oxford (1226), appears to strengthen this view. It is said that St. Edmund, who was subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, had a house here on the site of the present Hall, in which he gave lectures to a certain number of young men, and that he enlarged or rebuilt some part of St. Peter's Church for their accommodation when they attended Mass. In fact St. Edmund was simply a learned man who took a few private pupils to read with him, just as many a modern country clergyman takes a few young men into his house to complete their education. St. Mary's Hall was the parsonage to St. Mary's Church, and in all probability its origin was very similar to that of St. Edmund's Hall.

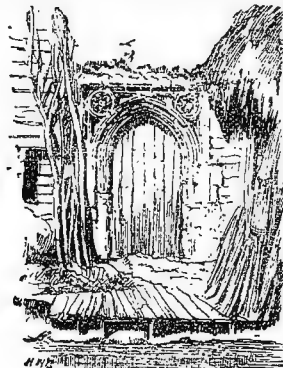
Some of the earlier Colleges and Halls were monastic, such, for instance, as Durham College (now Trinity), which belonged to the monks of Durham, and Gloucester Hall (now Worcester College), which belonged to the Benedictines. The Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, Carmelites, Cistercians, Canons-Regular, and Trinitarians had all houses in Oxford, and one is rather disappointed at finding so little remaining of all these monastic edifices. Christ Church Cathedral and portions of a cloister belonged to St. Frideswide's Abbey. The gateway, part of the Quad, and a magnificent cellar at St. John's, are the remains of the Cistercian Monastery of St. Bernard. The Master's Lodge at Trinity may have formed part of Durham College. A ruined arch partly mantled



OSNEY ABBEY

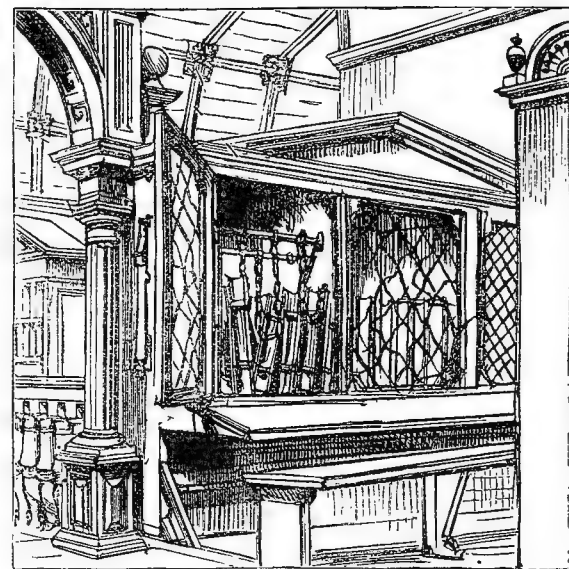
with ivy marks the site of the once noble Abbey of Osney, and a pretty little doorway is all that remains of Rewley.

The earliest existing College in Oxford is Merton, both as to the date of its foundation and the age of its buildings. It was founded by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, in 1264, who rebuilt the Parish Church, and arranged that it should serve the joint purpose of the parish and College. The beautiful choir of this building, with its exquisite geometric-traceried windows all filled with rich ancient stained glass, is undoubtedly a work of the founder's time, though the tower and the transept were added about a century and a half later. The College Treasury, with its acutely-pointed roof all constructed of stone, is without doubt the oldest building connected with the University of Oxford, and perhaps the earliest fire-proof edifice in England. Adjoining this is a fine example of the architecture of



REWLEY ABBEY

Edward III.'s reign called the "Brewhouse," but which was formerly a large sacristy. The two together form a picturesque group. Another interesting feature of Merton is the Library, probably the most ancient in England, a charming room lighted by old stained glass windows, and with a floor composed of curious encaustic tiles. The present fittings, bookcases, &c., were arranged by Sir Thomas Bodley.



CHAINED BOOKS, MERTON LIBRARY

It has been doubted whether, looking at the large size of the room, and the fact that books were scarce in the fourteenth century, this building was originally erected as a library, and it has been suggested that it might have been a dormitory, subdivided by small partitions like the one at Durham Abbey. The stained glass and encaustic tiles, however, seem rather to tell against this theory, and we are inclined to believe that this room has been always devoted to study, perhaps as a lecture hall or a "Scriptorium." Be this as it may, it is one of the most interesting things to be seen at Oxford.

During the later part of the thirteenth and the fourteenth century a great number of Colleges were established at Oxford. To this date belong Oriel, Exeter, Balliol, and Queen's. They have, however, all been rebuilt, the last-named under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, and thus, although one of the earliest foundations in Oxford, it is one of the most modern buildings. A curious old drinking-cup is preserved at Queen's; it is in the form of a horn, supported upon three eagles' legs, and is said to have been presented by Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., to the College (see page 565).

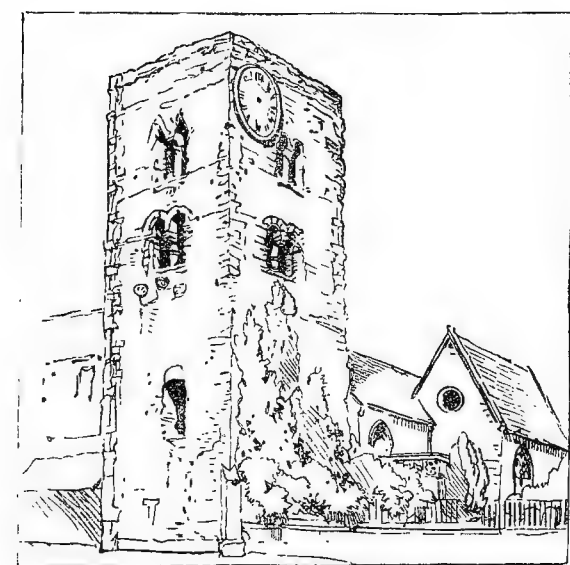
Some singular old customs are also observed, the bringing in the boar's head at Christmas, accompanied by the singing of the old carol:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

On New Year's Day a needle and thread is presented to each member of the College, accompanied with the words, "Take this and be thrifty."

Wycliffe is said to have been at this College, but it seems to be pretty well proved that there were two Wycliffes at Oxford at the same time, and the history of the two has become so entangled that all account of Wycliffe's doings at Oxford must be received with caution.

Another most interesting early College is "New;" though now 500 years old, and named by its founder the College of "Blessed Mary of Winchester," it still goes by the name of "New College," probably from the fact that it was the first College in Oxford which was built upon a regular uniform plan, with chapel, hall, library, cloisters, and all connected together, forming a single compact building. Before the erection of "New College," the Oxford Colleges appear to have been composed of various isolated buildings set down where they were required, without any regularity of plan. Merton was an example of this, and is still so to a certain extent, and it is said that the "post-masters" of Merton lived in a house on the opposite side of the street to the gate, and even now the chapel, hall, gate-house, &c., are all so many isolated and disconnected buildings, but New



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Norman Conquest. The tower of St. Michael's Church is evidently Saxon work, but whether erected before the days of William I. or by Saxon workmen after the Conquest it is impossible to say.

* Our initial letter represents a beautiful jewel which formerly belonged to William of Wykeham, now preserved at New College. It is supposed to have formed the clasp or mors of a cope, and is in the form of an Old English M; the figures represent "The Annunciation."

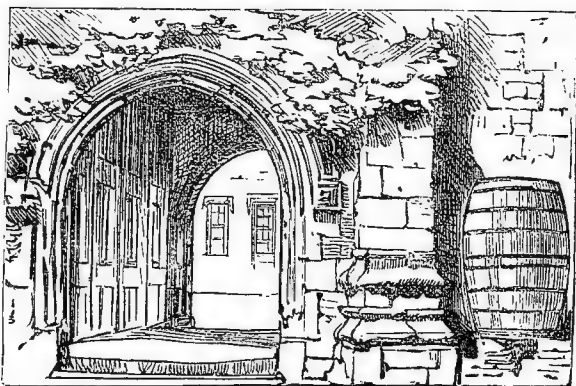
† "Monasticon Anglicanum," per Rogerum Dodsworth et Gulielmum Dugdale. MDCLV.

seems to have inaugurated a new arrangement in College building, which was never afterwards departed from, and all subsequent academical buildings both at Oxford and Cambridge are more or less copied from it. It is not improbable that New was the first College in Oxford which possessed a separate chapel for its inmates, and we find the design of New Chapel absolutely reproduced, though upon a smaller scale, at Magdalen and All Souls', and even in the post-Reformation College at Wadham.

New College was founded in 1379 by William of Wykeham. This most remarkable man was the type and embodiment of a grand mediæval ecclesiastic. He was one of those wonderful characters, which the Middle Ages alone seem to have been able to produce,—a pious energetic Bishop, a great Lord Chancellor, a splendid architect, a diplomatist, a wise legislator, a consummate man of business, a learned scholar, and a high minded and liberal benefactor. At one time we find him reforming his Diocese, at another designing and superintending works at Windsor Castle or Winchester Cathedral; then we hear of his taking a run over to France to arrange the ransom of the prisoners from the Battle of Poitiers, or carrying on a regular business correspondence with the Pope, the King, and the Abbot of Oseney with regard to the establishment of his great College. New College is rich in relics of Wykeham. His magnificent pastoral staff, a master-piece of mediæval jewellers' work, is to be seen in the chapel; his gloves, fragments of his mitre, mitre case, ring, and cope-clasp are all carefully preserved; and in the muniment room at New are still more precious relics, for here are to be seen his deed of gift to the College, the royal charter of Richard II. granting permission for the foundation and establishment of the College, both with magnificent seals, two papal bulls or rescripts, one granting Wykeham permission to purchase certain monastic property for the use of his College, and the other giving him authority to consecrate the chapel. These two highly interesting documents have attached to them, with a simple hemp string, the curious lead seals or medals used by the Popes, with strange rude archaic representations of the heads of St. Peter and Paul on one side, looking as if the design had been executed in the eighth or ninth century; the reverse bears the simple inscription "U·R·B·A·N·V·S·P·P·VI." without the slightest attempt at ornament. Although these precious documents are 500 years old, the parchment is as clean and the ink as black as if they had been prepared a year or two back. A door sheeted with iron, and guarded by three great locks, gives access to the muniment room, in which these documents are preserved, and the room itself is one of the most interesting things in Oxford. The roof is formed by fine stone groining, the small narrow windows are strongly barred with iron, the floor is composed of rich encaustic tiles, and round the walls are arranged ancient chests and presses full of manuscripts and deeds. This room, together with its contents, is one of the most genuine and unaltered relics of the Middle Ages we have ever seen, and what makes it so interesting is the fact that nothing has ever been done to make it look mediæval. No arrangement of the manuscripts has been attempted, there are no glass cases, with printed titles, and, happily, nothing in the shape of restoration has ever been attempted or required; thus, to all intents and purposes, it is exactly what it was 500 years back. The five centuries which have been changing everything in the world outside seem not to have penetrated through the triple-locked door of this venerable chamber.

The chapel of New, with its fine reredos, and the still more interesting ante-chapel, glorious with the tints of ancient glass, and its wealth of monumental brasses, the noble cloisters and lovely garden, we have unfortunately no space to describe.

The fifteenth century added only three existing Colleges to the University of Oxford, those of Lincoln, All Souls', and Magdalen;



KITCHEN ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN COLLEGE

the first is a small but pretty mediæval building; the second, All Souls', was erected by Archbishop Chichele, as a memorial to those who fell in the Battle of Agincourt. The chapel here is one of the most beautiful in Oxford, and is almost a reproduction of New, though with a much more magnificent reredos; this splendid work, which was hidden from view by a modern altar-piece until some ten or twelve years ago, was originally designed as a kind of monument to those who fell at Agincourt. The present figures were added by Mr. Gellowski, under the direction of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who restored the whole work; this chapel retains its ancient carved oak stalls, and fine hammer-beam roof. The screen, which has been objected to by architectural purists, is nevertheless a picturesque feature, and does not really detract from the interest of this beautiful chapel.

Magdalen College is certainly one of the most charming buildings in Oxford. The tower, said to be the work of Wolsey, is one of the most masterly designs produced in England during the Middle Ages. Although at first sight no effort at originality is visible, yet a careful examination will prove that its architect thoroughly understood the old adage, "Ars est celare artem." We don't know whether attention has ever before been called to the fact that the octagonal buttresses of this tower are built slightly sloping inwards, that the buttresses and pinnacles diminish from the base not only by stages, but by an almost imperceptible "battering;" by these means the tower escapes that top-heavy look so common to most modern towers. There is a singular tradition that this tower was built without mortar. We need scarcely say that there is no foundation whatever for this report.

The pretty entrance court to Magdalen (or as Oxford men call it Maudlin) is one of the most characteristic things in Oxford, and the little bit of old Magdalen Hall peeping over the walls and the old external pulpit in the angle add much to its interest. The chapel at Maudlin, its cloisters, and state room with ancient tapestry, are deserving of notice, and the water walks and deer park are amongst those remarkable features which render Oxford by far the most beautiful city in this country. We fancy that this is the only example existing of a deer park in the middle of a town, and the deer are so tame that they come up to the very windows of the College and take the food out of one's hand. A curious custom prevails here of singing a hymn from the top of the tower at 5 A.M. on the first of May; what was the origin of this custom is uncertain, but it probably dates from the erection of the tower.

We are compelled to omit even mentioning several most interesting Colleges, and must now write a few words concerning Wolsey's great work "Christ Church." It is never called Christ Church College.

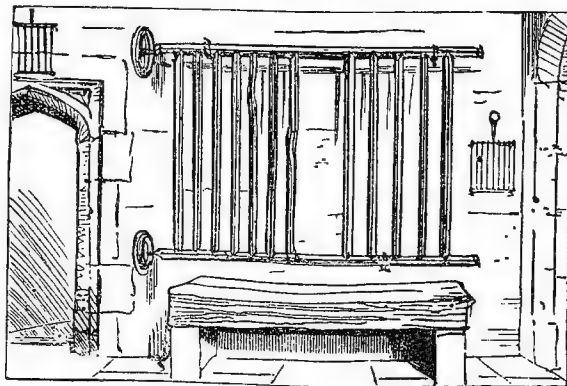
The present building occupies the site of the great Abbey of St. Frideswide, which Wolsey obtained permission to suppress in 1524. It should be remembered that St. Frideswide's was originally a secular collegiate church, and so the change which Wolsey made was a kind of return to the original establishment; perhaps this was the reason that his scheme for the suppression of so large a monastery met with so little opposition at Rome.

Of the original Abbey of St. Frideswide, the greater portion of the church, the chapter-house, and part of the cloisters still exist. Though wanting in the dignity we expect to find in a cathedral, the church is a remarkably interesting one, and offers a fine example of the late Norman architecture. The roof of the choir is a rich piece of Perpendicular vaulting, said to have been set up by Wolsey, but as Wolsey intended to pull down the whole church, and as the cloisters, which he did actually partly pull down, are evidently of the same date, and probably by the same architect, there can be no doubt that this roof was erected before the suppression of the convent. It bears such a strong family likeness to the vaulting of the Divinity School completed in 1480, that it may be the work of the same architect, and of the two we should be inclined to fancy that the work at Christ Church is the earlier. To the south of the choir is a chapel called the "Latin Chapel," from the fact that the services were held here in Latin until quite lately. The erection, called the shrine of St. Frideswide, is to the south of the altar; although an elaborate and most beautiful structure it bears no evidence whatever of having served such a purpose, in fact quite the reverse. The upper portion of the structure seems to have been a "watching loft," similar to the one existing at St. Alban's Abbey, and the lower served the joint purposes of a "sedilia" to the altar of the Latin Chapel, and a monument to a man and his wife; although the brass effigies have gone, the outlines of the two figures can be distinctly traced. In all probability this was the "watching loft" to the shrine, which stood in the aisle between the Latin Chapel and the choir. Its position can be traced by the richly-painted vaulting beneath which it stood. The buildings at Christ Church are a painful example of a work magnificently begun, shabbily continued, and ultimately left incomplete. The thought which always suggests itself upon entering the great "Tom Quad" is, what a magnificent thing this would have been, if Wolsey had lived to complete it, but how terribly disappointing it is in its present condition. One can see how far Wolsey's work was carried by the vaulting shafts, which were intended to support the groined roof of his cloister. The hall, with its noble lobby and kitchen, the entrance gateway and front, are also his work. During the recent repairs carried on by Messrs. Bodley and Garner vast masses of concrete were discovered to the north of the Quad, which it is presumed were the foundations for the chapel which it is known Wolsey intended to erect, and which would have overlooked the somewhat uninteresting buildings on that side of the Quad. This and all Wolsey's other grand schemes were put an end to by his loss of the Royal favour. Henry VIII. with his usual generosity consented to rob the foundation of only half of its revenues, for which heroic act of self-denial he received the title of "our most illustrious founder." Does the history of the world present an example of a reputation more cheaply earned?

Just as Henry VIII. returned a portion of the revenues of Christ Church, so he founded four Bishoprics out of the funds of the numerous monasteries, the property of which he had sequestered and appropriated. One of these was established at Oseney Abbey, the magnificent church of which formed an appropriate cathedral, and the buildings excellent residences for the Dean and Chapter. For some reason or other, which we have never been able to discover, the See was three years afterwards removed to St. Frideswide's, and the Dean and Canons incorporated in the Society of Christ Church; whether this was another piece of cheap generosity it is difficult to say, but to it is undoubtedly owing the destruction of the magnificent buildings of Oseney Abbey, a piece of short-sighted folly which can never be sufficiently regretted. The celebrated bell called "Great Tom" formerly belonged to Oseney Abbey, but it was re-cast in 1680, chiefly under the auspices of Bishop Fell, a most liberal benefactor to Christ Church, and in every way a most worthy man. He did not however enjoy great popularity, and the unreasoning prejudices against him were indicated in the well known couplet:—

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

The Great Tom, although one of the largest bells in England, is not a well-toned bell. It of course labours under great disadvantage, as it is only struck by the clapper, and never properly rung. It is also placed too low in the belfry, so that the sound cannot escape freely through the windows, but we suspect that even were these defects remedied the tone would never be satisfactory.

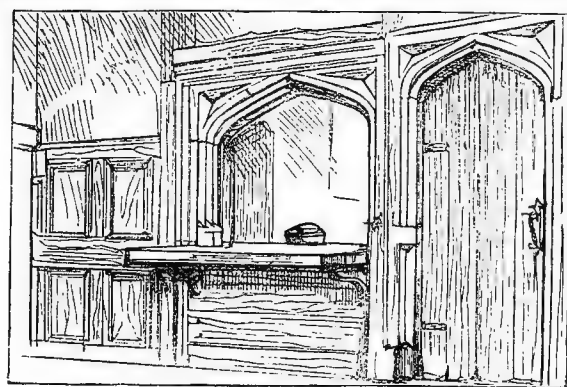


MONSTER GRIDIRON, CHRIST CHURCH

Another curiosity at Christ Church is the immense gridiron said to date from the foundation of the College; it is interesting, as being one of the oldest cooking utensils in the country, but is not calculated to give any one with a delicate digestion an appetite, it is so terribly suggestive of very tough steaks. We need scarcely say that this gridiron is no longer in use, so that those who receive an invitation to lunch or dine at Christ Church need not fear that they will be regaled with the barbarous kind of cooking which this savage-looking implement seems to denote. The kitchen at Christ Church is said to have been the first portion of the buildings erected by Wolsey; although necessarily rather plain as to its architecture it is a striking apartment. Attached to the kitchen is the buttery-hatch, which forms an important feature in the domestic economy of an Oxford College, for here everything is given out for the use of the students, except what is consumed in the Hall. In the next column we give an illustration of the buttery-hatch at Corpus, which is interesting as being one of the most ancient in the University.

Up to the time of the foundation of Christ Church, the Oxford Colleges were of two kinds, i.e. they were either monastic or secular; there can be little doubt that in early times most of the Colleges were of the former kind, but as time went on the secular Colleges increased, and the monastic ones seem to have gradually declined, they were not, however, given up, for we find Archbishop Chichele founding the secular College of All Souls and the monastic College of St. Bernard in the middle of the fifteenth century, and it seems

that Bishop Fox, at the commencement of the next century, was in doubt whether Corpus Christi College should be handed over to the monks or to secular professors. There appears to have been frequent disputes between the members of these two kinds of Colleges, and

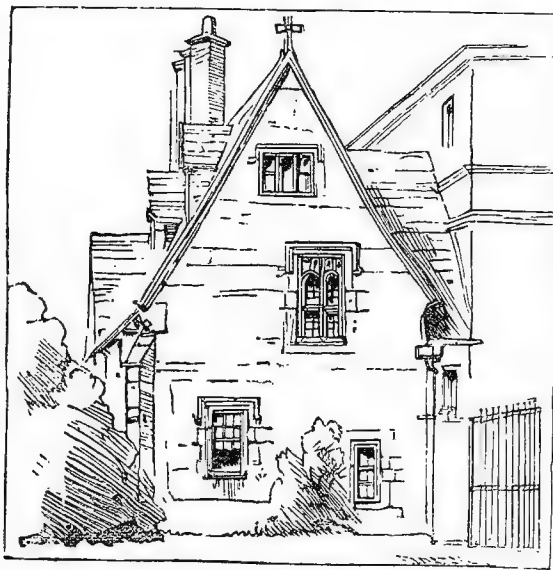


BUTTERY HATCH AT CORPUS

as the University was extra-episcopal, and the Pope was "Visitor," and had to be appealed to, these disputes often lasted many years, and caused no little inconvenience. It is not to be supposed that the Reformation passed over Oxford without making great changes, but it seems almost incredible that in a large University town the monastic buildings which, even from a strictly utilitarian point of view, were so valuable, should have been so ruthlessly swept away. Yet it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the Oxford of the present day is, in point of architectural magnificence, the mere shadow of what it must have been before the Reformation, for where now we see dull uninteresting suburbs were formerly magnificent churches and stately monasteries. To the west, where we now find a small burial ground and poor shabby little streets, stood the noble Abbey of Oseney, with a church as large as Wells Cathedral, and scarcely less splendid than Westminster Abbey. The site now occupied by the two uninteresting railway stations was covered by the large church and substantial buildings of Kewley Abbey. To the north stood Beaumont Palace, which was given by Edward II. to the Carmelites. Richard I. is said to have been born in the palace, and Henry I. erected a large church here. The House and Church of the Augustinians stood nearly on the site of Wadham College, and as an example of the folly of destroying monastic buildings we may mention the fact that within six years of the entire destruction of this large monastery Wadham College was founded, and it became necessary to erect a new building for the accommodation of that society.

The House and Church of the Trinitarians were near the Botanical Gardens, and the Dominican and Franciscan Monasteries to the south of the town near the Castle. The churches of these two Orders, especially the latter, were in point of size and magnificence positive cathedrals. Another noble cathedral-like church stood within the walls of the Castle.* Of most of these buildings not one single stone is left, so complete was the destruction effected by the avarice of the worthless adventurers who purchased them from Henry VIII. or the Ministers of Edward VI. The beautiful Divinity School nearly shared the same fate, for the lead was stripped off the roof, but it was found more lucrative to convert the building into a Pig Market than to pull it down!

In Mary's reign two Colleges were added, or rather re-founded, those of Trinity and St. John's. Fortunately the buildings of the former monastic foundations of Durham College and St. Bernard's College had escaped the destruction which deprived Oxford of some of its noblest monuments, and those who will examine them will see all the more reason to regret the destruction of Henry VIII.'s time. The Master's Lodge at Trinity is a pretty example of the old monastic



MASTER'S LODGE, TRINITY COLLEGE

building. The front, nearly the whole of the first quad, and the splendidly vaulted cellar at St. John's are also remains of the former monastic institution. St. John's is exceedingly rich in curiosities and antiquities, possessing the finest collection of ancient vestments in England, and several highly interesting relics of Archbishop Laud. Here are his journal, the notes of his trial, his Bible (a copy of the Latin Vulgate published at Lyons), his skull cap, walking-stick, and a pastoral staff which is said to have belonged to him. This pastoral staff (or as it is now incorrectly called a crozier, for in reality the crozier is the cross carried before a bishop), appears to be of two different dates, the stem looks earlier than the crook, the latter is certainly post-Reformation work, and the absence from it of all sacred emblems looks rather as if it had been an old pastoral staff altered for Laud, who while wishing to use an article belonging to the insignia of his office might have hesitated before rousing up the opposition of or scandalising the Puritans of his time. There are also a medal and bust of Laud; the first is of little historical value, because on the reverse is a view of New St. Paul's Cathedral, which proves that it must have been executed many years after Laud's death; and the latter is, we trust, equally unauthentic, in fact it looks like a caricature, and we can only fancy that Macaulay had this bust in his mind when he wrote that violent attack upon the character of the Archbishop. The library at St. John's contains many interesting manuscripts, and, what is of far greater value, a number of very early printed books, some

* Those who are interested in the monastic buildings at Oxford will find a good account of them in "A Bygone Oxford," by the Rev. F. Goldie.



THE FRESHMAN AND HIS PARENTS—BEGINNING RESIDENCE: ARRIVAL OF "ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES"

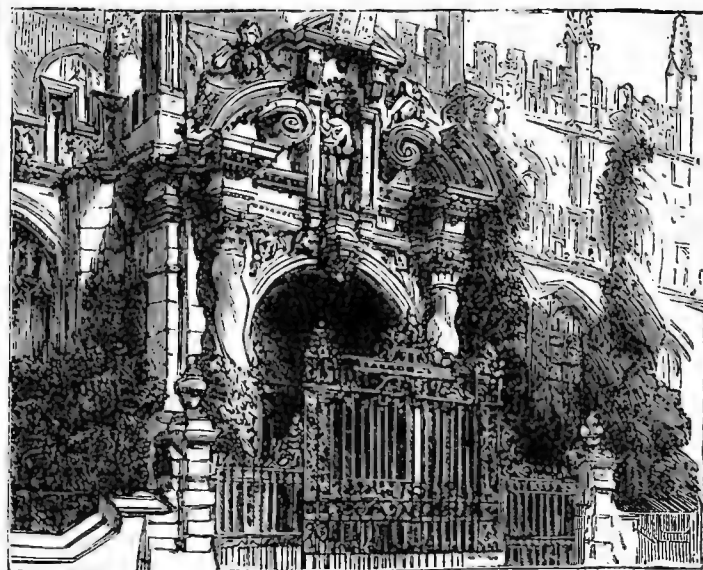


THE "ALL ROUND MAN"—BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS

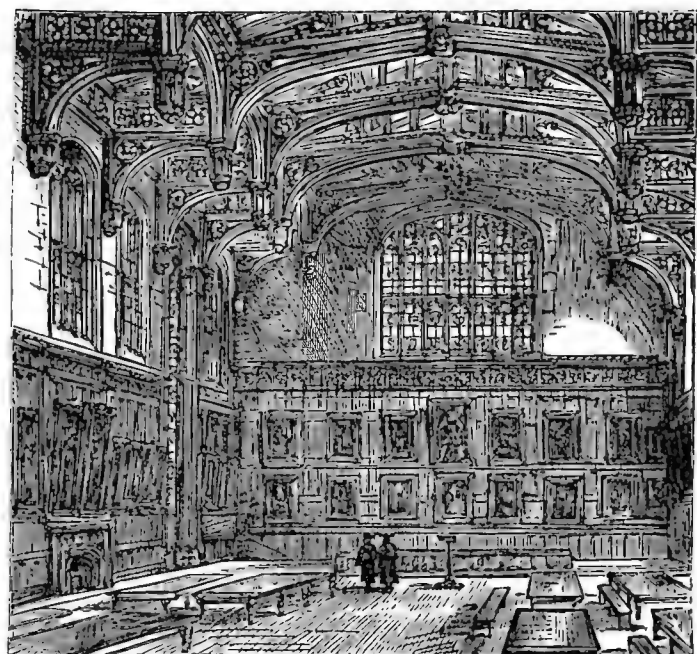
OXFORD ILLUSTRATED



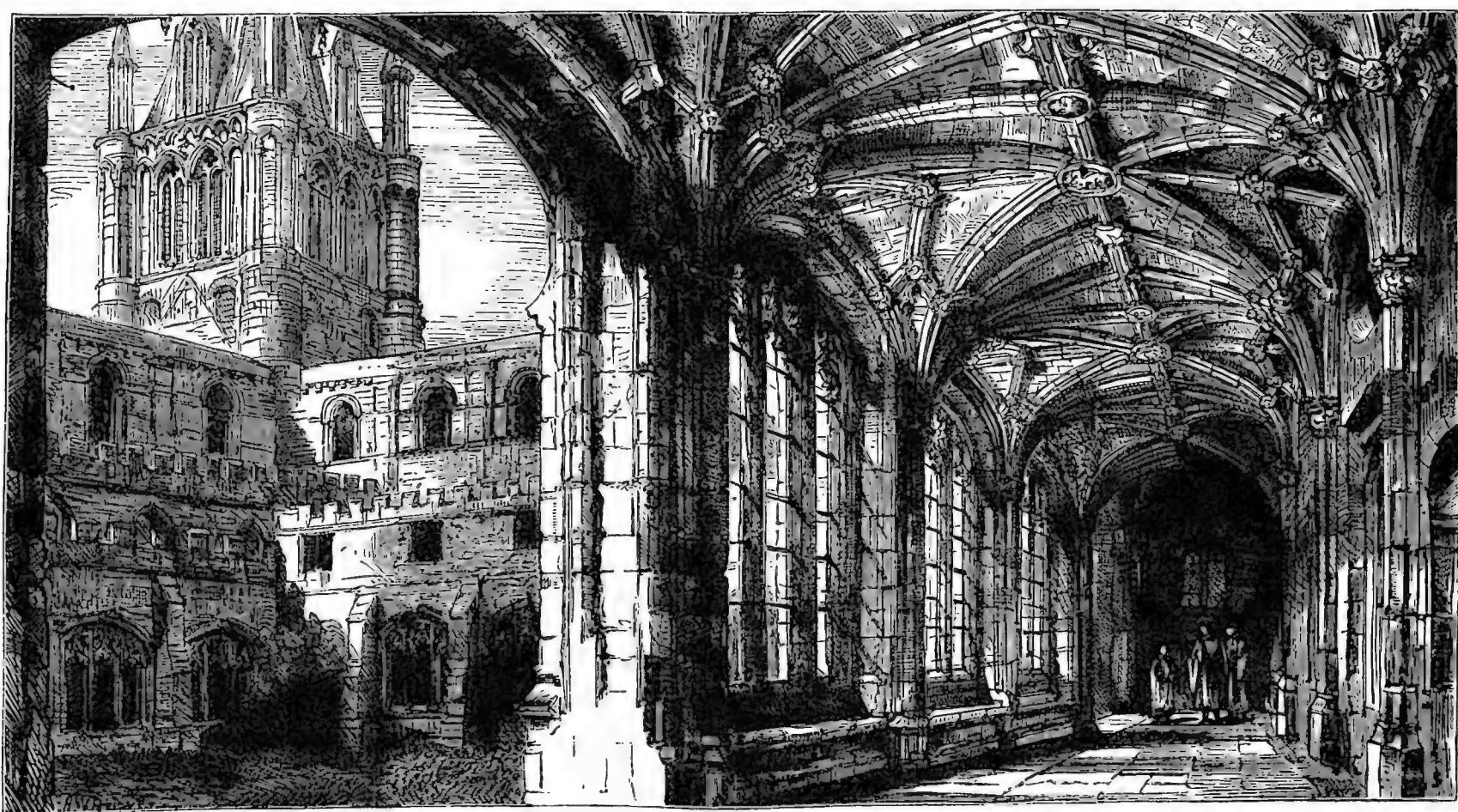
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AND THE RADCLIFFE FROM THE QUAD AT BRASENOSE



THE PORCH, ST. MARY'S CHURCH



HALL, CHRIST CHURCH



CATHEDRAL AND CLOISTERS, CHRIST CHURCH
OXFORD ILLUSTRATED

even before the time of Caxton. A very curious custom is still observed at St. John's, as well as at other colleges. When any undergraduate quotes Latin in Hall, or introduces undesirable topics of conversation, he is what is called "sconced," i.e., he is condemned to drink off the contents of a vast flagon of beer, in default of which he has to pay a money fine. The most interesting of these "sconce" cups is represented on page 565, it is of solid silver, the handle is curiously contrived to form a whistle. There is an inscription outside, in Latin, stating the name of the donor, with the date 1703. Inside is an inscription in pure English recording the momentous fact that "J. E. M." floored this pot at one pull, June, 1868."

KING CHARLES'S LODGING,
ST. JOHN'S

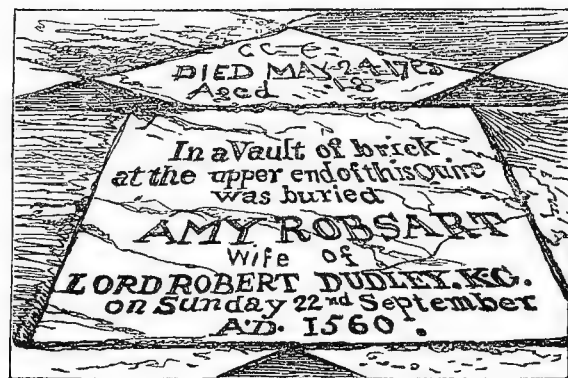
Our space will not allow of our mentioning many other noble Oxford institutions. The Bodleian Library, the grandest collection of books in the country, would alone far exceed the limits of such an article as this, but we cannot pass it by without noticing an interesting historical curiosity, one of those relics of the past which bring before the mind momentous events in our national history, with a tangible reality, such as no amount of writing can accomplish. It is the lantern of that poor wretch Guy Fawkes; or, as he is called in the pompous Latin inscription, "deprehensus Guido Fawkes." This relic has an especial interest for us of the present day, who have learnt, by the painful experience of Clerkenwell explosions and other similar atrocities, that the fiendish spirit of destructiveness which conceived the Gunpowder Treason is by no means extinct after the lapse of nearly three centuries.

Forming the ground floor to the Bodleian is the beautiful Divinity School, with its exquisitely vaulted roof, erected by the good Duke Humphry. It has had a somewhat chequered history. In Henry VIII.'s time it was sold, and converted into a pig market. In Mary's reign Crammer, Ridley, and Latimer were here condemned to the stake. Here also Charles I. held his Parliaments when driven from London, and his son Charles II. made use of the building for the same purpose when forced to leave the metropolis on account of the plague.



HOLYWELL CHURCH

The churches of Oxford are remarkably interesting, especially the noble University Church of St. Mary, with its exquisite spire and curious porch. This porch was erected by one of Archbishop Laud's chaplains, and a terrible mess he got his master into by it, for the crowned statue of the Madonna, which forms its most conspicuous ornament, gave dire offence to the Puritans, and absolutely



GRAVE OF AMY ROBSART

formed one of the charges in the indictment against the Archbishop. This porch is now almost concealed from view by a very luxuriant American creeper which might well be removed, or at any rate cut back. Creepers are good things in their way, but they should not be allowed to obliterate historical monuments. In the choir of this church is the grave of poor Amy Robsart; her worthless husband erected no monument to her memory, and left no epitaph to tell of her unselfish love and devotion; the present day, however, has supplied the want of both. A short inscription now records her death, and Scott's magnificent novel "Kenilworth" is a monument which will last as long as the English language.

The general effect of Oxford as a town, whether seen from a distance or more closely inspected, is remarkably striking, the fine group of towers and spires rising above a belt of noble elms gives the mind a wonderful impression of dignity and beauty, such as is in fact possessed by no other town in this country. Nor upon wandering through the streets is one disappointed, as is so frequently the case with cities, the first distant views of which raise one's hopes only to be the more disappointed upon closer approach. On the contrary, there is scarcely a street in Oxford which does not present some fine combination of buildings. Of these the High Street is the most remarkable, and it is greatly to be regretted that this no longer forms the chief approach and entrance to the town. In old days, before railways were known, when the London coach drove in from St. Clement's over Magdalen Bridge, one first saw the stately tower and pinnacles of Magdalen, and then drove up "The High" which each moment revealed new beauties. The noble trees of the deer park on one side, and the Botanical Gardens on the other, then the classical front of Queen's, the venerable-looking buildings of University, the whole brought to a climax by the graceful spires of St. Mary's and All Saints, made an impression upon the mind which no foreign travel in after years ever effaced. It was a scene to rouse the admiration of the roughest "hobbledehoy" from any Midland grammar school, going up to the University, and who

shall say that it was not one of the most valuable lessons he ever received, when he could see that noble view and feel that there was something in being an "Oxford man." Unfortunately the new entrance to Oxford through St. Thomas's does not give this impression, and what was the first lesson in Oxford life is now lost.



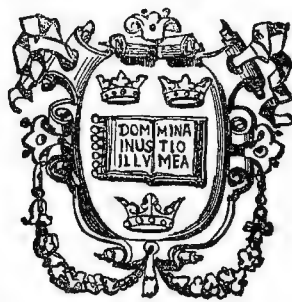
GABLES, ST. ALDATE'S

Entering Oxford through St. Thomas's is like entering a palace through the scullery, and we maintain that no one has ever really seen Oxford who has not gone there by coach, and we strongly advise all those who are about to visit it for the first time to avail themselves of that mode of conveyance. Amongst the many beautiful views in Oxford, we may mention that of Christ Church, the Cathedral and Merton from Christ Church meadow, the spire of St. Mary's and the dome of the Radcliffe from the Quad of Brasenose, the Sheldon, Bodleian, Clarendon, and Ashmole Museum from Broad Street, and the view of New College, &c., from "Mesopotamia." Many picturesque bits of old street architecture are still to be met with. The quaint old houses near St. Aldate's for example, and the graceful gables of Kettel Hall.



KETTEL HALL

Notwithstanding the changes which have taken place from time to time, and the alterations which have been effected in deference to modern ideas, the old mediæval theory of a training and education founded upon religion and the classics still prevails at Oxford. When M. Jules Ferry a few months back announced to the students of the University of Paris that in future modern languages and philosophy were to form the ground-work of their University course, that statement was received with vociferous cheering. How different would have been its reception at Oxford, and in justification of its principles and practice Oxford can easily silence all new-fangled theorists by producing that glorious scroll of names of illustrious men living and dead, who have gone forth from her Colleges and Halls carrying with them the light of truth and the light of science, men who through their lives have ever kept before them the motto of their "Alma Mater,"



Dominus illuminatio mea.

H. W. BREWER

Oxford Life

PEOPLE who come up to Oxford in summer, and especially at Commemoration, sometimes complain, and not without reason, that they see nothing of the real life of the University. Even the youngest lady knows, after a little reflection, that the men cannot always be lying on rugs under the trees in the gardens, and loitering beneath the chestnuts in St. John's, going to Nuneham or Godstow to eat salad and mayonnaise, dancing at Masonic and other balls, and entertaining visitors at breakfasts which invade the hour of luncheon, and dances which, as some one said of a tedious preacher, "exhaust Time and encroach on Eternity." "It is not always May," and Oxford men have hours of work, of strenuous sport, and of uninteresting dreariness, when rain and fog cover the place, when the streets are yellow mud, when the floor of the tennis-court sweats, and when billiards appear to many to be the only rational recreation.

CHANGES IN UNIVERSITY LIFE

THE general run of Oxford life differs a good deal from the holiday which is all that strangers observe at Commemoration; and the life is very difficult to describe. We forget what we were as undergraduates more quickly than we forget our childhood. The state of donnishness, to those who have escaped from it, leaves still more scanty memories. At Oxford things change very rapidly.

We have a Commission every year or two, and tremendous reforms are always going on. The Examinations are altered, the studies change; Honours mean one thing in 1870, and another in 1882. From being celibate, the University has promptly become a very marrying place. At present Oxford is in what the learned Dr. Morgan, of America, calls the "monogamian" stage. But ideas advance so rapidly that the place may become polygamous almost before a hurried author has time to describe the effect produced by the change from our old bachelor estate. Then education for young ladies has been introduced, and two Halls for fair students have been established, with what moral, social, and intellectual results I am quite unable to conjecture. An old Scotch Dominie used to say that the *dativus ethicus* was "something that had come in since his time." The Higher Education for Women at Oxford is something that has come in since my time, and therefore I cannot well criticise it. So far, however, we may trust that very little harm has been done. Again, the life of the undergraduate has its more subtle changes. Outwardly, everything looks much as it did. One walks into Balliol, and meets men strolling out to the river, or to Cowley. They seem just like the friends of one's youth, and we scarcely know that we are old. One expects to be hailed out of this window or that, but there comes no welcoming voice. "Another name is on the door," and the only familiar faces belong to some of these happy dons who, apparently, wax not old, but have drunk in Oxford of the Fountain of Youth, and grow not wrinkled or grey.

PERMANENCE OF UNIVERSITY TRAITS

MUCH is changed, and is changing. A new slang must certainly have come in, there is a new set of "tips" found useful in the Schools, a new set of "cribs" occupy the booksellers' shops, and the "Ethics" of Peters succeed those of Williams, as Williams's superseded the version of Chase. Do men still answer all questions of whatever sort, by describing in the first place, the philosophy of Thales, and passing rapidly to Comte? Only one thing is certain,—study of some sort persists, and men are still anxious and eager about success in that, and in the sports. Fellows may marry, fellowships may be curtailed, the cricket-ground may be brought from Cowley to the Parks; but the river is always where it was, rowing is unaltered, the Cherwell is still the stream of the indolent punter, or paddler of the canoe. Hospitality has not shrunk in; friendships are all that once they were; and the only new apparition among undergraduates is the artistic one who worships Rhodian tiles. And even he is only an effeminate variety of an old friend, the poet with his long hair, and enthusiastic habit of chanting his own songs and those of the ancients. Yes, the slang may have altered as rapidly as the language of savages is said to do, so that graduates of ten years ago can scarcely understand the new generation. But the ancient ambitions, pleasures, bores, survive; there are still tedious prosers to be avoided in Hall, still men who make books on the Derby (once two of them won money: it was in Hermit's year), still fellows on the very verge of the Eleven, still poets, and butts, and popular youths, in no way different from the Piper in Clough's "Bothy." This is the permanent part in undergraduate life; "no hungry generations tread it down." If one looks back to the earliest records, to the annals of Antony Wood, and the documents published by the Master of the Rolls, one still finds reading undergraduates and rowdy, Town and Gown rows, fought out with bows and swords, squabbles about religion, discussions on metaphysics, quarrels with the Dons. And the senior men too, in spite of all changes, preserve their old categories. There must always be pompous or bland Heads of Houses, indulgent or cantankerous Deans; careless or industrious pupils; tuft-hunters, men of the world, recluses, learned or unlearned. In spite of a hundred reforms, the Universities retain much of their old habit, and you recognise familiar characters in Mr. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," in Gibbon's "Autobiography," in Johnson, in Prideaux's "Letters," in the writings of Wood and Hearne. The politics are the same, the Tories are still the Tories, the Whigs as wild as ever they were. The quarrels, the eternal criticisms are unaltered. Academic life will produce the same effects on the human character in spite of all reforms, till it is reformed out of existence.

TYPES OF OXFORD CHARACTER

PERHAPS the easiest and simplest way to describe Oxford life is to be found in the study of various types of character. These, after all, change little. It would not be difficult to make a description of them spiteful and amusing by drawing recognisable portraits of real persons. But in the following sketches nothing of the sort will be attempted. Our casual literature is already much too personal. The Universities, being places which develop "humours" and "characters," have always supplied the personal caricaturist with plenty of material. It is easy, even now, to recognise the originals of Mr. Thackeray's University snobs. These persons were certainly typical, but they were also individuals. Probably they deserved the satire they received, and it is not easy to limit the rights of genius to take its property wherever it finds it. But the majority of scribblers cannot be Thackerays, and it is to be distinctly understood that there are no portraits of real people among this little collection of designs in pen and ink.

THE FRESHMAN

LET us begin at the beginning with the Oxford Freshman, whether he be "proud of the title," like Mr. Verdant Green, or otherwise. Now, of Freshmen, it is evident that there is not one sort, but several, so well marked and distinct that they deserve to be called species. There is the Freshman from a public school. He is comparatively an enviable being. The lot of all Freshmen is more or less perplexed by the novelty of their situation. They have probably heard that undergraduates obey singular laws, and these they are afraid of unconsciously breaking. But the Freshman from a public school is already accustomed to the sort of life he finds at College; his contemporaries come up with him, he has plenty of friends in Oxford already to show him the ways of the place. All the mornings of his first term he spends in breakfasting with old or new acquaintances. If he be a man of his hands, his fame has gone before him. He is reckoned on as a useful bowler, or bat, or he is at once and sternly deposited in a tub-pair, and delivered over to the tender mercies of the College "cox." He soon knows the new world of College as well as he knew the old world of School. But the Freshman from a small school, or from a Scotch university, or some other unheard-of and undistinguished place, has to find his way for himself. If he has no senior friends he is examined with a distant and critical eye. Strangers show him hospitality, and he is given every social chance, but people by no means open their hearts to him. He is thrown into the company of other unadventurous Freshmen who came up at the same time as himself. Probably he does not learn to distinguish the sheep from the goats till his second term, and he is apt to be seized upon and made the prey of bores, whom he can hardly shake off. The diffidence of the Freshman shows itself in two ways. You find the shy and the fast Freshman. The former is distrustful of himself, does not wish to seem "cheeky," scarcely ever speaks, and takes lonely and melancholy constitutional. The fast Freshman aims at striking terror and inspiring respect. He dresses in what the police reports call "the height of fashion." His cap is battered and dissipated, or he wears no cap at all, and no gown when he can avoid the use of that garment. His conversation takes a sporting turn. He readily accepts invitations to play loo. Sometimes the fast Freshman gradually finds his proper place, and gives up his affectations. Sometimes he persistently abstains from chapel,

"knocks in" after twelve, "breaks gates," that is, goes out when he has been sentenced to imprisonment in College. He has many interviews with the Proctor. He brings five fox terriers into College. He pours water down the chimney of the Senior Dean. Finally, he goes to the Devil, regretted by none but his laundress, whom he has neglected to pay. This is, happily, an unusual, portentous kind of Freshman. Most of the class are modest, observant, good-humoured. It is rarely the custom of the English Universities to "haze" or "hoax," or play practical jokes on Freshmen. These dull humours are carried to the pitch of violent cruelty and insult in America. At Oxford and Cambridge Freshmen are, as a rule, kindly received, and permitted every chance of showing themselves at their best. Some, of course, make hopeless blunders, from the effect of which they never recover, but the majority can look back to their Freshmanhood with feelings not disagreeable.

"SETS" IN COLLEGE

AFTER the Freshman's term the character of most undergraduates declares itself, and they take their natural place in the economy of their College. What that place is to be depends almost as much on the College as on themselves. In all Colleges there must be sets, but in the larger colleges these sets are more or less mutually exclusive. The idlest and most popular of men cannot be on terms of friendship with two or three hundred Undergraduates at a time. People naturally follow their chief interests, though these interests of course overlap. Not many reading men are reading men, and nothing more. Some of them run, many play cricket, rackets, and tennis. Some play loo; one or two even manage to hunt. Thus there are numbers of connecting links between the sets, yet these sets have, in the larger Colleges, a distinct and separate existence. Rich men, who hunt several times a week, and chiefly devote themselves to other amusements on other days, know very little about Undergraduates who, from ambition, or love of knowledge, or necessity, are regular attendants at lectures, take copious notes, and go in for University Scholarships and prizes. Occasionally a man of immense energy will get five first classes, and yet appear to pass his time with youths as splendid and as indolent as the lilies of the field. Occasionally, too, one of the gorgeous and sportive class will be smitten by ambition, or a little grain of conscience will make him read, and he will spend his Long Vacations with robust Scotch students and a tutor in some untrodden glen of the Highlands. Another set who mix with reading men, and often read very hard, are boating men. The nature of their pursuit keeps them a little apart from the rest of the College—at least while they are in training. Then the Eight or the Torpid has a table to itself in the Hall, and the unextinguishable laughter which follows a stout boating joke rolls up the long room, and terrifies the Dons in their *sedes quietæ* at the high table. There is generally a set of clever men who are more interested in literature in general than in the work set in the Schools. It is well that such people should exist, and read very much what books they please, for the system of constant examinations is apt to get students into a groove, and their minds run too much on a few select works of Plato, Tacitus, and Thucydides. Common tastes, and natural likings and antipathies, aided by mere accident, tend to constitute sets which live very much apart. In small Colleges there is often perhaps more of a true collegiate sentiment. Every one knows his neighbours, more or less, and every one almost feels it his duty to do what he can for the College all round, and not to limit himself to following his own special bent. Thus it has happened that comparatively small Colleges, like Corpus and Magdalen, have found themselves at the head of the river. But that enviable distinction is, as a rule, the property of large muscular Colleges, in which good rowing is a tradition.

READING MEN

READING men vary very much in character. There is the hard student, who, after four hours of lectures, takes a dreary constitutional walk or run, works again before dinner, reads the papers for an hour after dinner, and then returns once more to Liddell and Scott for a couple of hours before bedtime. This sort of student is wasting his time and his youth more than he supposes, for he often works so incessantly that his brain loses any life and spring it may possess; he fails in examinations, and is a physical and intellectual wreck. Such extreme application is only justifiable when a man has, like Wolf, a genius for scholarship, a robust constitution, and no particular interest in anything else. But youth and the opportunities of University life keep the majority of studious people from the madness of this extreme. They find time to see each other, to make friendships, to exchange ideas, to talk nonsense, to row, to ride, to play games, to take long walks, or to loiter in the gardens and by the river.

All these diversions are really a great part of education. Men owe less to their tutors, to lectures, to dictionaries, than to each other, to the kind and cheerful philosophy of friends who see life in all sorts of various ways. Reading men are apt to wax moody and discontented, and this is only natural. With whatever ideas—religious, political, social—a lad may come up to the University, he is certain to be obliged to question them, perhaps to alter them. At school and at home he has probably taken for granted whatever he was told about the most important topics in the world. At Oxford he is obliged to study the whole history of the change of ideas. He has to note how philosophies succeeded each other, how religions rose, and fell, and passed away. He is compelled to examine his own beliefs of every sort, and the years cannot be altogether happy which we pass in this process, however it may conclude. It is now that friendship is valuable indeed, and that a man will feel the benefit of having various interests, various sorts of friends, the power of being absorbed in several amusements. He should take the advice of Horace about dancing, that of Talleyrand about whist, that of his College coach about the whole duty of an oarsman. If he does not do this, if he becomes a shy recluse, his labours will profit him very little, and his success, even in examinations, will not be so great as it would have been had he kept his mind and other portions of his frame well-braced.

ROWING MEN

THE rowing man who is nothing but a rowing man is fortunately rare. Always in training for something or other, from Challenge Fours to the University Eight, he becomes a great amphibious carnivorous animal, whose proper place is the Zoological Gardens. He rows, of course, for all his College prizes, from the Challenge Fours to the Canoe Race. He is in his College Four, which keeps him busy in autumn till he is put into the Trial Eights. In winter, if he is a new comer, he has the College Torpid to amuse himself with, unless he is tried for the University Eight. In summer he has the College Eight, and then he competes for the University Sculls, and ends by getting into training for Henley. He supports life on chops, steaks, marmalades, and a scanty allowance of beer, with a glass of port after dinner. He goes to bed and gets up at the absurd hours which recommend themselves to the innocent lamb and the tuneful ark. He acquires enormous bodily strength, and his whole intellect runs to devising popular jokes. Occasionally, his relaxation is to commit a series of playful but aggravated assaults on his friends, and to "make hay" of their furniture. If he were not good-natured and simple-minded, he would be as dangerous to Society as the large man whom Frankenstein made, and who afterwards gave so much trouble to more than one family circle. But, let us hasten to add, the boating man who is nothing but a boating man is so extremely rare that this horrible sketch is almost purely a fancy picture. The

alien who happens to visit Oxford for the purpose of reading Sanscrit manuscripts in the Bodleian may deny this; he may say that there are plenty of persons like our imaginary boating man in Oxford. But on cross-examining the learned German or Italian who holds this opinion, we shall probably find that he has happened to be in College during the rise and progress of a Bump Supper. The Bump Supper is a kind of relic of those tremendous savage rites, in which all the able-bodied warriors of a tribe give themselves up to howling, screaming, and dancing corrobories. Not otherwise, after a College has made several bumps on the river, does it celebrate the event by a feast, not to say a bout, in which a good deal is drunk, many speeches are delivered, and the whole affair ends with an invasion of the Quadrangle. Probably many persons still remember a supper in a College not far from Broad Street, so uproarious that it wakened the authorities in six neighbouring Colleges, and led to a confused belief that the Gauls were at the gates. When these events are rare, as they are in Colleges which don't make many bumps, they are best treated with silent indifference. But when they tend to be common, and when a recognised part of the ritual is the tattooing of the body of the Dean, it is better to substitute a dance for a supper. The more refined amusement mollifies the manners, and does not permit them to be fierce. But we must not leave the boating man without admitting that his chief amusement is simple, manly, and inexpensive, that he is often an accomplished scholar, and frequently has a genius for playing the piano, and for sketching in water-colours.

THE MUSICAL MAN

"INJUNS are pison wherever met," according to Artemus Ward. As much may be said ("I speak of him but brotherly") about the musical man. The only thing I know of in his favour is, that he *does* go to chapel, at least if he belongs to a College which has a choral service. Otherwise he is the idlest of men, and the cause of the greatest idleness in others. There are, of course, musical men and musical men. Some can only play a waltz with one finger on the piano, but they begin to pick out "The Blue Danube," before they are dressed, they lave themselves, so to speak, in the Blue Danube at odd times all day, and a prolonged dip in the Blue Danube is their last indulgence before going to bed very late. The tortures of their neighbours would melt the heart of an Inquisitor. Then there is the musical man, if so he can be called, who can only play on a huntsman's horn, and who, if I may be allowed the expression, can't play on that. All day, and all night, and chiefly at times when you don't expect it, he and his friends elicit from their horn such agonising screams as to lead German and Italian visitors of distinction to suppose that this is a Natural Science College, and that vivisection is licensed on the premises. Of course Herr Schniff, and the illustrious Cavaliere Blobbi are immensely disappointed when they find that this is not the case, and that vivisection, if caught, would meet the fate of the scientific Eton boy, who roasted live dormice. But the man with the horn is a terrible infliction. He is more endurable (because he is less frequently in one's way) than the confirmed musical amateur. This young man wears a pink shirt, a daffodil coloured neck-tie, and a coat of Tyrian bloom, also varnished boots. His whole heart and soul are exclusively absorbed in music.

Though entirely free from vice, he does more harm than half a college full of Russians. His nature has no room in it for anything but music. He scribbles the *libretti* of operas in his note-books during lecture. He talks to you, down at the river, about *molets* and instrumentation, and his interest is far greater in counterpoint than in cover-point, even when there is a chance of watching a felder like Mr. Royle. He suddenly tells you, "It went somehow like this—

Tra la la,
Tra la,
Tra LA."

He despises tunes and airs. He gives musical parties twice a week and the ophicleide, the trombone, the spinet, the harpsichord, the shawm, and all the stringed instruments mentioned in a famous chapter of Holy Writ appear to be for ever exerting themselves in his rooms. This sort is a great trial both to Dons and undergraduates, but, as the musical man is always doing exactly what he likes best, and the only thing he is fit for, it is to be presumed that his life is a happy one. And it takes all sorts to make a world.

THE ALL-ROUND MAN

THE All-Round Man is the victim of a proud and almost laudable ambition. He wishes to be an Admirable Crichton. He rows, he runs,—the Three Mile is not too long, nor the Hundred Yards too short for him,—he hunts, and likes to be seen in pink; he plays tennis,—the game of Kings as well as the humble out-of-door variety,—he is a cricketer, he also reads, and he competes for the Prize Poem. The odds are that he is just good enough for his College Eight, just good enough to play tennis for the University in a bad year, and just learned enough to obtain a Third Class in History. He is the Pendennis of the moment, his tastes are rather extravagant, his success a little more than doubtful. But he, too, manages to attain social triumphs, and at the worst, enjoys himself, and gets a great deal of intellectual and bodily exercise.

OTHER SORTS OF MEN

It would be easy to fill this paper with singular types of undergraduate. We might examine, in the interests of science, that shy retiring creature called the "smug" in the language of to-day, and the "putt," or "queer fellow," in the slang of the past. We might discuss the practical jester, the theatrical man (who has affinities with the musical man), the æsthetic man, who is rare, but very notorious, a walking advertisement of his own affectations; the Evangelical man, who sends people tracts, and preaches in cap and gown at the Martyrs' Memorial on Sundays. Then there is the poet, a great type of the romantic sort, who always reads the books he should neglect, and invariably neglects the books his tutor tells him to read. He spurns Aristotle, and cannot away with Demosthenes, the "Cassandra" of Lycophron he has at his fingers' ends, and he, if any man, can cap a quotation from the elder Pödonian. He has read all the poetry that no one else ever heard of, and has note-books full of epics and tragedies, sonnets, and rondeaux. Some of these doubtless, see the light in a little magazine of fugitive verse, nicely printed on hand-made paper. The rest are known only to the bard and his most intimate friends. Much might also be written of the unacademic youth, who wishes to "see life," and study character. He knows every pot-house in the town, is acquainted with the old local characters, and is the philosopher, poet, and friend of all the barmaids and young ladies not in University society. There is always the chance that he will marry the daughter of a dog-fancier, but he frequently escapes what seems such a probable close to education as understood by himself. Then there are the queer aliens whom some odd fate collects in Oxford. We have not had a Red Indian since the Chippeway fled from the Proctors, drew a "bull-dog" into an ambuscade, scalped him, and fled with the trophy, a steerage passenger from Liverpool. But mild Hindoos, Armenians, learned Japanese, not averse to *carte*, Siamese noted for wild accomplishments in the dance, and many other foreigners help to complete the number of interesting types that make up the University.

DONS

"Muse, shall we sing of Dons?" to parody the author of "The Sugar Cane." A disquisition on this topic seems unavoidable. It

is known by all men but the artists of comic papers, and some novelists, that the old British Don, like the Dodo, is an extinct bird. He perished with the disease that destroyed the vines in Madeira. He withdrew, like the Red Indians before the pale-faces when married Fellows, children, nurses, and perambulators became common in Oxford. He and that deathless thirst of his for port, and his sound orthodox principles, and his liking for the county families; he, and his old stories, and his red waistcoat, are where Dr. Routh is, in the tomb of antiquity. A few almost fossil specimens, driven away by Reform, Research, and Matrimony, may be studied at comfortable clubs in London.

THE POLITICAL DON

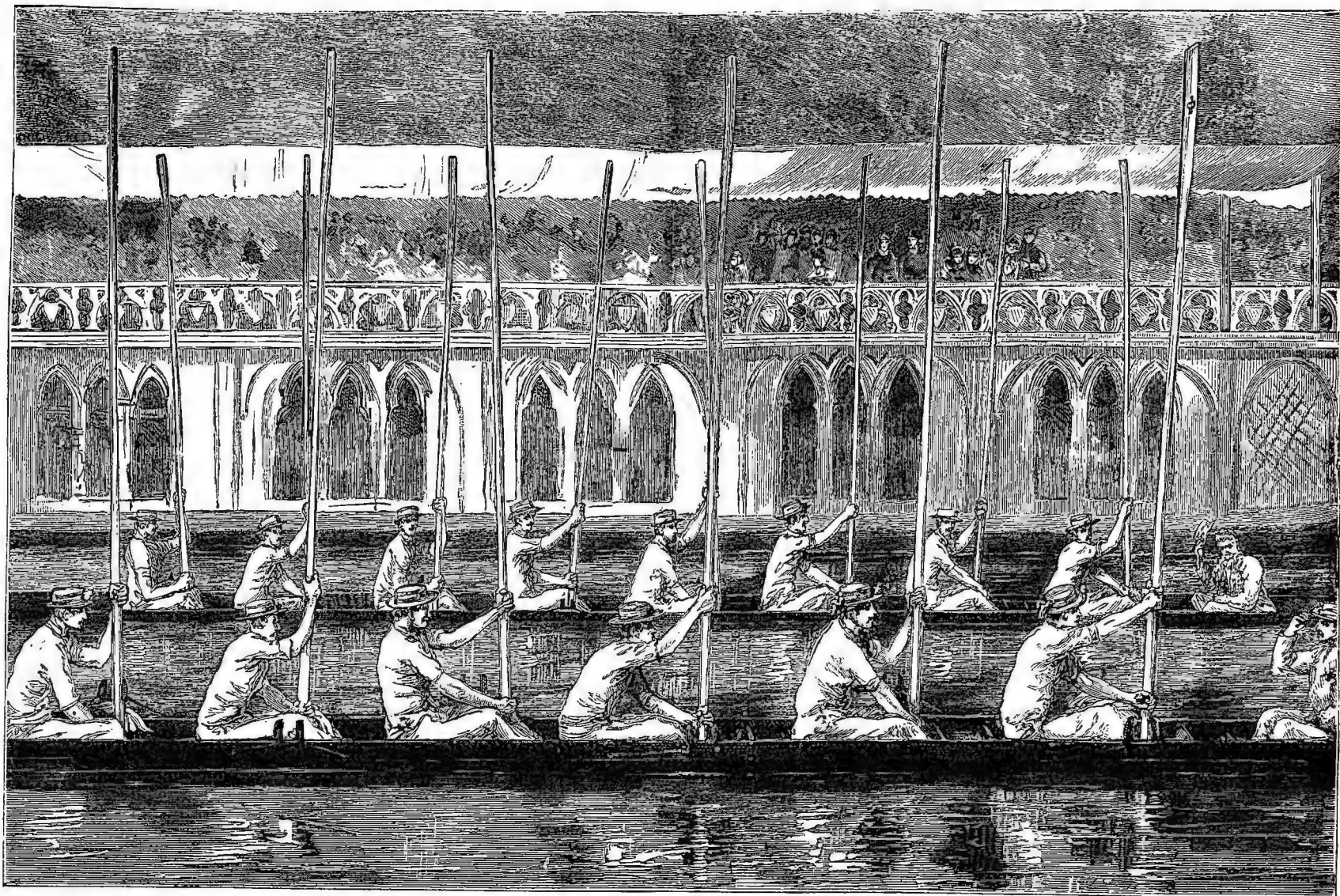
WHEN Mr. Thackeray was reprinting his "Book of Snobs," he found that his sketches of Political Snobs were so personal, "and, in a word, so snobbish," that it was better to suppress them. Warned by this example, it might be as well, if not to suppress our notice of the Political Don before taking the trouble to write it, at least to treat the topic with cold impartiality. The class is not very large, its members are easily recognised, and they need only be mentioned as gentlemen exceedingly zealous in their respective causes, whether they encourage and abet Conservative working-men, or proclaim to their friends that the crisis is indeed with us, and 3,500% absolutely needed for the pure conduct of our elections; whether they bring spies from Birmingham to spy out the land, or engage legions of messengers who cannot read; or move heaven and earth in order that the working man may be wakened by steam "devils" at an early hour of the morning, and that tram-cars with their bells may career over Magdalen Bridge and up the High Street. The Political Dons are thorough-going characters. The intellectual life of Oxford, devouring as it may seem, leaves these energetic persons plenty of vigour to devote to public topics. When the Eastern Question was dividing households, and setting the son-in-law against the mother-in-law, a dinner party at Oxford was, if possible, more likely to be disturbed by political ferocity than a dinner party elsewhere. There were people who passed their leisure hours in church praying for the success of the Montenegris, there were people who called Mr. Gladstone a perjured traitor, and others who impeached my Lord Salisbury's character for unfinching and uncompromising veracity. The question of Irish Land is no less provocative of discord, and in all these verbal engagements the Political Don takes his part with very great pluck and resolution. Politics bring Town and Gown into relations unusually close; Gown makes edifying speeches at public meetings, and Town (when Conservative, and inspired by beer) breaks the windows of Gown, or threatens to break them. Thus a strong and wholesome current of practical life—the healthy influence of great affairs—plays freely through a life which some accuse of being "fugitive and cloistered." The worldling may sneer at resident students, as if they were mere refined recluses, shrinking from the rough breeze of opinion. But it is a fact that many of the learned exclaim, like Cephalus, in Ovid "*aura (popularis) venit*," and open their bosoms, as it were, to the refreshing gusts of our great public opinion. There may be critics who wish that Political Dons would mind their own business, and lecture on History in Oxford, instead of endeavouring to lecture on history in the House of Commons. But these persons little understand the character of Englishmen who are justly proud of their absorbing delight in Mr. Bradlaugh's oath, Pat Doolan's "rint," and the attitude of the Porte in Egyptian affairs.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH

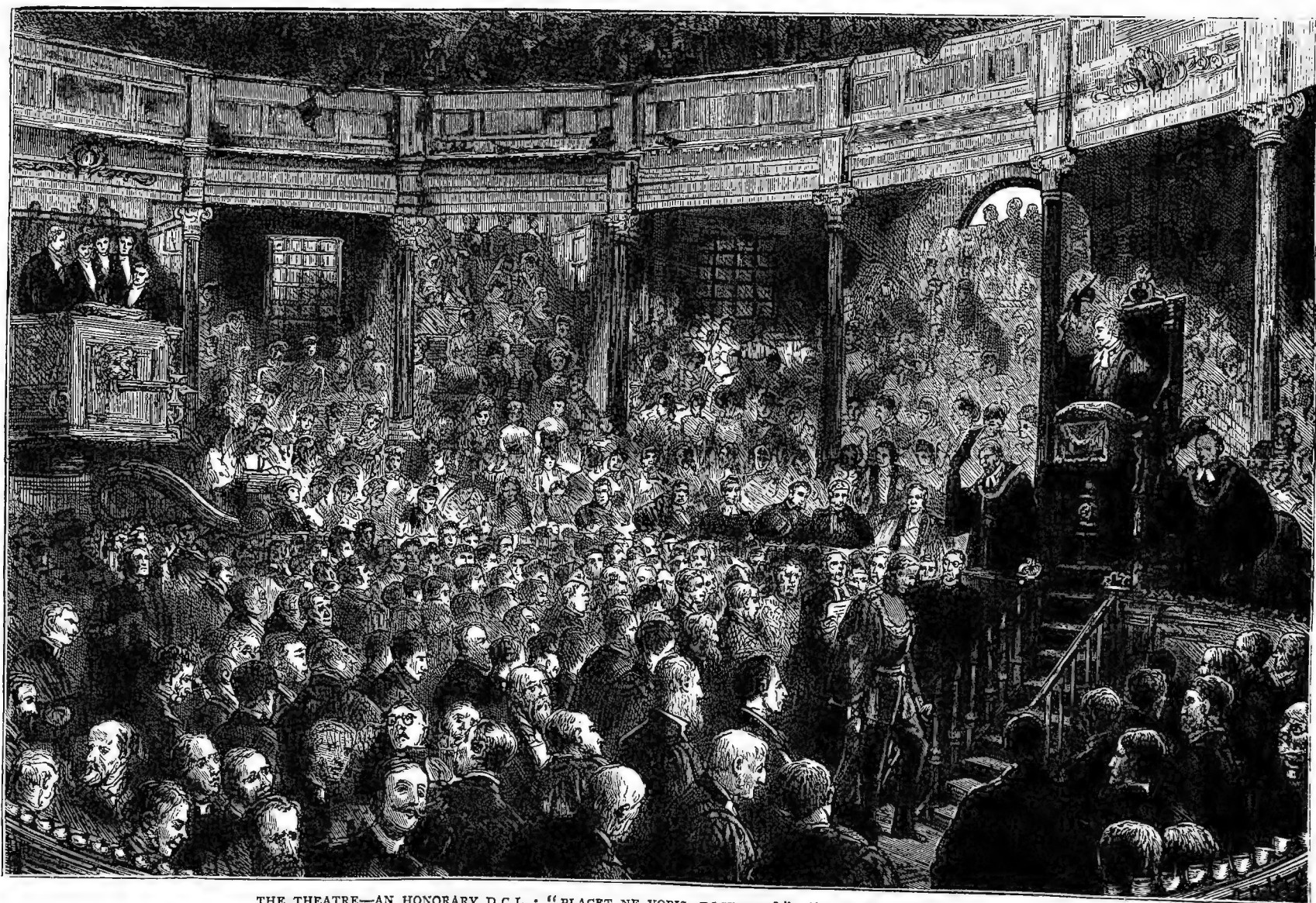
HERE again is a topic on which it is hard to write without appearing to verge on what may be called personalities. The Endowment of Research is a subject that lies near the heart of earnest Dons. Our Universities are supposed to be places of study, but they are really places of education. Tutors and lecturers find almost the whole of their time occupied during term with giving lectures, reading pieces of composition and English essays by their pupils, and, generally in preparing their pupils for examination. To examine and be examined is very much the end of existence at the Universities. In a man's first terms, there is Responsions or Smalls, a harassing affair, wherein youth is catechised as to its knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, the first two books of Euclid, and other subjects less obscure and trying. About a year and a half after this comes Moderations, when men are closely examined in the texts of certain classical authors, in Latin, and Greek composition, philology, and so forth. Tutors must always have these examinations, and the final one which precedes the degree, and others at the end of each term—"Collections"—in addition to examinations in Natural Science, Theology, and so forth, present to their minds. A conscientious tutor will do his best to prevent the examinations from becoming stereotyped Chinese affairs, by extending his own knowledge, and communicating new and original views (or "tips") to his pupils. But, let a man strive as he may, he finds that study is strictly limited by the necessities of examination. Practical undergraduates are likely to want knowledge that will "pay in the Schools," and will be indifferent to science which does not help them to gain marks. Thus the tutor is occupied, during the vacations, in preparing lectures that will be useful to his pupils, while in term-time he delivers these lectures, and sees his pupils in private. The result is obvious enough. A man who might, were circumstances more favourable, extend the frontiers of knowledge, is obliged to limit himself to the region of what is already well known. To remedy this state of things men of agile mind propose that "original research" should be endowed. Students should receive desirable incomes from the University, and should spend them where they please. One "Researcher" would study Buddhist records in holy Lassa, and come home and write a book on the Lama of Thibet. Another would explore volcanic phenomena, and gratify the world with a monograph on the "Lichens of Mount Hecla." A third would examine the deserted cities of Yucatan. He would copy the hieroglyphics of the temple walls. He would show that the Toltec sign for "corkscrew," say, proved the Toltecs to have been a Semitic race. If he could add that this was a convincing proof of the Scriptural account of the Deluge, his fame would become great in religious and philological circles. Meantime, another student would expend 1,000*l.* a year to prove that there never were any Toltecs, and that the so-called hieroglyph for "corkscrew" was really Chichimec for "serpent." Thus knowledge would be advanced, the University would spend her money in the endowment of research, and would have nothing left for examiners, lecturers, and subscriptions to the new cricket-ground in the parks. To advocate this reform is the province of the Don who believes in the Endowment of Research. He is generally met by the argument that endowed cats catch no mice, that discoveries have usually been made by unendowed persons, and that half-a-dozen Researchers could easily, and agreeably, expend about a fourth of the income of the University.

EVERYDAY TYPES

IN speaking both of undergraduates and of their masters and pastors, we have chosen the more original and remarkable types. The æsthetic Don; the Don who is a man of the world; the Don who likes a lord; the Don who studies natural science and despises literature; the advanced Don who believes in Mr. Herbert Spencer; and many other varieties, might employ the pen of the inquirer. But, after all, these classes, though singular, and rather interesting, are restricted in number. The immense majority of Dons consists of men who are doing their duty as well as they can, who are working



PROCESSION NIGHT—THE BOATS SALUTING THE "HEAD OF THE RIVER" IN FRONT OF THE 'VARSITY BARGE

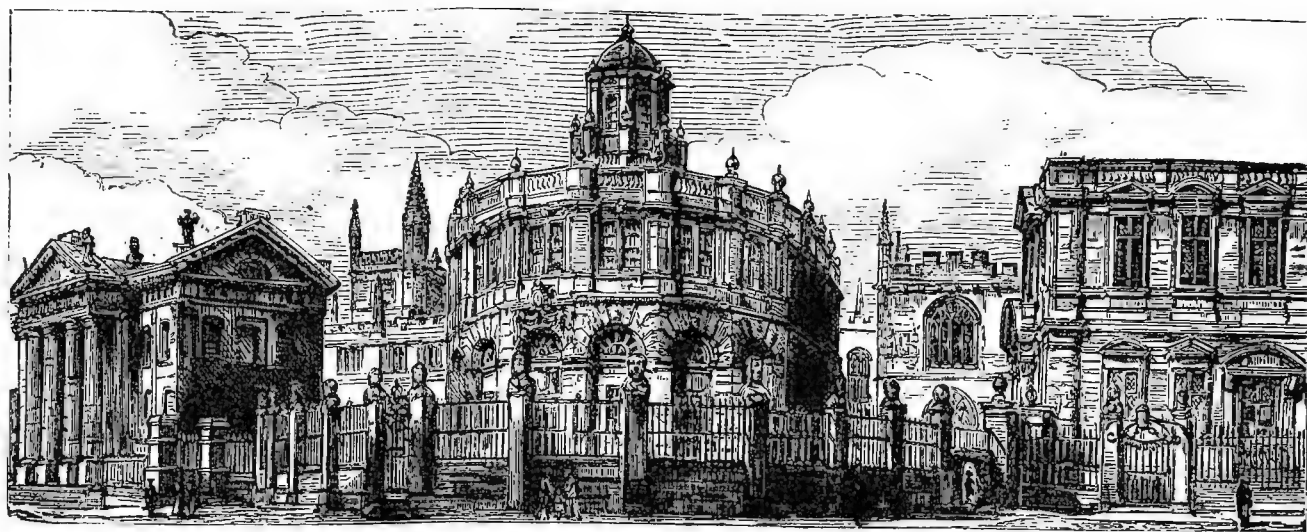


THE THEATRE—AN HONORARY D.C.L.: "PLACET NE VOBIS. DOCTORES?" "PLACET NE VOBIS, MAGISTRI?"

OXFORD ILLUSTRATED—COMMEMORATION



EXTERNAL PULPIT, MAGDALEN COLLEGE



THE ASHMOLEAN, THE THEATRE, ETC FROM BROAD STREET



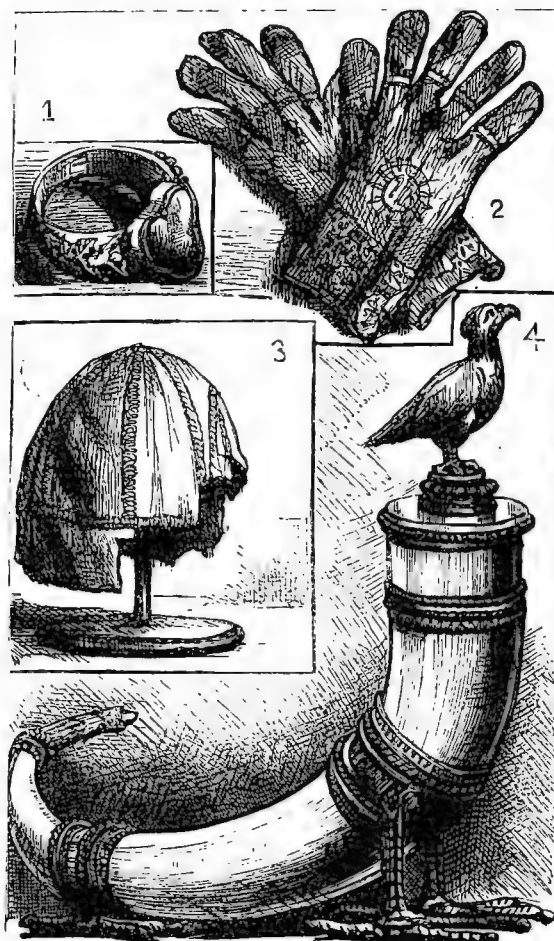
CHAPEL, ALL SOULS' COLLEGE



"SCONCE-CUPS," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE



GUY FAWKES' LANTERN



1 and 2. Ring and Gloves of William of Wykeham, at New College.—
3. Skull Cap of Archbishop Laud, at St. John's College.—
4. Horn, at Queen's College.

ANCIENT RELICS

very hard in an important profession without notoriety or reward. Their business is that of education. Within the conditions of the University, they are doing their best to train the minds and characters of the undergraduates, who are often their friends. Still young enough to remember the difficulties and forgive the faults of youth, they teach, and encourage, and assist men as yet beset by the perplexities of a life not fully realised, and of powers not wholly recognised and developed. It is not a trifling task, nor a mere pedantic exercise—this task of education which the Researcher despises. The career of young fellows who will be important to England is more or less influenced by a wise and sympathetic or by a foolish and *born* teacher. If a tutor can get only a few of his pupils to understand that life is not meant for mere amusement, that even the dry work of a College examination is useful in confirming the habit of serious application to whatever business may be in hand, he has done as much as if he had established the correct sense of a Chichimec hieroglyph. It is very much in the power of a tutor to make his pupils look back at their Oxford career with the impatience of Gibbon, to regret three wasted years of quarrels with authority and senseless pleasures, and to regard the same space of time as the period in which character was formed, and childish things put away. All of us who know Oxford know Dons whose hearts never seem to grow older; and who are able to be the friends and anxiously successful guides of generation after generation of undergraduates. They enable men to go right, who would, but for them, have gone wrong. Their names are widely known wherever there are Englishmen, but are without renown in the newspapers. And the great majority of their pupils are worthy of them, being neither fops nor fribbles, nor dull plodders, nor semi-professional athletes, but men who take their share in the studies and sports, the mirth and pleasure, which Oxford offers in her beautiful framework of rivers and towers, chapels and gardens.

AN OXFORD DAY

THE life led by the majority of undergraduates can most easily be illustrated by the description of an ordinary day in Oxford. It is a place where the days *se suivent et se ressemblent*. The regularity of the hours for work, for chapel, for closing the College gates, and so on, confine life within certain grooves. Of course if any one thinks he will enjoy himself more by dint of breaking all the rules, it is open to him to make that experiment. He may thus avoid contracting habits, or at all events "regular habits," and not to do that, says a philosopher, is to be successful. On the other hand, the cultivation of irregular habits rarely secures academic success. Let us suppose, then, the case of a gentleman who is anxious to avoid a slavish regularity. He will not, of course, get up when his servant comes in the morning to ask him if he breakfasts at home. He will cut chapel. As a consequence the College messenger will be asked to invite him to visit the Dean. Now if he can avoid the College messenger, of course he will also avoid one of these interviews with the Dean which can give nothing but pain to a delicate nature. Our friend will therefore stride rapidly across quad to the rooms of the friend with whom he breakfasts. If all the company except himself have been at chapel he is safe, but if there are other careless brethren they leap into places of shelter, behind curtains, and into cupboards, whenever a knock comes to the door. To go to lecture after breakfast would only be to encounter the messenger. A person of free tastes, and averse to pedantic discipline, will therefore go off and play billiards, or tennis, or lounge in a garden, as taste may dictate or opportunity suggest. Luncheon is a meal to be enjoyed out of College, and then the afternoon is before a man. He may ride over to Woodstock or Abingdon, or play cricket, or drive a pony-carriage to some place that he knows of, where he can dine, or he may return to the town, dine out of College or at a tavern, and pass his evening among the pleasures suited to his youth and age. As the College gates close at midnight, he will not break the rest of the porter by "knocking in," but will introduce himself into College by some unguarded window, or friendly gap between railings. His next move will be to collect seven other devils worse than himself, and organise athletic sports on the grass in the Dons' quadrangle. If he ends with a bonfire and a pyrotechnic exhibition, or fires Roman candles at the window of an unpopular man, he will have enjoyed a day beaming with delirious excitement. But this is precisely the sort of day that no man may repeat too frequently. The Dean, the Tutors, the Proctors at last pursue and capture the youth who has been fast in vain; a Common Room Meeting is held upon him, and he is invited to continue his studies in the quiet air of the country and among the refined associations of his home. Now a regular Oxford day is precisely the reverse of that which has been described. The student goes to chapel, he goes to three or four lectures, he amuses himself till dinner-time, he dines in Hall; goes to a quiet "wine;" he reads for a couple of hours; and probably he goes to bed when a hundred bells are proclaiming midnight. Six or seven hours of work are enough for most men, and there is plenty of time left in the day for diversion, society, and literature—things not alien to education.

FAREWELL

THE visitors of Oxford in June leave the place, let us hope, with pleasant memories of summer at her fairest, of gardens where the acacia blossoms have succeeded to the honours of the chestnut flower, where the rivers are the paths of pleasure-boats, and where there are to be seen on every side pleasant and mirthful faces of young men and women. They should also try to believe, in the absence of evidence, that the University is a place where much hard work is done, where students and tutors alike are not unacquainted with great anxieties, where prosperous fortunes are begun, and promising careers are marred. Oxford may be the gate that leads to all success, or the reef on which lives are stranded. Through this old town, and through Cambridge, statesmen, philosophers, poets, preachers, have passed, and here they have gained the first knowledge of men and women, here, perhaps, they have made their earliest acquaintance with the charms of nature, or with the trouble and mystery of the world. And from this place many have gone down to the country, and left, for ever, the busier and more animated aspects of human life. In either case good sons of Oxford remember kindly the scenes of their opening experience, the beginning or the limit of their course. They, at least, will never listen to the evil tongues which malign Oxford, now because she is busy, now because she is idle, now because she is too modern, and again, because she is too conservative, because she is well-bred, or because she opens her doors to men of every rank. All these contradictory charges are, almost weekly, brought against the University, by a writer or writers who seem to have carried away from Oxford nothing but ignoble regrets and impotent anger. But neither visitors who have been happy among the ancient halls, nor the hosts who received them, are likely to think of Oxford without gratitude and reverence, for her hospitality, her kindness, her eagerness to know whatever is to be known, her readiness to enjoy whatever is to be enjoyed.

ANDREW LANG

RADICALS IN SERBIA have had their feelings bitterly hurt by the performance of M. Sardou's political squib *Rabagas*. When recently produced at Belgrade the piece raised such an uproar that the police were called in to restore order, and were ignominiously obliged to beat a retreat, the tumult only being quelled by the manager promising that the play should not be finished, or represented again.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE importance which has, during the past few years, been attached to meteorological observations, one of the outward and visible signs of which is the daily weather forecast published in the various newspapers, makes the introduction of any new method of work a subject of universal interest. From the man of science to the pleasure-seeker, a means of telling whether the opening day will be fine or rainy is a matter of great importance. To the farmer, and others whose livelihood depends upon open-air labour, the forecasting power is of still greater consequence. The barometer, as all know, often tells a flattering tale of promised sunshine, where there comes a deluge to give it the lie. Indeed, an isolated barometer, which cannot be read in conjunction with others planted over a large area of country, is very limited in its power of prophecy.

About ten years ago, Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, pointed out a new use for the spectroscope. He had observed that when this instrument was pointed to the sky when the air was surcharged with moisture, a peculiar band made itself evident across a certain part of the spectrum. This shading, which makes its appearance close to the double line D, is now known as the rainband, and is looked upon by those who have made it their study as a very sure indication of coming showers. Professor Piazzi Smyth does not regard it as absolutely infallible, but remarks that it is never really absent when rain is imminent. Mr. J. Rand Capron, another well-known astronomer, has taken the subject up, and his conclusions regarding it have been published in pamphlet form. We borrow from his paper the following diagram.

The topmost spectrum is a simple diagram showing the principal Fraunhofer lines, with their attached letters. In this no rainband is evident, and it represents a spectrum such as is observed when

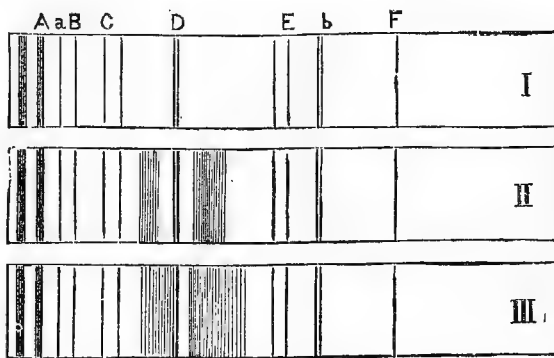


FIG. 1.

the air is dry. No. 2 shows a faint rainband, and No. 3 exhibits one which is exceptionally strong. A faint rainband may sometimes represent moisture which will remain suspended in the air for a long time, but one which is strong, or moderately so, is sure to indicate an excess of moisture which will soon be precipitated in the form of rain. When rain actually begins to fall the band loses its intensity, and will sometimes become quite faint during a heavy shower. The kind of spectroscope used need not be of an expensive character, for an ordinary pocket instrument will give a very good idea of the general character of the band, but Mr. Browning has lately produced a convenient little instrument for this especial purpose.

Those of us who have been to sea during the prevalence of foggy weather know very well how unpleasant it is to think that the next moment may bring us into collision with some unseen boat or other obstacle. The danger seems to be imminent when fog-horns are sounding on all sides, when our own whistle is contributing its share to the general noise, and when we are creeping along at half speed, or stopping short at brief intervals. That these fog-horns are only a partial protection from collision is evidenced by the long list of vessels which annually are lost or disabled by knocking against one another. Captain W. B. Barker, of the United States Mercantile Marine, has endeavoured to lessen these catastrophes by reducing the sounds of a fog-horn to an intelligible code, which will enable a vessel to tell those within two or more miles of her the exact course which she is steering. The horn which Captain Barker employs is not blown by fallible human lungs, but by compressed air from a machine, and the short and long sounds out of which his code is compounded are also emitted, by a mechanical contrivance, with a judgment which cannot err.

The machine as arranged for a sailing vessel, or for any other duty where steam is not available, is constructed as shown in Fig. 2. P is a closed cylinder, having within it a moveable piston with hollow

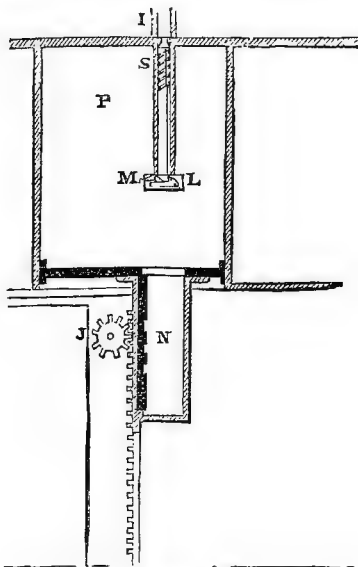


FIG. 2.

piston rod N. This piston is forced up into the cylinder, so as to compress the air therein, by the cogged-wheel J, the said wheel being turned by a handle attached. In the cylinder above, the opening I is for the attachment of the foghorn—not shown in the diagram. This opening is closed by the action of the spring S, and no air can pass out of the cylinder until this spring is pulled down so as to release the valve with which it is crowned. This release is afforded by the combined action of the lever M and the bell-crank L—to which latter is attached a rod fastened to the spring. The lever M is tripped upwards by the keyed surface of the hollow piston-rod N, when the latter is raised sufficiently to bring the two together. Inside this piston-rod the code—consisting of eight distinct signals—is arranged by the projection of pieces of metal, some long and some short. If the trip lever M is pressed upwards by a long key, a long puff of wind and a long sound are the result—if by a short key, the

reverse. Supposing that the interior of this keyed piston-rod were laid out flat it would represent the appearance shown in Fig. 3.

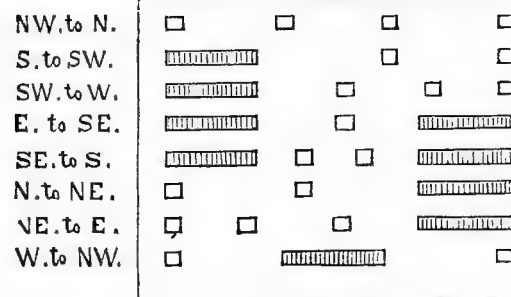


FIG. 3.

The entire machine is covered with a plate bearing a duplicate code, and this plate can be turned round, so that any particular signal can be given at will. For river navigation the signals can be modified so as to indicate whether a vessel is passing up or down, and whether on the left or the right bank of the stream. This invention seems to fulfil an undoubted want, but would obviously be useless unless universally adopted.

T. C. H.



"CORBIE'S POOL," by Susan Morley (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is very considerably above the average novel in point of merit. The story is simple, graceful, and well put together, and the authoress knows how to think sensibly as well as how to write brightly. A touch of poetical charm is given by the use of a vague family legend as a sort of key-note from which the work springs, and to which in a measure it returns; but this slight suggestion of a destiny at work in the life of Alice Brandon is never pushed beyond its proper province as a fanciful ornament to a story which, though romantic, is kept well within the limits of likelihood. The interest of the novel depends rather upon the development of character, as displayed mostly by means of conversation, than upon its incidents, which are slight and few, so that "Corbie's Pool" by no means appeals to all classes of readers. Moreover, it is throughout graceful and thoughtful to the extent of a loss instead of a gain of power. Readers who are pleased by it will be greatly pleased, and will not find the conversations too long, or the characters too ideal—faults with which it may certainly be charged.

We hardly know whether practical farmers are much given, as a class, to the perusal of story-books. If so, we can most sincerely recommend to their notice "Farnborough Hall: or New Life on the Old Farm," by Hubert Simmons (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). It is essentially a novel for farmers, and for absolutely no other class of the community. It contains a nearly complete survey of all the questions, from high agricultural politics down to the smallest details of daily work, likely to interest a farmer professionally: there is no need to call special attention to Mr. Simmons' views, a few score non-agricultural topics that occur to him promiscuously and apparently at random. Since love, however, is supposed to concern all sorts and conditions of men, Mr. Simmons may be held justified in introducing it in order to make his book of the farm entirely exhaustive. In the main, apart from its feeble claims to the honours of fiction, "Farnborough Hall" is well worth the perusal of tenant-farmers and of their landlords. It is singularly free from crotchets, and regards the exercise of common sense and economy as of more value to the farmer than scientific training.

The latest fruits of the researches of the learned "Ouida" are to be found in a work called "In Maremma" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus)—a decidedly dull romance founded upon the lively topic of Etruscan tombs. So conscientiously has she performed her task that her hastiest reader cannot fail to know more about the subject than, we cannot help assuming, did "Ouida" herself before she began to write thereon. "In Maremma" is as conspicuously, and, it must be added, painfully, the result of cram as the papers of a typical candidate in a pass examination. But, dull as the whole letting-out of cram must necessarily be, it is in the present case lively indeed compared with the romance intended to serve for the gilding of the pill. The plot of one of Verdi's most murderous operas, with the substitution of tawdry gush for Verdi's music, would have an effect almost precisely similar. To state it very shortly, Musa, not knowing that she is the daughter of the famous brigand Saturnino, lives all alone in a tomb in company with the corpse of her foster-mother. Here she is seduced by a beautiful scoundrel unjustly condemned to the galleys for the murder of a former mistress who had really been killed by her jealous husband. This Count d'Este, however, wearies of Musa, and, having been pardoned on the discovery of the injustice of his sentence, deserts her, and takes up with a third lady. Musa, in despair, stabs herself on the grave of her child, whose corpse she had previously added to the company of the dead in which she took so much antiquarian and imaginative pleasure. Of course she is an amazing young woman, who rows, swims, and dives like a water-Amazon, and is gifted with the imaginative faculties of an "Ouida."

Mrs. Leith Adams has done well to collect together the stories published under the title of the first of them, "Lady Deane" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). They are of singularly equal merit on the whole, though each is likely to find its special admirers. For our own part, we should give the preference to "Misericordia," a sketch of singular pathos which would well have borne ampler development. "Mrs. Armytage," with its sympathetic pictures of child-life, is perhaps the most important, and "Lottie," the only tale which those who enjoy the works of Mrs. Adams for her distinctive qualities are not likely to enjoy at all, proves that it is want of will and not of power which keeps her from out-rivalling the typical lady novelists on their own lower ground. All the other stories are excellent, and are fully marked with all the high qualities of workmanship, of purpose, and of literary charm that have distinguished Mrs. Adams's more elaborate productions.

WALKING MATCHES have been adopted by the natives in India, amongst other British fashions, and a grand native pedestrian competition recently took place at Calcutta. The competitors varied in age from twenty-five to twelve, and the prizes consisted of a silver watch and medal.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE was lately made by an Artillery officer up-country in India. The new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was going to Simla, and, after a dusty, fatiguing journey, stopped at a bungalow on the way for a short rest. Tired, travel-stained, and hungry, the Lieutenant-Governor's appearance was not that of an important official, so a kindly artilleryman in the bungalow, not knowing his visitor, greatly patronised him, and on parting wished him luck, and hoped that as he was going to Simla he would get some Government employ. Mr. Rivers Thompson thereupon thanked him, and meekly replied that he had got temporary employment at Simla as it was. The feelings of the artilleryman on his subsequent discovery may be readily imagined.

Marion Fay

(Continued from page 557)

the train and went down to Pegwell Bay. From the moment on which the messenger had come from Mrs. Roden he had dressed himself in black, and he now made no difference in his garments. Poor Zachary said but little to him; but that little was very bitter. "It has been so with all of them," he said. "They have all been taken. The Lord cannot strike me again now." Of the highly-born stranger's grief, or of the cause which brought him there, he had not a word to say; nor did Lord Hampstead speak of his own sorrow. "I sympathise and condole with you," he said to the old man. The Quaker shook his head, and after that there was silence between them till they parted. To the few others who were there Lord Hampstead did not address himself, nor did they to him. From the grave, when the clod of earth had been thrown on it, he walked slowly away, without a sign on his face of that agony which was rending his heart. There was a carriage there to take him to the railway, but he only shook his head when he was invited to enter it. He walked off and wandered about for hours, till he thought that the graveyard would be deserted. Then he returned, and when he found himself alone he stood over the newly heaped-up soil. "Marion," he said to himself over and over again, whispering as he stood there. "Marion,—Marion; my wife; my woman." As he stood by the grave side, one came softly stealing up to him, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. He turned round quickly, and saw that it was the bereaved father. "Mr. Fay," he said, "we have both lost the only thing that either of us valued."

"What is it to you, who are young, and hardly knew her twelve months since?"

"Months make no difference, I think."

"But old age, my lord, and childishness, and solitude—"

"I, too, am alone."

"She was my daughter, my own. You had seen a pretty face, and that was all. She had remained with me when those others died. Had you not come—"

"Did my coming kill her, Mr. Fay?"

"I do not say that. You have been good to her, and I would not say a hard word to you."

"I did think that nothing could have added to my sorrow."

"No, my lord; no, no. She would have died. She was her dear mother's child, and she was doomed. Go away, and be thankful that you, too, have not become the father of children born only to perish in your sight. I will not say an unkind word, but I would wish to have my girl's grave to myself." Upon this Lord Hampstead walked off, and went back to his own home, hardly knowing how he reached it.

It was a month after this that he returned to the churchyard, and might have been seen sitting on the small stone slab which the Quaker had already caused to be laid over the grave. It was a fine October evening, and the sombre gloom of the evening was already darkening everything around. He had crept into the enclosure silently, almost slyly, so as to insure himself that his presence should not be noted; and now, made confident by the coming darkness, he had seated himself on the stone. During the long hours that he sat there no word was formed within his lips, but he surrendered himself entirely to thoughts of what his life might have been had she been spared to him. He had come there for a purpose, and the very opposite of that; but how often does it come to pass that we are unable to drive our thoughts into that channel in which we wish them to flow? He had thought much of her last words, and was minded to attempt to do something as she would have had him do it;—not that he might enjoy his life, but that he might make it useful. But as he sat there, he could not think of the real future,—not of the future as it might be made to take this or that form by his own efforts; but of the future as it would have been had she been with him, of the glorious, bright, beautiful future which her love, her goodness, her beauty, her tenderness would have illuminated.

Till he had seen her his heart had never been struck. Ideas, sufficiently pleasant in themselves, though tinged with a certain irony and sarcasm, had been frequent with him as to his future career. He would leave that building up of a future family of Marquises,—if future Marquises there were to be,—to one of those young darlings whose bringing-up would manifestly fit them for the work. For himself he would perhaps philosophise, perhaps do something that might be of service,—would indulge at any rate his own views as to humanity;—but he would not burden himself with a Countess and a nursery full of young lords and ladies. He had often said to Roden, had often said to Vivian, that her ladyship, his stepmother, need not trouble herself. He certainly would not be guilty of making either a Countess or a Marchioness. They, of course, had laughed at him, and had bid him bide his time. He had bided his time,—as they had said,—and Marion Fay had been the result.

Yes;—life would have been worth the having if Marion Fay had remained to him. It was thus he communed with himself as he sat there on the tomb. From the moment in which he had first seen her in Mrs. Roden's house he had felt that things were changed with him. There had come a vision before him which filled him full of delight. As he learned to know the tones of her voice, and the motion of her limbs, and to succumb to the feminine charms with which she enveloped him, all the world was brightened up to his view. Here there was no pretence of special blood, no assumption of fantastic titles, no claim to superiority because of fathers and mothers who were in themselves by no means superior to their neighbours. And yet there were all the grace, all the loveliness, all the tenderness, without which his senses would not have been captivated. He had never known his want;—but he had in truth wanted one who should be at all points a lady, and yet not insist on a right to be so esteemed on the strength of inherited privileges. Chance, good fortune, providence had sent her to him,—or more probably the eternal fitness of things, as he had allowed himself to argue when things had fallen out so well to his liking. Then there had arisen difficulties, which had seemed to him to be vain and absurd—though they would not allow themselves to be at once swept away. They had talked to him of his station and of hers, making that an obstacle which to him had been a strong argument in favour of her love. Against this he had done battle with the resolute purpose which a man has who is sure of his cause. He would have none of their sophistries, none of their fears, none of their old-fashioned absurdities. Did she love him? Was her heart to him as was his to her? That was the one question on which it must all depend. As he thought of it all, sitting there on the tombstone, he put out his arm as though to fold her form to his bosom when he thought of the moment in which he became sure that it was so. There had been no doubt of the full-flowing current of her love. Then he had aroused himself, and had shaken his mane like a lion, and had sworn aloud that this vain obstacle should be no obstacle, even though it was pleaded by herself. Nature had been strong enough within him to assure him that he would overcome the obstacle.

And he had overcome it,—or was overcoming it,—when that other barrier gradually presented itself, and loomed day by day terribly large before his affrighted eyes. Even to that he would not yield,—not only as regarded her but himself also. Had there been no such barrier, the possession of Marion would have been to him an assurance of perfect bliss which the prospect of far-distant death

would not have affected. When he began to perceive that her condition was not as that of other young women, he became aware of a great danger,—of a danger to himself as well as to her, to himself rather than to her. This increased rather than diminished his desire for the possession. As the ardent rider will be more intent to take the fence when it looms before him large and difficult, so with him the resolution to make Marion his wife became the stronger when he knew that there were reasons of prudence, reasons of caution, reasons of worldly wisdom, why he should not do so. It had become a religion to him that she should be his own. Then gradually her strength had become known to him, and slowly he was made aware that he must bow to her decision. All that he wanted in all the world he must not have,—not that the love which he craved was wanting, but because she knew that her own doom was fixed.

She had bade him retrace his beams, and take the light and the splendour of his sun elsewhere. The light and the splendour of his sun had all passed from him. She had absorbed them altogether. He, while he had been boasting to himself of his power and his manliness, in that he would certainly overcome all the barriers, had found himself to be weak as water in her hands, she, in her soft feminine tones, had told him what duty had required of her, and, as she had said so she had done. Then he had stood on one side, and had remained looking on, till she had—gone away and left him. She had never been his. It had not been allowed to him even to write his name, as belonging also to her, on the gravestone.

But she had loved him. There was nothing in it all but this to which his mind could revert with any feeling of satisfaction. She had certainly loved him. If such love might be continued between a disembodied spirit and one still upon the earth,—if there were any spirit capable of love after that divorce between the soul and the body,—her love certainly would still be true to him. Most assuredly his should be true to her. Whatever he might do towards obeying her in striving to form some manly purpose for his life, he would never ask another woman to be his wife, he would never look for other love. The black coat should be laid aside as soon as might be, so that the world around him should not have cause for remark; but the mourning should never be taken from his heart.

Then, when the darkness of night had quite come upon him, he arose from his seat, and flinging himself on his knees, stretched his arms wildly across the grave. "Marion," he said; "Marion; oh, Marion, will you hear me? Though gone from me, art thou not mine?" He looked up into the night, and there, before his eyes, was her figure, beautiful as ever, with all her loveliness of half-developed form, with her soft hair upon her shoulders; and her eyes beamed on him, and a heavenly smile came across her face, and her lips moved as though she would encourage him. "My Marion;—my wife!"

Very late that night the servants heard him as he opened the door and walked across the hall, and made his way up to his own room.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MR. GREENWOOD'S LAST BATTLE

DURING the whole of that long summer nothing was absolutely arranged as to Roden and Lady Frances, though it was known to all London, and to a great many persons outside of London, that they were certainly to become man and wife. The summer was very long to Lord and Lady Trafford because of the necessity incumbent on them of remaining through the last dregs of the season on account of Lady Amaldina's marriage. Had Lady Amaldina thrown herself away on another Roden the aunt would have no doubt gone to the country; but her niece had done her duty in life with so much propriety and success that it would have been indecent to desert her. Lady Kingsbury therefore remained in Park Lane, and was driven to endure frequently the sight of the Post Office clerk.

For George Roden was admitted to the house even though it was at last acknowledged that he must be George Roden, and nothing more. And it was found also that he must be a Post Office clerk, and nothing more. Lord Persiflage, on whom Lady Kingsbury chiefly depended for seeing that her own darlings should not be disgraced by being made brothers-in-law to anything so low as a clerk in the Post Office, was angry at last, and declared that it was impossible to help a man who would not help himself. "It is no use trying to pick a man up who will lie in the gutter." It was thus he spoke of Roden in his anger; and then the Marchioness would wring her hands and abuse her stepdaughter. Lord Persiflage did think that something might be done for the young man if the young man would only allow himself to be called a Duke. But the young man would not allow it, and Lord Persiflage did not see what could be done. Nevertheless there was a general idea abroad in the world that something would be done. Even the mysterious savour of high rank which attached itself to the young man would do something for him.

It may be remembered that the Marquis himself, when first the fact had come to his ears that his daughter loved the young man, had been almost as ferociously angry as his wife. He had assented to the carrying of her away to the Saxon castle. He had frowned upon her. He had been a party to the expelling her from his own house. But gradually his heart had become softened towards her; in his illness he had repented of his harshness; he had not borne her continued absence easily, and had of late looked about for an excuse for accepting her lover. When the man was discovered to be a Duke, though it was only an Italian Duke, of course he accepted him. Now his wife told him daily that Roden was not a Duke, because he would not accept his Dukedom,—and ought therefore again to be rejected. Lord Persiflage had declared that nothing could be done for him, and therefore he ought to be rejected. But the Marquis clung to his daughter. As the man was absolutely a Duke, according to the laws of all the Heralds, and all the Courts, and all the tables of precedence and usages of peerage in Christendom, he could not de-grade himself even by any motion of his own. He was the eldest and the legitimate son of the last Duca di Crinola,—so the Marquis said,—and as such was a fitting aspirant for the hand of the daughter of an English peer. "But he hasn't got a shilling," said Lady Kingsbury weeping. The Marquis felt that it was within his own power to produce some remedy for this evil, but he did not care to say as much to his wife who was tender on that point in regard to the interest of her three darlings. Roden continued his visits to Park Lane very frequently all through the summer, and had already arranged for an autumn visit to Castle Hautboy,—in spite of that angry word spoken by Lord Persiflage. Everybody knew he was to marry Lady Frances. But when the season was over, and all the world had flitted from London, nothing was settled.

Lady Kingsbury was of course very unhappy during all this time; but there was a source of misery deeper, more pressing, more crushing than even the Post Office clerk. Mr. Greenwood, the late chaplain, had, during his last interview with the Marquis, expressed some noble sentiments. He would betray nothing that had been said to him in confidence. He would do nothing that could annoy the Marchioness, because the Marchioness was a lady, and as such, entitled to all courtesy from him as a gentleman. There were grounds no doubt on which he could found a claim, but he would not insist on them, as his doing so would be distasteful to her ladyship. He felt that he was being ill-treated, almost robbed; but he would put up with that rather than say a word which would come against his own conscience as a gentleman. With these high assurances he took his leave of the Marquis as though he intended

to put up with the beggarly stipend of 200*l.* a year which the Marquis had promised him. Perhaps that had been his intention,—but before two days were over he had remembered that though it might be base to tell her ladyship's secrets, the penny-post was still open to him.

It certainly was the case that Lady Kingsbury had spoken to him with strong hopes of the death of the heir to the title. Mr. Greenwood, in discussing the matter with himself, went beyond that, and declared to himself that she had done so with expectation as well as hope. Fearful words had been said. So he assured himself. He thanked his God that nothing had come of it. Only for him something,—he assured himself,—would have come of it. The whisperings in that upstairs sitting-room at Trafford had been dreadful. He had divulged nothing. He had held his tongue,—like a gentleman. But ought he not to be paid for holding his tongue? There are so many who act honestly from noble motives, and then feel that their honesty should be rewarded by all those gains which dishonesty might have procured for them! About a fortnight after the visit which Mr. Greenwood made to the Marquis he did write a letter to the Marchioness. "I am not anxious," he said, "to do more than remind your ladyship of those peculiarly confidential discussions which took place between yourself and me at Trafford during the last winter; but I think you will acknowledge that they were of a nature to make me feel that I should not be discarded like an old glove. If you would tell his lordship that something should be done for me, something would be done." Her ladyship when she received this was very much frightened. She remembered the expressions she had allowed herself to use, and did say a hesitating, halting word to her husband, suggesting that Mr. Greenwood's pension should be increased. The Marquis turned upon her in anger. "Did you ever promise him anything?" he asked. No;—she had promised him nothing. "I am giving him more than he deserves, and will do no more," said the Marquis. There was something in his voice which forbade her to speak another word.

Mr. Greenwood's letter having remained for ten days without an answer, there came another. "I cannot but think that you will acknowledge my right to expect an answer," he said, "considering the many years through which I have enjoyed the privilege of your ladyship's friendship, and the very confidential terms on which we have been used to discuss matters of the highest interest to us both." The "matters" had no doubt been the probability of the accession to the title of her own son through the demise of his elder brother! She understood now all her own folly, and something of her own wickedness. To this second appeal she wrote a short answer, having lain awake over it one entire night.

"DEAR MR. GREENWOOD—I have spoken to the Marquis, and he will do nothing. Yours truly, C. KINGSBURY."

This she did without saying a word to her husband.

Then, after the interval of a few days, there came a third letter.

"MY DEAR LADY KINGSBURY,—

"I cannot allow myself to think that this should be the end of it all, after so many years of social intimacy and confidential intercourse. Can you yourself imagine the condition of a gentleman of my age reduced after a life of ease and comfort to exist on a miserable pension of 200*l.* a year? It simply means death,—death! Have I not a right to expect something better after the devotion of a life?"

"Who has known as well as I the stumbling-blocks to your ladyship's ambition which have been found in the existences of Lord Hampstead and Lady Frances Trafford? I have sympathised with you no doubt,—partly because of their peculiarities, partly from sincere affection for your ladyship. It cannot surely be that your ladyship should now treat me as an enemy because I could do no more than sympathise!"

"Dig I cannot. To beg I am ashamed. You will hardly wish that I should perish from want. I have not as yet been driven to open out my sad case to any one but yourself. Do not force me to it,—for the sake of those darling children for whose welfare I have ever been so anxious."

"Believe me to be,

"Your ladyship's most devoted and faithful friend,

"THOMAS GREENWOOD."

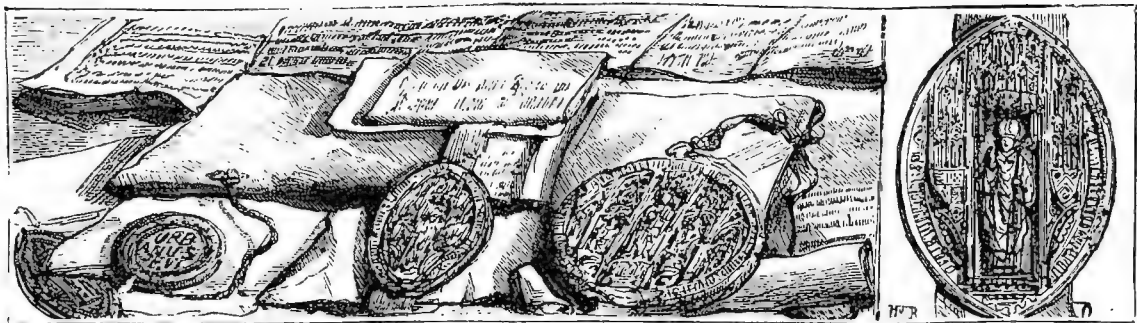
This epistle so frightened her that she began to consider how she might best collect together a sufficient sum of money to satisfy the man. She did succeed in sending him a note for 50*l.* But this he was too wary to take. He returned it, saying that he could not, though steeped in poverty, accept chance eleemosynary aid. What he required,—and had he thought a right to ask,—was an increase to the fixed stipend allowed him. He must, he thought, again force himself upon the presence of the Marquis, and explain the nature of the demand more explicitly.

Upon this Lady Kingsbury showed all the letters to her husband. "What does he mean by stumbling-blocks?" asked the Marquis in his wrath. Then there was a scene which was sad enough. She had to confess that she had spoken very freely to the chaplain respecting her step-children. "Freely! What does freely mean? Do you want them out of the way?" What a question for a husband to have to ask his wife! But she had a door by which she could partly escape. It was not that she had wanted them out of the way, but that she had been so horrified by what she had thought to be their very improper ideas as to their own rank of life. Those marriages which they had intended had caused her to speak as she had done to the chaplain. When alone at Trafford she had no doubt opened her mind to the clergyman. She rested a great deal on the undoubted fact that Mr. Greenwood was a clergyman. Hampstead and Fanny had been stumbling-blocks to her ambition because she had desired to see them married properly into proper families. She probably thought that she was telling the truth as she said all this. It was at any rate accepted as truth, and she was conformed. As to Hampstead, it was known by this time that that marriage could never take place; and as to Lady Frances, the Marchioness was driven, in her present misery, to confess, that as the Duca was in truth a Duca his family must be held to be proper.

But the Marquis sent for Mr. Cumming, his London solicitor, and put all the letters into his hand,—with such explanation as he thought necessary to give. Mr. Cumming at first recommended that the pension should be altogether stopped; but to this the Marquis did not consent. "It would not suit me that he should starve," said the Marquis. "But if he continues to write to her ladyship something must be done."

"Threatening letters to extort money!" said the lawyer confidently. "I can have him before a magistrate to-morrow, my lord, if it be thought well." It was, however, felt to be expedient that Mr. Cumming should in the first case send for Mr. Greenwood, and explain to that gentleman the nature of the law.

Mr. Cumming no doubt felt himself that it would be well that Mr. Greenwood should not starve, and well also that application should not be made to the magistrate, unless as a last resort. He, too, asked himself what was meant by "stumbling blocks." Mr. Greenwood was a greedy rascal, descending to the lowest depth of villainy with the view of making money out of the fears of a silly woman. But the silly woman, the lawyer thought, must have been almost worse than silly. It seemed natural to Mr. Cumming that a stepmother should be anxious for the worldly welfare of her own children;—not unnatural, perhaps, that she should be so anxious as to have a feeling at her heart amounting almost to a wish that "chance" should remove the obstacle. Chance, as Mr. Cumming was aware, could in such a case mean only—death. Mr. Cumming, when he



ANCIENT DOCUMENTS IN THE MUNIMENT ROOM AT NEW COLLEGE

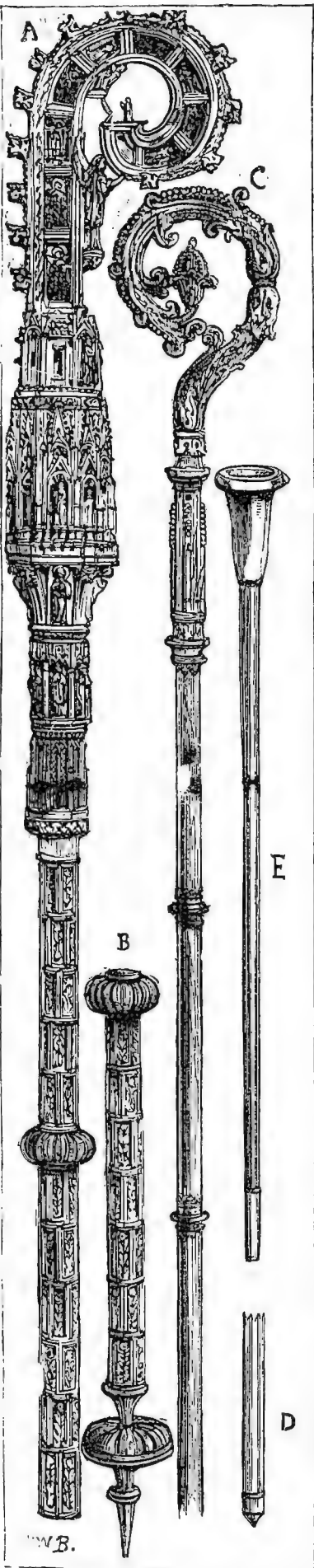
WYKEHAM'S SEAL



THE NEW EXAMINATION SCHOOLS

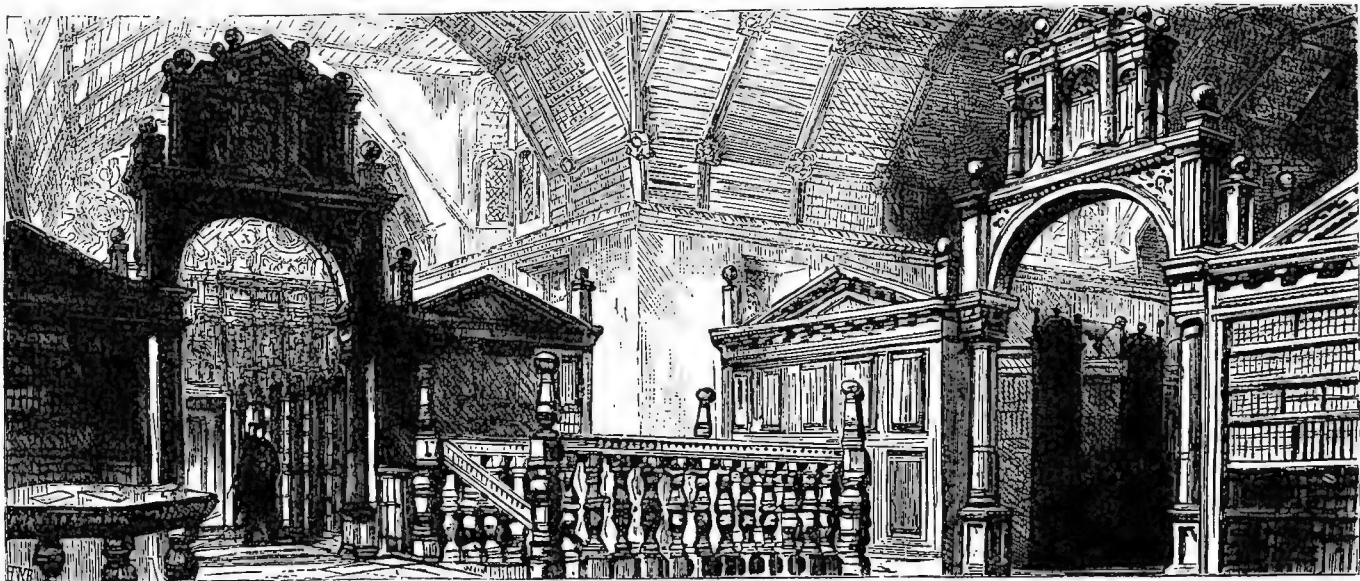


NEW COLLEGE FROM THE WALLS

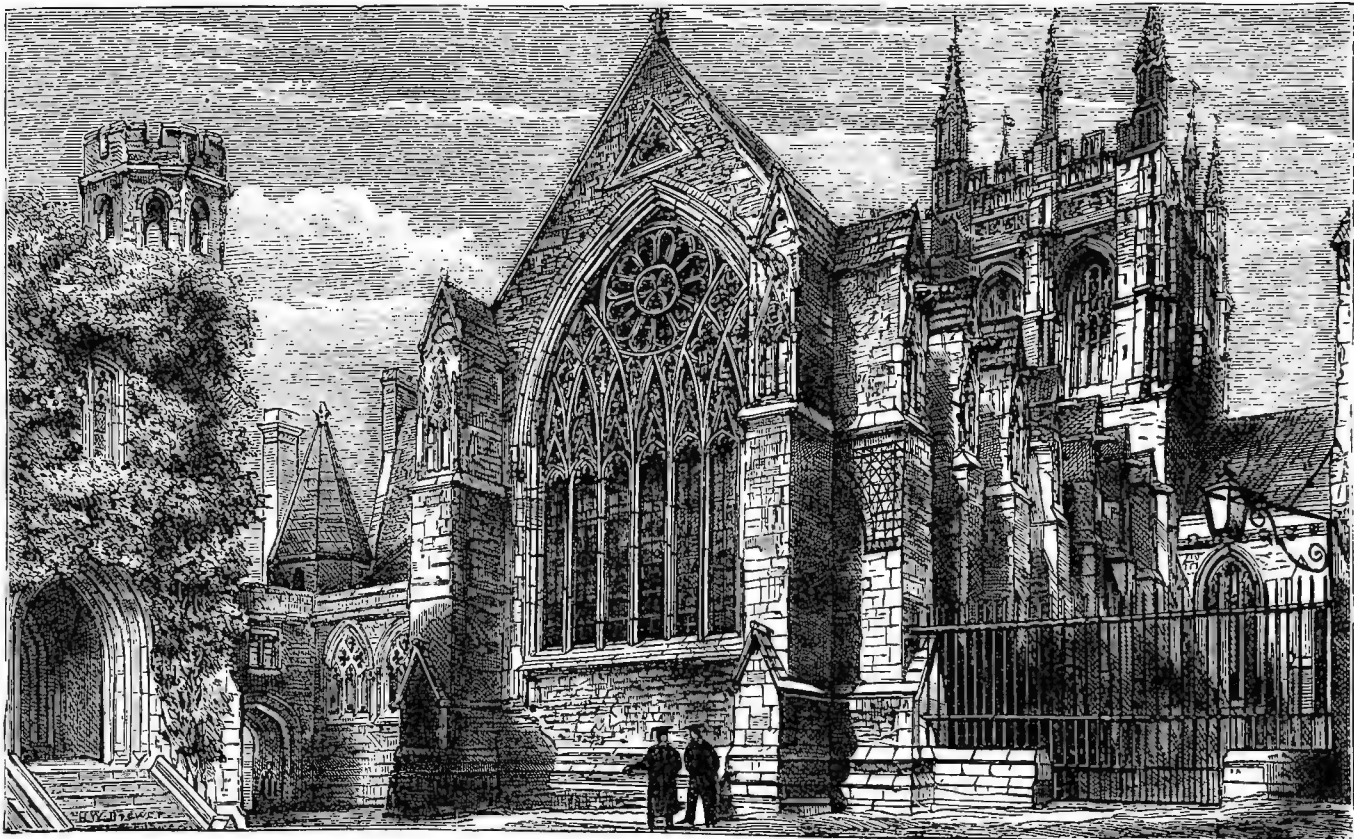


A. Pastoral Staff of William of Wykeham at New College.—B. Foot of the Same.—C. Pastoral Staff of Archbishop Laud, at St. John's College.—D. Foot of Ditto.—E. Walking-stick of Archbishop Laud, at St. John's College.

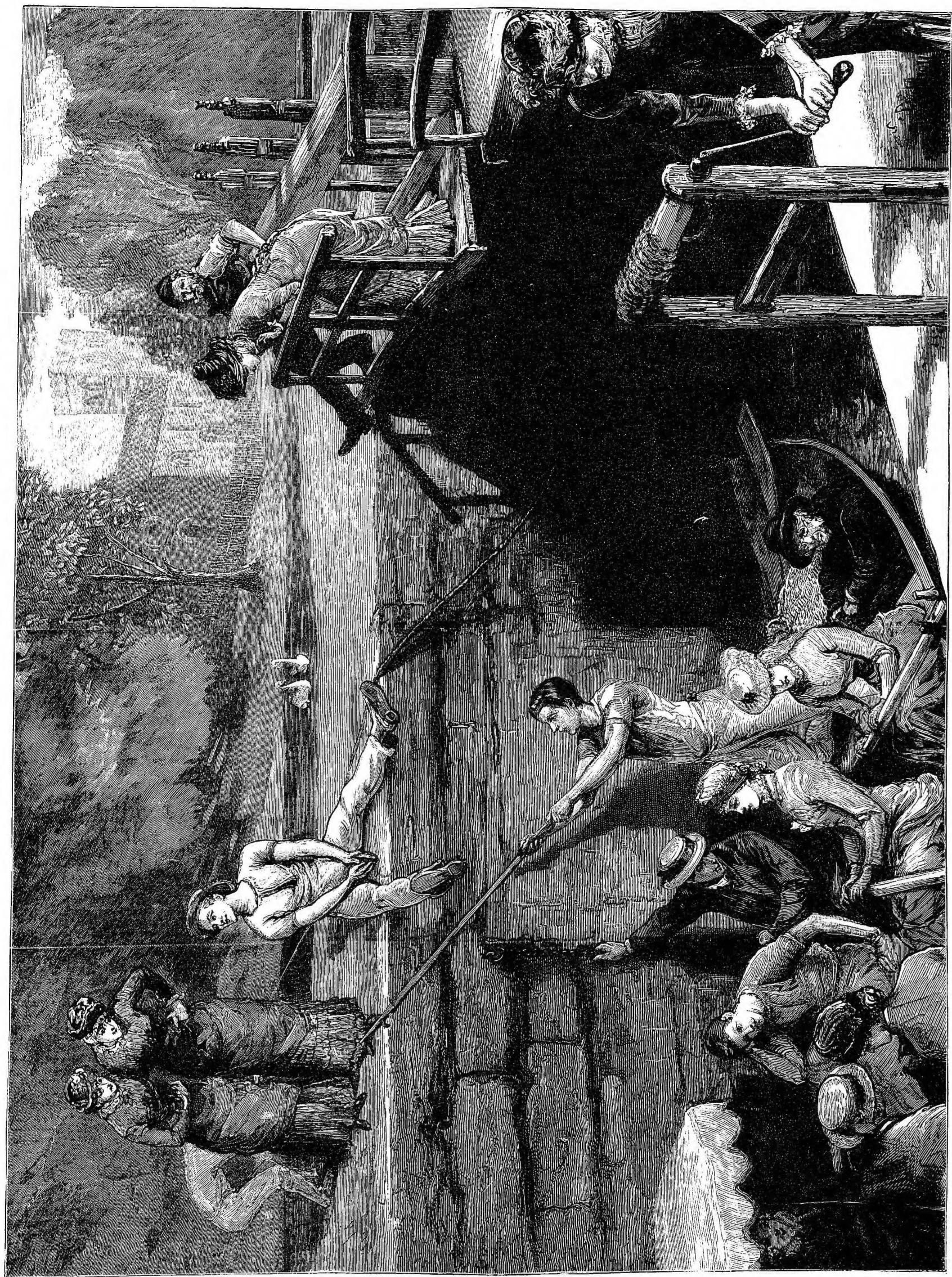
PASTORAL STAVES, ETC



LIBRARY, MERTON COLLEGE



CHAPEL, MERTON COLLEGE



OXFORD ILLUSTRATED—A PICNIC TO NUNEHAM: IN IFFLEY LOCK—"WINDING UP THE COMPANY"

put this in plain terms to himself, felt it to be very horrid; but there might be a doubt whether such a feeling would be criminal, if backed up by no deed and expressed by no word. But here it seemed that words had been spoken. Mr. Greenwood had probably invented that particular phrase, but would hardly have invented it unless something had been said to justify it. It was his business, however, to crush Mr. Greenwood, and not to expose her ladyship. He wrote a very civil note to Mr. Greenwood. Would Mr. Greenwood do him the kindness to call in Bedford Row at such or such an hour,—or indeed at any other hour that might suit him. Mr. Greenwood, thinking much of it, and resolving in his mind that any increase to his pension might probably be made through Mr. Cumming, did as he was bid, and waited upon the lawyer.

Mr. Cumming, when the clergyman was shown in, was seated with the letters before him,—the various letters which Mr. Greenwood had written to Lady Kingsbury,—folded out one over another, so that the visitor's eye might see them and feel their presence; but he did not intend to use them unless of necessity. "Mr. Greenwood," he said, "I learn that you are discontented with the amount of a retiring allowance which the Marquis of Kingsbury has made you on leaving his service."

"I am, Mr. Cumming; certainly I am,—200*l.* a year is not—"

"Let us call it 300*l.*, Mr. Greenwood."

"Well, yes; Lord Hampstead did say something—"

"And has paid something. Let us call it 300*l.* Not that the amount matters. The Marquis and Lord Hampstead are determined not to increase it."

"Determined!"

"Quite determined that under no circumstances will they increase it. They may find it necessary to stop it."

"Is this a threat?"

"Certainly it is a threat,—as far as it goes. There is another threat which I may have to make for the sake of coercing you; but I do not wish to use it if I can do without it."

"Her ladyship knows that I am ill-treated in this matter. She sent me 50*l.* and I returned it. It was not in that way that I wished to be paid for my services."

"It was well for you that you did. But for that I could not certainly have asked you to come and see me here."

"You could not?"

"No;—I could not. You will probably understand what I mean." Here Mr. Cumming laid his hands upon the letters, but made no other allusion to them. "A very few words more will, I think, settle all that there is to be arranged between us. The Marquis, from certain reasons of humanity,—with which I for one hardly sympathise in this case,—is most unwilling to stop, or even to lessen, the ample pension which is paid to you."

"Ample;—after a whole lifetime!"

"But he will do so if you write any further letters to any member of his family."

"That is tyranny, Mr. Cumming."

"Very well. Then is the Marquis a tyrant. But he will go further than that in his tyranny. If it be necessary to defend either himself or any of his family from further annoyance, he will do so by criminal proceedings. You are probably aware that the doing this would be very disagreeable to the Marquis. Undoubtedly it would. To such a man as Lord Kingsbury it is a great trouble to have his own name, or worse, that of others of his family, brought into a Police Court. But, if necessary, it will be done. I do not ask you for any assurance, Mr. Greenwood, because it may be well that you should take a little time to think of it. But unless you are willing to lose your income, and to be taken before a police magistrate for endeavouring to extort money by threatening letters, you had better hold your hand."

"I have never threatened."

"Good morning, Mr. Greenwood."

"Mr. Cumming, I have threatened no one."

"Good morning, Mr. Greenwood." Then the discarded chaplain took his leave, failing to find the words with which he could satisfactorily express his sense of the injury which had been done him.

Before that day was over he had made up his mind to take his 300*l.* a year and be silent. The Marquis, he now found, was not so infirm as he had thought, nor the Marchioness quite so full of fears. He must give it up, and take his pittance. But in doing so he continued to assure himself that he was greatly injured, and did not cease to accuse Lord Kingsbury of sordid parsimony in refusing to reward adequately one whose services to the family had been so faithful and long-enduring.

It may, however, be understood that in the midst of troubles such as these Lady Kingsbury did not pass a pleasant summer.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE REGISTRAR OF STATE RECORDS

ALTHOUGH Lord Persiflage had seemed to be very angry with the recalcitrant Duke and had made that uncivil speech about the gutter, still he was quite willing that George Roden should be asked down to Castle Hautboy. "Of course we must do something for him," he said to his wife; "but I hate scrupulous men. I don't blame him at all for making such a girl as Fanny fall in love with him. If I were a Post Office clerk I'd do the same if I could."

"Not you. You wouldn't have given yourself the trouble."

"But when I had done it I wouldn't have given her friends more trouble than was necessary. I should have known that they would have had to drag me up somewhere. I should have looked for that. But I shouldn't have made myself difficult when chance gave a helping hand. Why shouldn't he have taken his title?"

"Of course we all wish he would."

"Fanny is as bad as he is. She has caught some of Hampstead's levelling ideas and encourages the young man. It was all Kingsbury's fault from the first. He began the world wrong, and now he cannot get himself right again. A radical aristocrat is a contradiction in terms. It is very well that there should be radicals. It would be a stupid do-nothing world without them. But a man can't be oil and vinegar at the same time." This was the expression made by Lord Persiflage of his general ideas on politics in reference to George Roden and his connection with the Trafford family; but not the less was George Roden asked down to Castle Hautboy. Lady Frances was not to be thrown over because she had made a fool of herself,—nor was George Roden to be left out in the cold, belonging as he did now to Lady Frances. Lord Persiflage never approved very much of anybody,—but he never threw anybody over.

It was soon after the funeral of Marion Fay that Roden went down to Cumberland. During the last two months of Marion's illness Hampstead and Roden had been very often together. Not that they had lived together, as Hampstead had declared himself unable to bear continued society. His hours had been passed alone. But there had not been many days in which the friends had not seen each other for a few minutes. It had become a habit with Hampstead to ride over to Paradise Row when Roden had returned from the office. At first Mrs. Roden also had been there;—but latterly she had spent her time altogether at Pegwell Bay. Nevertheless Lord Hampstead would come, and would say a few words, and would then ride home again. When all was over at Pegwell Bay, when the funeral was at hand, and during the few days of absolutely prostrating grief which followed it, nothing was seen of him;—but on the evening before his friend's journey down to

Castle Hautboy he again appeared in the Row. On this occasion he walked over, and his friend returned with him a part of the way. "You must do something with yourself," Roden said to him.

"I see no need of doing anything special. How many men do nothing with themselves?"

"Men either work or play."

"I do not think I shall play much."

"Not for a time certainly. You used to play; but I can imagine that the power of doing so will have deserted you."

"I shan't hunt, if you mean that."

"I do not mean that at all," said Roden;—"but that you should do something. There must be some occupation, or life will be insupportable."

"It is insupportable," said the young man looking away, so that his countenance should not be seen.

"But it must be supported. Let the load be ever so heavy, it must be carried. You would not destroy yourself?"

"No;—said the other slowly; "no. I would not do that. If any one would do it for me!"

"No one will do it for you. Not to have some plan of active life, some defined labour by which the weariness of the time may be conquered, would be a weakness and a cowardice next door to that of suicide."

"Roden," said the lord, "your severity is brutal."

"The question is whether it be true. You shall call it what you like,—or call me what you like; but can you contradict what I say? Do you not feel that it is your duty as a man to apply what intellect you have, and what strength, to some purpose?"

Then, by degrees, Lord Hampstead did explain the purpose he had before him. He intended to have a yacht built, and start alone, and cruise about the face of the world. He would take books with him, and study the peoples and the countries which he visited.

"Alone?" asked Roden.

"Yes, alone;—as far as a man may be alone with a crew and a captain around him. I shall make acquaintances as I go, and shall be able to bear them as such. They will know nothing of my secret wound. Had I you with me,—you and my sister let us suppose,—or Vivian, or any one from here who had known me, I could not even struggle to raise my head."

"It would wear off."

"I will go alone; and if occasion offers I will make fresh acquaintances. I will begin another life which shall have no connection with the old one,—except that which will be continued by the thread of my own memory. No one shall be near me who may even think of her name when my own ways and manners are called in question." He went on to explain that he would set himself to work at once. The ship must be built, and the crew collected, and the stores prepared. He thought that in this way he might find employment for himself till the spring. In the spring, if all was ready, he would start. Till that time came he would live at Hendon Hall,—still alone. He so far relented, however, as to say that if his sister was married before he began his wanderings he would be present at her marriage.

Early in the course of the evening he had explained to Roden that his father and he had conjointly arranged to give Lady Frances 40,000*l.* on her wedding. "Can that be necessary?" asked Roden.

"You must live; and as you have gone into a nest with the drones you must live in some sort as the drones do."

"I hope I shall never be a drone."

"You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. You'll be expected to wear gloves and drink fine wine,—or, at any rate, to give it to your friends. Your wife will have to ride in a coach. If she don't people will point at her, and think she's a pauper, because she has a handle to her name. They talk of the upper ten thousand. It is as hard to get out from among them as it is to get in among them. Though you have been wonderfully stout about the Italian title, you'll find that it will stick to you." Then it was explained that the money, which was to be given, would in no wise interfere with the "darlings." Whatever was to be added to the fortune which would naturally have belonged to Lady Frances, would come not from her father but from her brother.

When Roden arrived at Castle Hautboy Lord Persiflage was there, though he remained but for a day. He was due to be with the Queen for a month,—a duty which was evidently much to his taste, though he affected to frown over it as a hardship. "I am sorry, Roden," he said, "that I should be obliged to leave you and everybody else;—but a Government hack, you know, has to be a Government hack." This was rather strong from a Secretary of State to a clerk in the Post Office; but Roden had to let it pass lest he should give an opening to some remark on his own repudiated rank. "I shall be back before you are gone, I hope, and then perhaps we may arrange something." The only thing that Roden wished to arrange was a day for his own wedding, as to which, as far as he knew, Lord Persiflage could have nothing to say.

"I don't think you ought to be sorry," Lady Frances said to her lover as they were wandering about on the mountains. He had endeavoured to explain to her that this large income which was now promised to him rather impeded than assisted the scheme of life which he had suggested to himself.

"Not sorry,—but disappointed, if you know the difference."

"Not exactly."

"I had wanted to feel that I should earn my wife's bread."

"So you shall. If a man works honestly for his living, I don't think he need inquire too curiously what proportion of it may come from his own labour or from some other source. If I had had nothing we should have done very well without the coach,—as poor Hampstead calls it. But if the coach is there I don't see why we shouldn't ride in it."

"I should like to earn the coach too," said Roden.

"This, sir, will be a lesson serviceable in teaching you that you are not to be allowed to have your own way in everything."

An additional leave of absence for a month had been accorded to Roden. He had already been absent during a considerable time in the spring of the year, and in the ordinary course of events would not have been entitled to this prolonged indulgence. But there were reasons deemed to be sufficient. He was going to meet a Cabinet Minister. He was engaged to marry the daughter of a Marquis. And it was known that he was not simply George Roden, but in truth the Duca di Crinola. He had suffered some qualms of conscience as to the favour to be thus shown him, but had quieted them by the idea that when a man is in love something special ought to be done for him. He remained, therefore, till the Foreign Secretary returned from his royal service, and had by that time fixed the period of his marriage. It was to take place in the cold comfortless month of March. It would be a great thing, he had said, to have Hampstead present at it, and it was Hampstead's intention to start on his long travels early in April. "I don't see why people shouldn't be married in cold weather as well as in hot," said Vivian.

"Brides need not go about always in muslin."

When Lord Persiflage returned to Castle Hautboy, he had his plan ready arranged for relieving his future half-nephew-in-law,—if there be such a relationship,—from the ignominy of the Post Office. "I have Her Majesty's permission," he said to Roden, "to offer you the position of Registrar of State Records to the Foreign Office."

"Registrar of State Records to the Foreign Office!"

"Fifteen hundred a year," said his lordship, going off at once to this one point of true vital importance. "I am bound to say that I think I could have done better for you had you consented to bear the

title, which is as completely your own, as is that mine by which I am called."

"Don't let us go back to that, my lord."

"Oh no;—certainly not. Only this; if you could be brought to think better of it,—if Fanny could be induced to make you think better of it,—the office now offered to you, would I think be more comfortable to you."

"How so?"

"I can hardly explain, but it would. There is no reason on earth why it should not be held by an Italian. We had an Italian for many years librarian at the Museum. And as an Italian you would of course be entitled to call yourself by your hereditary title."

"I shall never be other than an Englishman."

"Very well. One man may lead a horse to water, but a thousand cannot make him drink. I only tell you what would be the case. The title would no doubt give a prestige to the new office. It is exactly that kind of work which would fall readily into the hands of a foreigner of high rank. One cannot explain these things, but it is so. The 1,500*l.* a year would more probably become 2,000*l.* if you submitted to be called by your own proper name." Everybody knew that Lord Persiflage understood the Civil Service of his country perfectly. He was a man who never worked very hard himself, or expected those under him to do so; but he liked common sense, and hated scruples, and he considered it to be a man's duty to take care of himself,—of himself first of all, and then, perhaps, afterwards, of the Service.

Neither did Roden nor did Lady Frances give way a bit the more for this. They were persistent in clinging to their old comparatively humble English name. Lady Frances would be Lady Frances to the end, but she would be no more than Lady Frances Roden. And George Roden would be George Roden, whether a clerk in the Post Office or Registrar of State Records to the Foreign Office. So much the next new bride declared with great energy to the last new bride who had just returned from her short wedding tour, having been hurried home so that her husband might be able to lay the first stone of the new bridge to be built over the Menai Straits. Lady Llwddythlw, with all the composed manners of a steady matron, was at Castle Hautboy, and used all her powers of persuasion. "Never mind, my dear, what he says," Lady Llwddythlw urged. "What you should think of is what will be good for him. He would be somebody,—almost as good as an Under Secretary of State,—with a title. He would get to be considered among the big official swells. There is so much in a name! Of course, you've got your rank. But you ought to insist on it for his sake."

Lady Frances did not give way in the least, nor did any one venture to call the Duca by his title, formally or openly. But, as Lord Hampstead had said, "it stuck to him." The women when they were alone with him would call him Duca, joking with him; and it was out of the question that he should be angry with them for their jokes. He became aware that behind his back he was always spoken of as The Duke, and that this was not done with any idea of laughing at him. The people around him believed that he was a Duke and ought to be called a Duke. Of course it was in joke that Lady Llwddythlw always called Lady Frances Duchessina when they were together, because Lady Frances had certainly not as yet acquired her right to the name; but it all tended to the same point. He became aware that the very servants around him understood it. They did not call him "your grace" or "my Lord," or make spoken allusion to his rank; but they looked it. All that obsequiousness due to an hereditary nobleman, which is dear to the domestic heart, was paid to him. He found himself called upon by Lady Persiflage to go into the dining-room out of his proper place. There was a fair excuse for this while the party was small, and confined to few beyond the family, as it was expected that the two declared lovers should sit together. But when this had been done with a larger party he expostulated with his hostess. "My dear Mr. Roden," she said,—"I suppose I must call you so."

"It's my name at any rate."

"There are certain points on which, as far as I can see, a man may be allowed to have his way,—and certain points on which he may not."

"As to his own name—"

"Yes;—on the matter of your name. I do not see my way how to get the better of you just at present, though on account of my near connection with Fanny I am very anxious to do so. But as to the fact of your rank, there it is. Whenever I see you,—and I hope I shall see you very often,—I shall always suppose that I see an Italian nobleman of the first class, and shall treat you so." He shrugged his shoulders, feeling that he had nothing else to do. "If I were to find myself in the society of some man calling himself by a title to which I knew that he had no right,—I should probably call him by no name; but I should be very careful not to treat him as a nobleman, knowing that he had no right to be so treated. What can I do in your case but just reverse the position?"

He never went back to the Post Office,—of course. What should a Registrar of State Records to the Foreign Office do in so humble an establishment? He never went back for the purposes of work. He called to bid farewell to Sir Boreas, Mr. Jerningham, Crocker, and others with whom he had served. "I did not think we should see much more of you," said Sir Boreas, laughing.

"I intended to live and die with you," said Roden.

"We don't have Dukes; or at any rate we don't keep them. Like to like is a motto which I always find true. When I heard that you were living with a young lord, and were going to marry the daughter of a marquis, and had a title of your own which you could use as soon as you pleased, I knew that I should lose you." Then he added in a little whisper, "You couldn't get Crocker made a Duke, could you,—or a Registrar of Records?"

Mr. Jerningham was full of smiles and bows, pervaded thoroughly by a feeling that he was bidding farewell to an august nobleman, though, for negative reasons, he was not to be allowed to gratify his tongue by naming the august name. Crocker was a little shy;—but he plucked up his courage at last. "I shall always know what I know, you know," he said, as he shook hands with the friend to whom he had been so much attached. Bobbin and Geraghty made no allusions to the title, but they, too, as they were severally greeted, were evidently under the influence of the nobility of their late brother clerk.

The marriage was duly solemnised when March came in the parish church of Trafford. There was nothing grand,—no ever distant imitation of Lady Amaldina's glorious cavalcade. Hampstead did come down, and endeavoured for the occasion to fit himself for the joy of the day. His ship was ready for him, and he intended to start now in a week or two. As it happened that the House was not sitting, Lord Llwddythlw, at the instigation of his wife, was present. "One good turn deserves another," Lady Llwddythlw had said to him. And the darlings were there in all their glory, loud, beautiful, and unruly. Lady Kingsbury was of course present; but was too much in abeyance to be able to arouse even a sign of displeasure. Since that reference to the "stumbling blocks" had reached her husband, and since those fears with which Mr. Greenwood had filled her, she had been awed into quiescence.

The bridegroom was of course married under the simple name of George Roden,—and we must part with him under that name; but it is the belief of the present chronicler that the aristocratic element will prevail, and that the time will come soon in which the Registrar of State Records to the Foreign Office will be known in the parlours of Downing Street as the Duca di Crinola.

THE END.

MARRIAGE.

On the 18th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Finchley, by the Rev. Samuel Bardsley, CARL CHRISTOPHER WILHELM, son of the late W. SCHOELL, Esq., of Pheningen, to FLORENCE EMMA, only daughter of FREDERICK BURGESS, of Burgess Hall, Finchley. No cards.

THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE—A New Serial Story, entitled "UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD," by Mrs. G. W. GODFREY, author of "The Beautiful Miss Roche," &c., is commenced in the JUNE Number of the Magazine. Now ready at all newsagents and Railway Bookstalls. Price 1s.

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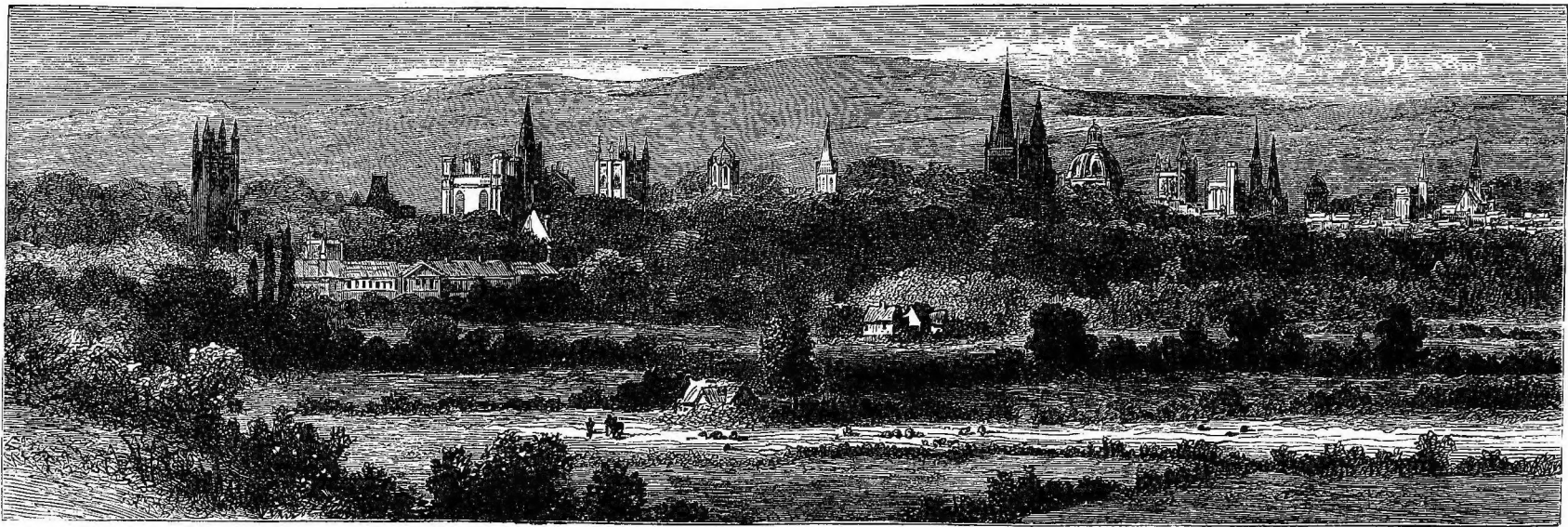
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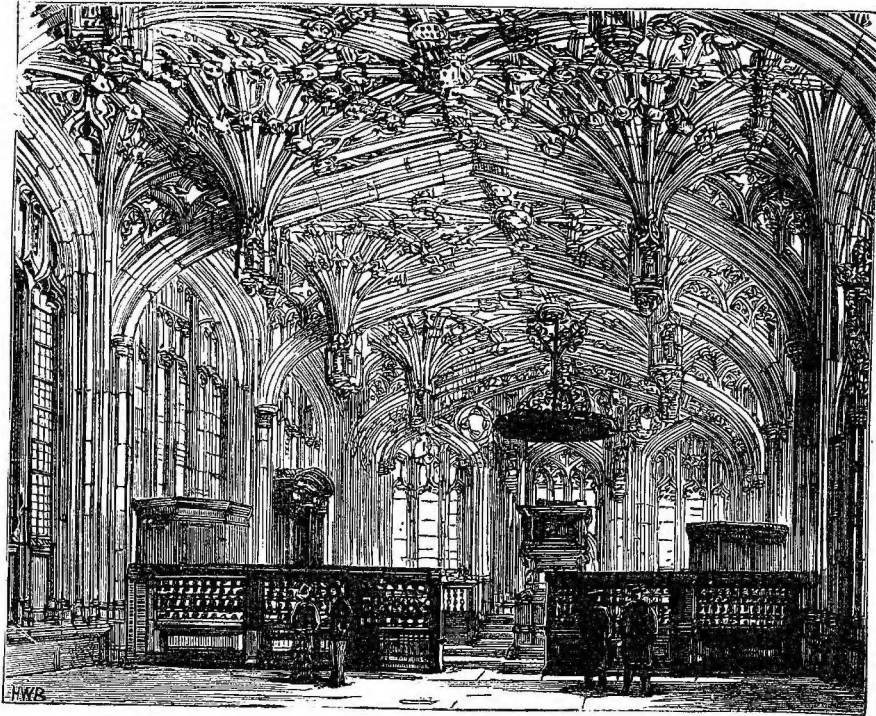
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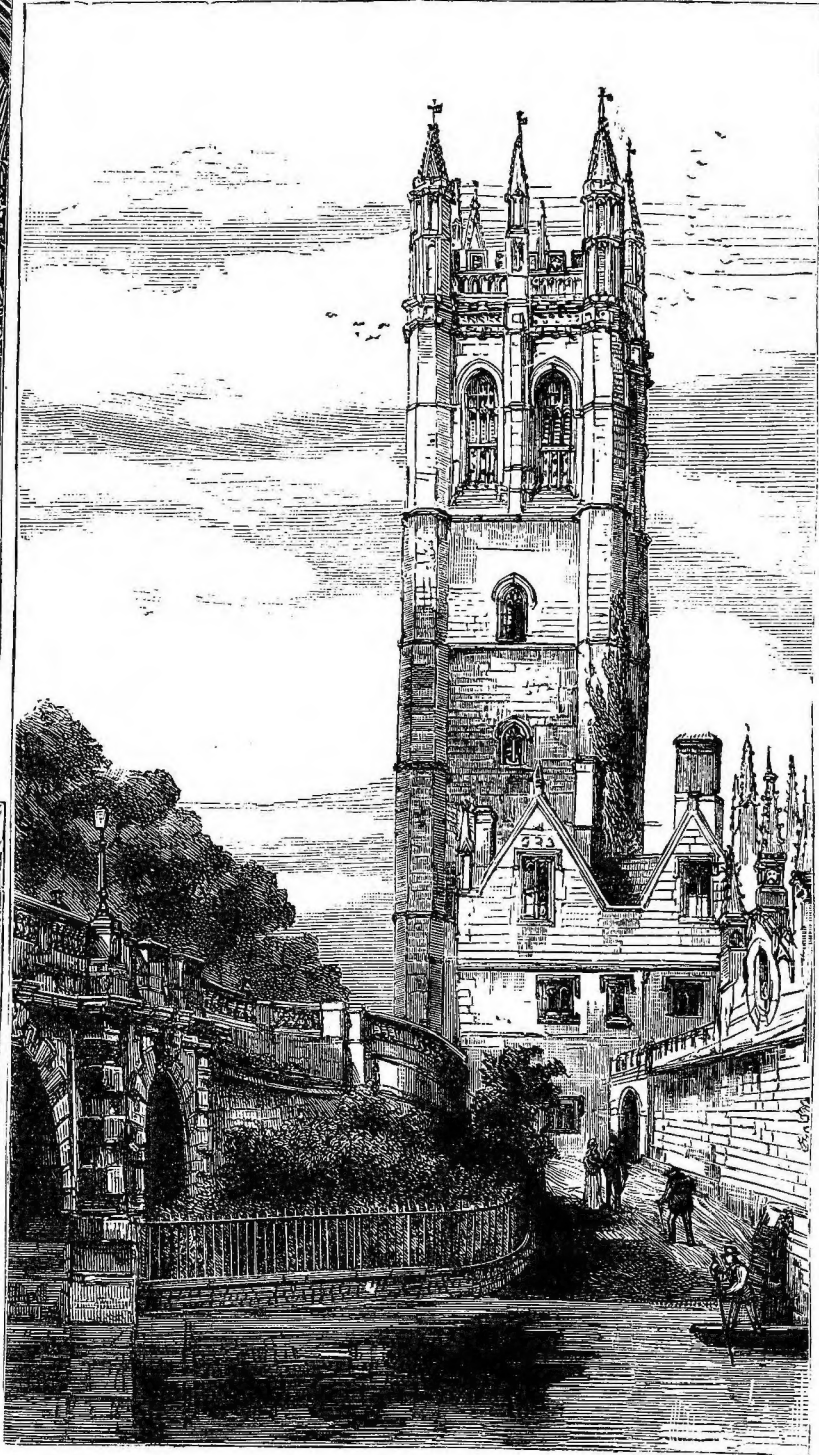
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